UPPENHEIMER DON JUAN

KUPPENHEIMER created this overcoat for the man who loves fine things. Blended entirely of animal hairs, it has a silky-soft and brilliant sheen—a beauty that cannot be imitated. It's unique, too, in its bulkless warmth, and pelt-like resistance to moisture. More than just a coat—a princely possession.

QUALITY BY UPPENHEIMER

Two superb musical instruments

-IN A SINGLE CABINET- *TO GIVE YOU "Music from the air or rec*

RCA RADIOLA 47—*Screen-Grid Radiola, Phonograph and Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in a single cabinet for electrical operation.* $275*

RCA RADIOLA 44—*Screen-Grid Radiola, table type.* $110*

RCA RADIOLA 46—*Screen-Grid Radiola and Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet.* $179*

*Radiotron equipment not included in these prices.

When the Radiotrons of the new Radiola 47 are glowing with their incandescent light, you command "music from the air or records" with the amazing realism that only the Radiola can give.

At a touch of the switch the incomparable RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer within the beautiful cabinet fills your living room with the music of a distant orchestra — with all the and volume of the original — wonderfully faithful reproduct famous Victor record.

And the new Screen-Grid Ra in this superb instrument — v special RCA Screen-Grid circu a reserve of power such as ha before been possible in the e reproduction of sound.

RADIOLA DIVISION RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AM

NEW YORK — CHICAGO — ATLANTA — DALLAS — SAN FRANCISCO

Radiola Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XVIII November 1929 NUMBER 71

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Tales from Oklahoma	George Milburn	257
The Progressive Holy Land	Bennington Orth	266
Midas on a Goatskin	J. Frank Dobie	271
Editorial		278
Fear, Freedom, and Massachusetts	H. M. Kallen	281
Jefferson: New Style	John Donald Wade	293
Americana		302
An East Side Mother	Michael Gold	308
An American Leisure Class	Hoffman Nickerson	314
The Last Stroke of a Master	Henry O. Swindler	321
A Methodist Childhood	Malvina Lindsay	331
The Custody of the Dog	Thyra Samter Winslow	340
A Confederate Reunion	Ray Hall	349
Publicists of the Ghostly Faculty	G. Edward Pendray	359
A Prodigal Returns	Owen Francis	365
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan	370
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	373
The Library	H. L. Mencken	379
The American Mercury Authors		384
Check List of New Books		xii
Editorial Notes		lviii
Bond Analysis	Rudolph L. Weissman	lx

nsolicited manuscripts, if not accompanied by ped and addressed envelopes, will not be returned the Editor will not enter into correspondence t them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The or and not to individuals. All accepted contri- ons are paid for on acceptance, without reference ne date of publication. The whole contents of magazine are protected by copyright and must e reprinted without permission.

blished monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual sub- tion, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign ription, $6.00; all rag edition, $10.00 by the year. American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. London office, 37 Bedford Square, London, W. C. 1, England. . . . Printed in the United States.
Copyright, 1929, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . .
Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

Join the Guild NOW Save $21.00 on Your Boo NEXT YEAR

ONE day toward the first of each month you will receive a *bo* delightful surprise, a beautiful object for your home and a the best reading entertainment IF YOU JOIN THE GUILD N

The thrill never leaves you. When the mailman delivers that package with all postage paid your fingers won't be swift enough t the heart of that package no matter how long you remain a m And the pleasure of reading the selections will never wear out each book differs from all the rest—past or future—in every pa except literary quality and beauty.

LITERARY MERIT

In the three years of its existence the Literary Guild has learned its membership of nearly 100,000—that there are at least 3,000 reasons for joining the organization. The foremost is the quality books you will receive. A few of the past selections are pictured Every one of them has attracted world-wide attention. Many ha best sellers; all have been popular with serious minded and d nating readers.

nowing in advance exactly how many books will be needed, the effects a score of small economies which make a grand total. And ing is passed on to *you*, who will receive twelve of the most out- g of the year's books—for the price of six.

UTIFUL BINDINGS

of the selected books is beautifully printed and bound *for members* hose who stay out of the Guild can get the same titles elsewhere ing a much higher price for them, but they are not the same books. ild edition is painstakingly prepared to gratify the most particular please the most critical of readers. Paper, printing and binding are highest quality without exception.

CTED FROM AMONG 10,000

Editorial Board has access to these manuscripts before publication retail trade. From the tons of volumes published each year it twelve which you can not afford to miss. These twelve are issued month—in a special edition and mailed to you, postpaid.

the Guild Editors have enviable reputations as writers and critics. ould welcome their advice regarding worth-while books if they our neighbors and could *tell* you about the titles they recom- l. Through the Guild you become more than their neighbors. You onstant, intimate contact with their taste and opinions. No matter ou live you are in touch with the very heart of the book world.

bership is free. The service costs you nothing. The magazine ccompanies the book each month is also gratis. The only charge is an annual subscription fee of only $21, payable on convenient you prefer.

book value given each member for that small sum has created a n in the publishing world. The practice of allowing the reader— r instance—to share in the profits of the book business was an new one three years ago. The Guild has made it popular. It is able to economize this way.

GREAT CASH SAVING

he Guild books in your home these next twelve months. Compare dings and prices with the regular editions of the same books on he stores. Avail yourself of the exchange privilege if you ever care y Guild book is really sent to you on approval. If you do not want ay return it within a week in even exchange for a previous Guild for credit of $1.75, one twelfth of the annual subscription fee, to ed to the purchase price of any book in print in the United States. complete satisfaction is guaranteed. Mail the coupon today.

CARL VAN DOREN

JULIA PETERKIN

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

BURTON RASCOE

Literary Guild of America, Inc.
Dept. 101 M.
Avenue New York, N. Y.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.,
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 101 M. New York City

Gentlemen:—You may enter me as a subscriber to the Literary Guild of America for one year. I will pay you $4.00 on receipt of your first book, and $3.00 a month for six months only. You will send me one new book a month subject to exchange as stated in this advertisement. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's notice. In this case you will charge me only the retail price of books received and refund the balance.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

(You can save $1 by sending $21 with this coupon in full payment)

"Let's look it up in Webster!"

"We're sure to find the answer here." To settle an argument—to verify a fact—to answer any question about words, persons, places—the most satisfactory way is to cons

The "Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Universally accepted and used in courts, colleges, schools, business offices, and among government officials. **452,000** entries, including thousands of **New Words**, 32,000 **geographical** subjects, 12,000 **biographical** entries. Over 6,000 **illustrations** and 100 valuable **tables.**

GET THE BEST

See it at any bookstore, or send for new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International. FREE, if you mention this magazine.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY Springfield, Mass.

LAW

Study at home

Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training.

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University The World's Largest Business Training Institution **Dept. 1135-L Chicago, Ill.**

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

A collection of ancient and modern books, printed and bound with rare taste, will form the contents of Catalogue Number 17. It will be issued in early November, in good time for Christmas gift purchases.

Apply for a free copy to

THE BOOKROOM OF

J. KYRLE FLETCHER, LTD.

The Bridge, Newport, Mon., England

LUXURIES *for* SAL

Pleasure, Entertainment, Illu sion, Education. **All these i tangibles, the greatest luxuri of life, are for sale at low price You will find them all in the stock of**

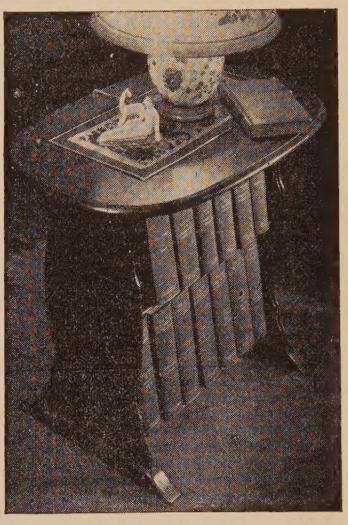
YOUR BOOKSELLE

Y TODAY AND SAVE CLOSE TO $50.00

THE NEW
NTERNATIONAL
NCYCLOPAEDIA

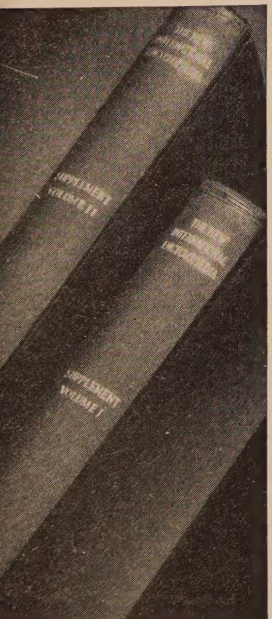
LED "THE BEST ENCYCLOPAEDIA
NY LANGUAGE" BY H. L. MENCKEN

ding new 2000-page Supplement just coming the press, making it the world's most complete recent reference work — with beautiful, solid e, antique walnut tone, $30 Danersk Book-table absolutely FREE!



This beautiful Early American Danersk Book-table given free with every order!

nost modern Encyclo- in America is unquali- recommended by the s editor of the "Ameri- ercury" as the best en- ædia in any language. is The NEW INTERNA- — brought up to date with a new 2000-page Supplement just coming from the press as this advertisement is being written! It contains fresher and more timely information *and far more articles and information* than any other similar work.



and-new, two-volume Supple- The New International com- pletes your set.

Recognized as "Our Greatest Encyclopædia"

Besides H. L. Mencken, many other famous men such as William Lyon Phelps, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, and literally thousands of other prominent Scholars, Editors, Public Officials, and prominent Authorities recognize The NEW INTERNATIONAL — published in America by Americans—as Our Greatest Encyclopædia.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, writes of The NEW INTERNATIONAL, "I find it a most admirable and convenient book of reference . . . I congratulate you most cordially upon this new and revised edition of one of our most significant books of reference."

More material than any other work of its kind!

The Popular Edition of The NEW INTERNATIONAL with the brand-new 2000-page Supplement is ready for you now! In 14 attractive, big volumes bound in the NEW rich Blue Classic Vellum instead of the 25 single volumes of the Standard Edition, you save over 30% in price on this edition — nearly $50. Plus a $30 Danersk Book-table FREE. Nearly $80 altogether!

Learn how helpful—how invaluable this work is. Send for our free illustrated book. Clip the coupon before it is too late!

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY AM-11-29
449 Fourth Avenue, New York City

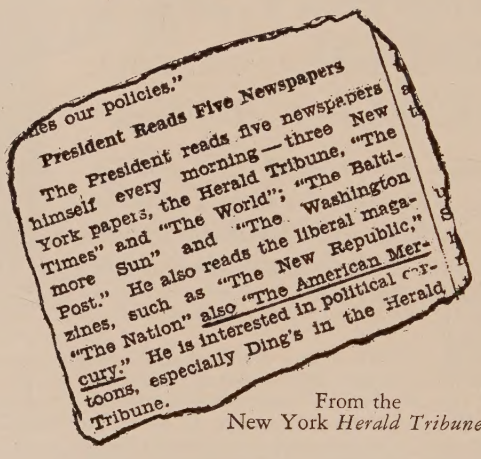
Send me, without any obligation, the illustrated, 56-page book describing The New International Encyclopædia, with details of Easy Payment Plan, the Free Book-table, and 10-day trial offer.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Occupation_____



...es our policies."

President Reads Five Newspapers

The President reads five newspapers himself every morning—three New York papers, the Herald Tribune, "The Times" and "The World"; "The Baltimore Sun" and "The Washington Post." He also reads the liberal magazines, such as "The New Republic," "The Nation" also "The American Mercury." He is interested in political cartoons, especially Ding's in the Herald Tribune.

From the
New York *Herald Tribune*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY,
730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY for o... year. I enclose $5.00.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY and THE NATION $7.
THE AMERICAN MERCURY and THE NEW REPUBLIC 7.

NAME

HOUSE

CITY & STATE

Canada $.50, Foreign $1.00 additional for each magazine.

AM 11

UST PUBLISHED!

Entirely New-*14th* EDITION

ncyclopaedia Britannica

HERE has never been anything like it—never anything even remotely approaching magnificent *new* Fourteenth ion of the Encyclopaedia nnica. Cast aside your old ideas ference works and encyclopaefor here is something new, dift, tremendously vital, alive.

n unprecedented achievement," e verdict of foremost critics, a ct that is sweeping the country. most exciting book of 1929," Henry Seidel Canby. "The last in encyclopaedia perfection," a well-known librarian.

d so it goes, without a nting voice!

,500 Contributors

e roster of contributors roll-call of the great amous from the whole l—3,500 from fifty dift countries.

university could posuch a faculty, nowhere an you find so coma survey of the entire d of human thought chievement.

e in Human Interest d Practical Value

new Britannica is not only in scholarship. *It is unique nan interest and sheer al value.*

amazing richness of illusalone makes every subject and simpler to grasp, and same time ten times more ting than ever before.

This handsome bookcase table, made of genuine Brown Mahogany, is included with every set of the new Britannica.

AN AMAZING WORK

35,000,000 Words

New from Cover to Cover

Cost More Than $2,000,000

15,000 Illustrations

Nearly 500,000 Index References

Remember—this is a new work! Only a small amount of text—material which could not be improved in any way—has been retained from previous editions.

This *new* Britannica brings to every American home the limitless possibilities of modern knowledge.

Astonishingly Low Price

THE price of the *new* Britannica has been fixed so low that you will marvel at this new evidence of modern printing efficiency.

In addition, you may own and enjoy it immediately on one of the easiest time payment plans ever devised. **A deposit of only $5 brings the complete set with its bookcase table direct to your home.**

Send For FREE Booklet

Learn about the *new* Britannica while it is still possible to get a set from the first printing at the low price that now prevails. Send for our handsome new 56-page booklet containing numerous color plates, maps, etc., from the new edition.

A free copy of this book is yours without the slightest obligation. Use the handy coupon below.

IL This Coupon TODAY

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.
342 Madison Avenue, New York City AM M9-B2

Please send me by return mail, without any obligation on my part, your 56-page illustrated booklet describing the *new* Fourteenth Edition of the Britannica together with full information concerning bindings, low price offer, etc.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MarriedMoney

By Harford Powel, Jr.

A sparkling and hilarious satire contrasting Boston and New York. What happens when a parsimoniously reared Boston girl inherits a million and escapes to Park Avenue. An Atlantic Novel. $2.50

Another Day

By Jeffery Farnol

This story, in a modern setting, of a young American suspected of murder and fleeing to England, contains all the elements of love, adventure and characterization which made "The Broad Highway" so popular. $2.50

Falcons of France

By James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff

A vivid, colorful tale of the Lafayette Flying Corps as told by two of its noted members. 4 illustrations in color by A. Vimnera. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. $2.50

All Quiet on the Western Front

By Erich Maria Remarque

"Unquestionably the best story of the World War."—*H. L. Mencken in the American Mercury.* The international best seller that everyone is reading. 250th thousand. $2.50

The brilliant sequel to JALNA—the Atlantic $10,000 Prize Novel—

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA

By Mazo de la Roche

This new story of the Whiteoak family—complete in itself—is a finer and more dramatic novel than the famous "Jalna."

Henry Hazlitt in The New York Sun says: "From the talk overheard at dinner tables and in suburban trains, 'Whiteoaks of Jalna' seems to be holding its own as the novel of the hour." 55th thousand already! $2.50

A worthy follower of her best-seller "The Hounds of Spring"

CHARIOT WHEELS

By Sylvia Thompson

In this searching story of a novelist who finds that certain love affairs add to his life a drama useful in his writing, this brilliant young Englishwoman shows that while Sauce for the Gander may be Sauce for the Goose it is something quite different for the poor bewildered Gosling. An Atlantic Novel. $2.50

An impressive War book by a young German officer-candidate

ZERO HOUR

By Georg Grabenhorst

The experiences and reactions of a German of good family on the Western Front, closely paralleling those of the author. Written without bias, it is the work of a real poet and a loyal comrade and it has already been highly recommended by the famous German author, Thomas Mann. $2.50

The Unc Tru

By A Hutc

"Recomm to all Hut readers as p his next bes to 'If Comes'." — *delphia Ledger.*

The Win the

By Gilbert

The love s an idealist eastern farm lage—a nove handles pr emotions anger, but wi sion.

The Glen M

By E. P Oppe

London says: "I ad publishers t from calling heim 'The P Story-Teller boldly clai he is the F them."

Ido

By Dale

"A glowi otic, racy an colored tale drama whic when men a men of shar trasted race to emotional —*Hartford C*

These boo for sale all Books

LITTL BROW COMP

Publishers,

One of the most important of the Autumn biographies

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH PENNELL

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell

The widow of this great artist writes a vivid record of his life, using many of his letters, which, like himself, were in turn serious, humorous, sensitive, gay and, above all, outspoken. 96 illustrations. 2 vols. (*Nov. 9*) $10.00

Winner of the Atlantic Monthly $5,000 Biography Prize

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS

By Harriet Connor Brown

More appealing than the studied biographies of remote figures is this story of a real pioneer mother, which Ambassador Dawes in his foreword calls "An epic of American life in the early and later days of the Middle West." With 15 illustrations. $3.00

Reveals Jefferson as America's only original political thinker

THOMAS JEFFERSON:

The Apostle of Americanism

By Gilbert Chinard

"An admirable biography, vigorous, original, sympathetic, and based on thorough and far-reaching research. Both as biography and history, I think the book should have permanent importance."—*Gamaliel Bradford.* With 8 illustrations. 548 pages. $5.00

Dime Novels

By Edmund Pearson

A highly amusing story of the rise and decline of the dime novel, with many quotations from the quaint old books themselves. 16 illustrations. $3.00

Ireland: The Rock Whence I Was Hewn

By Donn Byrne

Here is the speech, the smile, the inner heart and soul of the Ireland which this great romantic novelist loved. 23 illustrations. $2.50

When the U-Boats Came to America

By William Bell Clark

The thrilling story of U-Boat raids on American shipping is here told in its entirety for the first time. 14 illustrations. $3.00

Wild Honey

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Mr. Scoville's Audubon-like observation of birds, beasts and wilderness is animated by rare sympathy and racy humor. 11 illustrations. An Atlantic Book. $3.00

These books are for sale at all Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers, Boston

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

UNDER FIVE SULTANS.
By Mary Mills Patrick. *The Century Company*
$4 8¾ x 5½; 357 pp. *New York*

Dr. Patrick went to Turkey in 1871, and from 1890 to 1924 was president of the Constantinople Woman's College. She passed through four wars and as many revolutions, and was in close contact with most of the eminent Turks of her time, including three of the five sultans. Her story is thus full of unfamiliar and curious matter. Her manner of telling it, unfortunately, does it some damage. Her book is badly organized and her style is dry and commonplace. But she has so much to say that is interesting, and her acquaintance with Turkish affairs is so vast and so minute, that her narrative is nevertheless well worth reading. The volume is illustrated, and at the end there are a brief bibliography and a good index.

THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN.
By Anne Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5½; 301 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Ellis, born in Missouri, was taken westward as a child, and has spent almost all her life in the little mining towns of Central Colorado. The daughter of a miner, and twice married to other miners, she is familiar with every detail of the sordid and desperate struggle for pay dirt in the desolate Rocky Mountain valleys. Her story has to do with housekeeping in tar-paper houses, with having babies far from a hospital or even a doctor, with the rude merrymaking of people always on the verge of want, and with the dream of sudden riches that sustains them. All sorts of fantastic characters move through her pages—mainly poor folk, ignorant and credulous. Her own indomitable personality gives her narrative whatever charm it may be said to have. A lifetime of disappointment and disaster, if it has not left her an optimist, has at least left her unafraid. She writes simply, but very effectively. Her book is a novelty and well worth reading.

TWELVE ROYAL LADIES.
By Sidney Dark. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 339 pp. *New York*

The twelve ladies considered are Catherine de' Medici, Mary of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Henrietta Maria, Queen Christina of Sweden, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, Louise de la Vallière, Maria Theresa, Catherine the Great, Marie Antoinette, Josephine de Beauharnais, and Caroline of Brunswick. Mr. Dark's account of them is straightforward reporting. There are twelve portraits by Mabel Pugh.

GOETHE.
By Jean Marie Carré. *Coward-McC*
$3 9 x 6; 308 pp. *New Y*

In his preface M. Carré says that his book "ma no pretence of being a substitute for the great Ger monographs. . . . I propose simply to let the rea see the various stages . . . of Goethe's life, leav aside all questions of philosophic or æsthetic in pretation." This purpose he carries out in an manner, and his book should prove of value to general reader. The translation is by Eleanor Ha

COLERIDGE. *The Sublime Somnambulist.*
By John Charpentier. *Dodd, Mead & Comp*
$3.50 8¾ x 5⅞; 332 pp. *New Y*

So good is this critical biography of Coleridge one finds it very difficult to think of another excels it. M. Charpentier knows his man as few ot have known him. He admits what no one has dared deny, that Coleridge was probably the grea critic of poetry in any language, but he also through his many defects in other directions. author of "The Ancient Mariner," he points out, much to be desired as a poet. He could move reader, but was seldom able to make himself clea him. Neither was he much as a philosopher, des all his pretensions to the contrary. He made a g show of his knowledge of Herder, Kant and Fic but he really never understood them. He borro much from them, but it was only their rubbish. general influence, however, was considerable. express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or specific province of human literature or enlightenr had been small or sadly intermittent; but he especially among young inquiring men, a higher literary, a kind of prophetic or magician charact as even Carlyle, his worst enemy, had to admit. translation from the French is by M. V. Nug There is a brief bibliography, but no index.

RACHEL.
By James Agate. *The Viking*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 178 pp. *New*

"I suppose Rachel represents her day and the th of her day in the sense that anybody casting an upon the French stage of the second quarter of Nineteenth Century would be bound to think fir her," says Mr. Agate in this excellent critical trait. "But to suggest that the most famous o

Continued on page xiv

Humanity Uprooted

by

MAURICE HINDUS

Professor John Dewey writes in his Introduction: "Readers who have not already made up their minds, will find the means in this book for reaching a juster and more appreciative understanding of Bolshevist Russia than in any other book known to me. Without display and without pedantry, Mr. Hindus has evidently absorbed into himself Russian history, Russian literature, the psychology of each of the classes he so brilliantly depicts."

Illustrated, $3.00

GODS' MAN

A NOVEL IN WOOD-CUTS

by

Lynd Ward

This is the first time a novel in wood-cuts has been produced in America by an American artist. In 125 pages Mr. Ward tells a story of compelling power which can be read as easily as if its pages were in type. $3.00

Rabelais

Man of the Renaissance

by

SAMUEL PUTNAM

The Rabelais of legend, the vulgar buffoon whom Voltaire and Montaigne saw, has long ago been discarded; but modern opinion is still so far from any understanding of Rabelais the man that it is possible for some to see in him an archatheist, while others insist upon regarding him as a devout Catholic. What is the truth? Mr. Putnam's object has been to give us *the real Rabelais.*

Illustrated, $3.50

BOX OFFICE

***by* John Anderson**

Here for the first time is a book that takes the reader not so much backstage as into the manager's office, the speculator's den, etc. $2.50

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

***by* William Faulkner**

The story of a run-down Southern family living outwardly on the frayed threads of former gentility. "His idiot is better than Dostoyevsky's."—*Evelyn Scott.* $2.50

Escapade

by

EVELYN SCOTT

Author of "The Wave"

At 20 Evelyn Scott found herself practically exiled in Brazil. This is the book of her experiences there—the full, intimate record of three deeply significant years in her life, in which she experienced love, motherhood, social obloquy, pain, isolation in alien and hostile surroundings, and was forced to wage a constant battle against great odds for everything that was precious to her. $3.00

ADAM'S BREED

***by* Radclyffe Hall**

A prize-winner in England and France. "It is one of the novels we remember." The Phoenician in the *Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.50

THE ROBBER BAND

***by* Leonhard Frank**

The story of a group of working boys in the old Gothic city of Wurzburg who revolt against the hardships of daily life by forming the Robber Band, whose ultimate aim is to escape to the freedom and adventure of the American Wild West. $2.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH

139 EAST FORTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

tragédiènnes is in any way representative of the great dramatic movement which sprang up in her time would be to suggest something essentially false. . . . Rachel evoked once more the spirit of classic tragedy, and 'roused an enthusiasm, unlooked-for and in that age almost unnatural, for her hero Racine, whom the Romantics had firmly believed to be safely buried.' Rachel, then, was not a revolutionary, but a reactionary. . . . She founded no school of acting and left no successors. She was the last word in classic acting, and illustrates the essential condition of last words, which is that after their utterance no more shall be said." The volume belongs to the Representative Women Series, edited by Francis Birrell; it has a bibliography, but an index is missing.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.
By Jacob de Haas. *The Block Publishing Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 296 pp. *New York*

Mr. de Haas is concerned mainly with Mr. Justice Brandeis's activities in the Zionist movement. He deals very rapidly with his record as lawyer, trust-buster, strike arbitrator, and Supreme Court Justice. Mr. Brandeis comes from a long line of Czecho-Slovakian rabbis on his father's side, and mystics on his mother's side. He was born on November 13, 1856, in Louisville, Ky., and twenty years later was graduated from the Harvard Law School with the highest grades any student has ever received there at any time, before or since. When he married in 1891 he had made enough money in the practice of law to feel free to devote himself largely to public work. His labors in behalf of minimum wage laws, workmen's compensation laws, and the State regulation of insurance companies are well known. He became Associate Justice of the Supreme Court on June 5, 1916, on the appointment of President Wilson. The two men who fought most persistently against his confirmation were President Lowell of Harvard and Chief Justice Taft, who was then a professor of law at Yale. Up to 1910 he took almost no interest in Jewish affairs. But in that year, as the result of his labors as mediator in the New York cloakmakers' strike, he became interested. Before long he was the leader of the Zionist movement in the United States, and has remained so to this day. Mr. de Haas thinks that "the most consistent contribution to American Jewish history in the Twentieth Century has been that of Louis Dembitz Brandeis." The second half of the book is given over to a reproduction of some of Mr. Brandeis's articles, letters and speeches on Zionism. There are six illustrations.

MARLBOROUGH. *The Portrait of a Conqueror.*
By Donald Barr Chidsey. *The John Day Com*
$3.50 9½ x 6¼; 308 pp. *New*

In his introduction Mr. Chidsey says: "This book compiled rather than originally conceived. a parasite's job, resting upon the labor of other worthier students." This is being a bit too mo Mr. Chidsey has unearthed no new material abou amazing Jack Churchill, who started out as a country boy and ended up as one of the shrev politicians, soldiers, and business men England ever produced; but he plainly knows his subject has told his story in straightforward English, wit attempt at "psychological interpretation." His b is the first one-volume biography of the man. T are eight illustrations, a bibliography, and an inde

---

MY PEOPLE THE SIOUX.
By Luther Standing Bear. *The Houghton Mifflin Com*
$4 8 x 5½; 288 pp.

Chief Standing Bear is the son of Chief Star Bear the First, an hereditary chief of the Oglala of the Sioux Nation, and was one of the first In to enter the Carlisle School. His book is an abso account of the life of an Indian—the games and t ing of the years when Indian life was free from w influence; the building of the tipi; the buffalo and the warpath; Custer's last fight; the sun danc on the reservation, and at Carlisle; the ghost-d troubles of 1890–91; and experiences with Bu Bill. There are many illustrations from drawing photographs; William S. Hart has contributed a s less introduction.

WASHINGTON IRVING. *Letters from Sunnysid Spain.*
Edited by Stanley W. Williams. *The Yale University*
$2 8¾ x 5¾; 80 pp. *New*

There are eighteen letters here, most of them ap ing in print for the first time. They cover the p 1840–1845, or, in Irving's age, from fifty-seve sixty-two. Nearly all of them are addressed t favorite niece, Mrs. Sarah Storrow. There is lit them save family gossip. Only one has any real graphical interest. Irving wrote it from Madri December 12, 1842, and in it threw this light o mystery of his bachelorhood: "God knows, I ha great idea of bachelorhood and am not one o fraternity through choice—but Providence has s how or other thwarted the warm wishes of my and the tendencies of my nature in those earlie sons of life when tender and happy unions are n and has protected me in those more advanced pe

Continued on page xvi

What is the word I want ?

IEWHERE in the English language are
ie words which express your thoughts
y, make your ideas vivid, give you the
: in speaking and writing that comes
mastery of the language. *But how*
l those words? The dictionary gives
ieanings, but for *choice* it is only as good as your memory. The ordinary thesaurus offers you choice, providing you know the exact meaning of every word.

But here is a master book which gives *both*—enables you to choose the right word, and *defines* it so you know you are using it correctly—

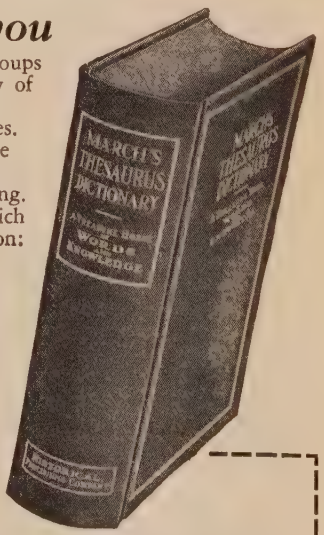
ARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY

ally, this book places a complete command of
glish language at your fingertips. By means of
que method of grouping associated words, it
ou the exact word for your thought, the one
y have forgotten, or perhaps a new word to
your vocabulary.
n you have an idea, March supplies you with the word which will make it vivid. If your thought is hazy, a reference to March clarifies it.

Its 1462 pages form a great storehouse of English words, idioms, expressions, phrases, facts which aid in developing a more expressive vocabulary and opening up new vistas of thought and presentation.

ctly what this book does for you

s you the exact word or phrase to express your idea. Goes further. Groups
deas, classifies by parts of speech, enabling you to develop versatility of



s the purpose of a dictionary, defining over 100,000 words and phrases.
rentiates between established words and those new words which have
et found their true place in the language.
s you a complete mastery of the English language in writing and speaking.
lies in the Appendix the following usually hard-to-find facts, which
March a constantly satisfactory reference, in itself a liberal education:

- Composition
- Rhetoric
- Uses of Words
- story of Writing
- of the English uage
- g of English ds
- Word Roots and Derivations
- Famous Characters of Literature
- Notable American Sobriquets
- Literary Pseudonyms
- Word Abbreviations
- Business Words
- Legal Words and Expressions
- Biblical References
- Words from the Arts and Sciences
- Geographic Facts
- Americana

ET THE BOOK PROVE 'SELF—AT OUR RISK

the coupon and judge March in actual use. 10 days, examine it at your leisure, try it on st difficult word problems.
a worthy addition to any library—bound in e buckram, printed on thin, opaque paper—risingly handy.
the end of 10 days you don't find it indis- in your office or home, you have but to and the examination has not cost you a cent.

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. AM-11
1334 Cherry St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me (postpaid in U. S.; express paid in Canada) the New Amplified Edition of March's Thesaurus Dictionary. I will pay $3.75 on delivery and if I keep the book will pay you $2.00 per month for three months. (Canada, **duty extra**; Foreign, $10.00, cash with order.) If for any reason I do not wish to keep it I will return it in good condition within 10 days and you are to refund my $3.75.

Name .....

Address .....

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiv

when matrimonial unions are apt to be unsuited or ungenial; but I have often repined at my single state and have looked forward with doubt and solicitude to the possibility of an old age solitary, uncherished and unloved." Dr. Williams is associate professor of English at Yale.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT.
By David Loth. *Brentano's*
$5 9½ x 6½; 330 pp. *New York*

It is very difficult to make out whether this book is a biography, a novel, or a detective story. There are only three or four dates in it, not a single reference to an authority, and no bibliography whatever. The names of the characters, however, are those of very real persons and there is something happening to them, so one probably must call it a biography. But it's a very strange biography indeed. Lorenzo's grandfather Cosimo, the foster father of the Renaissance, is pictured as little better than a good-natured fool whose wife was not fond of him because he would not listen to "what she had said to the butcher and what the wine merchant said to her and how the children were always wearing out their clothes." Lorenzo, as scholars know him, was one of the most distinguished classical students of his time and a celebrated patron of the arts, but Mr. Loth seems to think differently. The Lorenzo he portrays was a combination of Warren Gamaliel Harding, Richard Dix and Bishop Manning. Throughout the book Mr. Loth writes as an eye-witness of everything and *alter ego* to everybody. He knows what Lucrezia, one of Lorenzo's mistresses, thought when she first saw him. He knows precisely what went through Lorenzo's head when he was introduced to his future wife, Clarice: "Lorenzo thought the girl would do. He remembered that he had seen her once on his last visit to Rome. Fifteen, wasn't she? Yes, she seemed all right. Anything Piero [his father] wanted." And he knows that on his death bed Lorenzo "murmured wistfully." The book would make a swell serial for the New York *Graphic*.

DANIEL WEBSTER.
By Allan L. Benson.
The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
$5 9⅝ x 6¼; 402 pp. *New York*

Mr. Benson was the Socialist candidate for President in 1916. He left the party when the United States entered the World War, and since then has been doing things that have puzzled his former colleagues. The present book will undoubtedly prove to be one of them. Webster comes out of it a great statesman, patriot and friend of the people. What is even more strange, since he was trained in the Marxian dialectic, Mr. Benson says almost nothing about the fan orator's windy, hypocritical speeches on the ri of the working people, or about his contradic stand on the tariff, or about his generally conf and ignorant views on politico-economic affairs. book betrays no original research whatever, or acquaintance with all the relevant literature. T is no bibliography or index.

HAWTHORNE.
By Newton Arvin. *Little, Brown & Com*
$3.50 8⅞ x 5¾; 303 pp. *B*

Hawthorne, one of the two real glories of the N England Golden Age, still remains a mystery. Arvin, assistant professor of English at Smith, unearthed no new biographical material about H and such things as his strange relationship with H ville and his curious attitude toward the Civil W not to mention his extraordinary love affair Sophia Peabody, have yet to be explained with appreciable degree of satisfaction. Mr. Arvin's cri judgments throughout are commonplace and so times stupid. He thinks that "as a writer of fict Hawthorne was plainly not of the first order," cause "his stories do not enact themselves in open, in the midst of things, in the sunlight." T lack "the touch of illusive personality," what that may mean. "The Scarlet Letter," he think no great shakes. He complains of "the woodenne its narrative movement," and goes on to say th "has too much the quality of a pageant—or o opera!—to be a novel of the first order." There twelve illustrations, a brief bibliography, and index.

CRITICISM

THE EIGHTEEN-SEVENTIES.
Edited by H. Granville-Barker. *The Macmillan Com*
$3 8½ x 5⅝; 290 pp. *New*

The essays in this book are all by members of English Royal Society of Literature, and most of t seem to have originated as lectures delivered at so of the society. They are not notable for either torical profundity or critical acumen. The Marc of Crew writes about his father, Lord Hough Hugh Walpole discusses the novelists of the George Saintsbury contributes personal reminisce of Andrew Lang, Sir Arthur Pinero writes about Robertson and Henry J. Byron, and there are cha on Oxford and Cambridge during the period u review. None of the contributors seems to have r to say. The most interesting essay is R. W. Ma on Oxford. The book has a good index.

Continued on page xviii

rench *is as Easy as this:*

parlez - - - - - - par-lay *(speak)*

beaucoup - - - bow-koo *(much, many)*

bouquet - - - - boo-kay *(a bunch of flowers)*

mais oui - - - - may we *(but, yes)*

ke YOUR First Two Lessons REE!

OW, you can add a knowledge of French to the list of accomplishments which makes you the individual You can *easily* acquire a of a vast fund of conversaench, in your spare time at o other attainment of which be proud was mastered as s this one may be. Few nore valuable to you all ife.

excel at swimming, at riding, driving, tennis or ou play the piano or any other nstrument; if you are a public speaker st you have spent many days of hard study yourself. The ability to speak French ranks foremost of these accomplishments. French st valuable second language in the world. an be learned—by the Hugo method—in ne without tedious study.

w words appearing above illustrate the go key to pronunciation. It is impossible to nce a French word if that key is followed. y other phase of Hugo's FRENCH AT just as clearly and plainly marked, just as aster.

peak French Like a Native

convince you—to *show* you, not by descripy sight of the lessons themselves—we will the first two lessons of this *short cut to nch* absolutely free. You will not be obliuy the course unless you care to. The first ns are yours for all time, absolutely free. hem at once.

of starting to study French in the schoolon, with rules of grammar and long lists of erbs, the Hugo method enables you to prac*k* in French, to begin to use actual French vith the proper pronunciation and the native *om the very first page of lesson one.*

Send at once for the free sample lessons. Read them over. See how much French you know already. See how much like a game it is. Then, after you have had plenty of time to see its value for yourself, decide if you wish to finish the balance of the course or not. We will withhold shipment of the balance until one week after you have received the first two lessons. This will give you plenty of time to advise us if you do not wish to continue the study.

Mail the coupon now for your free sample lessons. Enjoy the fun of learning without effort. Then, after five days, if you do not wish to continue the course, the experiment has cost you nothing.

If you do wish to finish the rest of the twenty-four lessons, you send only $1.85 first payment and $2 per month—while you are learning—for four consecutive months. If you prefer to pay cash in full after you have seen the sample lessons you can *save one dollar* by remitting $8.85 in full payment.

The coupon below will bring you the first two lessons *complete,* absolutely FREE. Mail it tonight.

DOUBLEDAY DORAN & CO., Inc.

Garden City Dept. F-5511 New York

Doubleday Doran & Co., Inc., Dept. F-5511
Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me the first two lessons of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT absolutely free. At the end of five days I will either mail you $1.85, and $2 per month for four consecutive months, for the entire course, or I will inform you that I do not want the complete lessons. In either case there is no charge for the first two lessons. They are mine absolutely FREE!

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE.
By John Matthews Manly & Edith Rickert.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$2.25 7½ x 4¾; 378 pp. *New York*

This book, which is intended for use as a college text, first appeared in 1922; the present revision is by Fred B. Millett. The point of view is that of a rather enlightened pedagogue, and most of the judgments are sound enough. Here and there the adult reader will elevate his highbrows—as when a laudatory account of Wilbur Daniel Steele is followed by the statement that "it would be unjust to end this sketch of the American short story without at least mentioning . . . the drab mid-Western realism of Ruth Suckow"—but in the main there is a refreshing paucity of the usual academic absurdity. After a brief consideration of the main streams of contemporary American writing, in which all the principal authors are neatly pigeon-holed, there follows a series of biographical sketches, with bibliographies. In many cases there are "Suggestions for Reading" in the familiar pedagogical manner. At the end there are some specimen reports from students, showing the effects of a study of the book upon them. Of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Renascence" one says "I don't think she has terribly much to say."

THE AMERICAN NOVEL.
By Grant Overton. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$1 7⅜ x 4⅜; 155 pp. *Philadelphia*

This, a rapid survey of the history of the American novel, belongs to the Lippincott One Hour Series, and is the worst of the lot so far. It is badly written, poorly organized, and full of bizarre judgments. Among Dreiser's novels that "need not be read" Mr. Overton lists "The Financier," "The Titan," and "Jennie Gerhardt"! And of "An American Tragedy" he says, "Both psychology and religion owe to this book a debt as great as to any novel ever written." Bromfield, he thinks, "is a born novelist," but "an outline of the American novel need take only brief notice of Anderson." Frank Norris is barely touched upon, but Cooper, Booth Tarkington, Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Edith Wharton are given a section each.

THE GEORGIAN NOVEL & MR. ROBINSON.
By Storm Jameson. *William Morrow & Company*
$1 7½ x 5; 75 pp. *New York*

The Mr. Robinson of the title is the intelligent layman, to whom the book is addressed. Miss Jameson, a novelist of talent herself, is concerned mainly with the English novelists of the post-war period. Her discussion is brief but often very penetrating. Her criticism of Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf is as good as any that has yet been written. But she falls when she attempts to explain the current dea masterpieces. She thinks that the two reasons lack of faith . . . and a lack of knowledge" present-day novelist. This really explains no Fielding, Jane Austen, Emily Brontë and Hard no more faith and knowledge than any of the cessors, yet they composed masterpieces.

SOCIOLOGY

WHAT IS RIGHT WITH MARRIAGE: *An Ou Domestic Theory.*
By Robert C. & Frances Williams Binkley.
D. Appleton & C
$2.50 8 x 5⅜; 262 pp. *Ne*

Mr. and Mrs. Binkley take a common sense v marriage. Rejecting both the schoolgirl a which sees it as a mystical and indissoluble un elected affinities and the "advanced" theory regards it as little more than a series of irresp week-ends, they argue that it is really one of th pliant, rational and workable of human institu What they have to say about it is seldom ne little that is new is to be said, but they prese best current wisdom on the subject in an order persuasive manner, and it borrows a fresh aut from the fact that they are themselves conte married, and to each other. They discuss the se tion frankly, but without making too much o good deal of the current discontent, they think to false teaching upon the subject in youth. It to keep the young virtuous they are taught tha a wicked matter. When, later on, they marry hard for them to get rid of that idea. But what done about it does not appear clearly.

NEIGHBORS ALL. *A Settlement Notebook.*
By Esther G. Barrows. *The Houghton Mifflin C*
$2 8¼ x 5¼; 218 pp.

For over twenty years Miss Barrows was a r in the South End House of Boston, one of Am leading centers of social work. She was one of t Robert A. Woods' chief assistants. In the presen she relates some of her more memorable expe with the poor of her neighborhood. It is full of interest, and makes very moving reading.

STERILIZATION FOR HUMAN BETTERME
By E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe.
The Macmillan C
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 202 pp. *Ne*

The authors ground their argument mainly results in California, where 3,428 men and

Continued on page xx

ANCESTOR JORICO

By William J. Locke

Locke in a new vein—the story of a treasure hunt under tropic skies, a shipwreck, and a strange secret. A tale with Locke's wit and genial eccentricity. $2.50

DODD MEAD BOOKS

RED BEAN ROW *By R. Emmett Kennedy*

Rollicking humor and shrewd insight into negro character and life distinguish this novel of a little Louisiana town. $2.50

CARL AKELEY'S AFRICA

By Mary L. Jobe Akeley

The Story of Carl Akeley's last African safari. A gorgeous panorama of great game herds, strange animals, colorful vegetation, picturesque natives, all intimately described with many photographs. $5.00

BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929 *Edited by E. J. O'Brien*

The standard annual short story collection including the work of Sherwood Anderson, Konrad Bercovici, Morley Callaghan, Willa Cather, Margaret Leech, Glenway Westcott and fourteen others. Year-book data also included. $2.50

KOW TOW

By Princess Der Ling

Brilliant pictures of Chinese family life, and of events during the last half century, by the author of "Old Buddha," former lady in waiting to the old Empress. Illustrated. $3.50

BEST PLAYS OF 1929

Edited by Burns Mantle

The ten most representative plays of the season in text and summary, including Street Scene, Journey's End, Holiday, The Front Page, etc. Also invaluable year-book data. $3.00

THE POET AND THE LUNATICS

By G. K. Chesterton

A volume of surpassing mystery and murder stories by the creator of Father Brown. A central figure runs through them all. $2.50

EXPRESS TO HINDUSTAN

By M. H. Ellis

The thrilling account of a motor car journey from London to Delhi under most hazardous circumstances. A thoroughly lively travel-adventure chronicle. Pictures and map. $3.50

HANNIBAL

By G. D. Baker

A stirring new appraisal of the dramatic career of Hannibal and the forces he represented, influences on later history. $3.50

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

449 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

women have been sterilized in State hospitals since 1909. In this series there have been four deaths—two from the anæsthetic and two from infection. There have been seven known failures—three among the vasectomies and four among the salpingectomies. The authors report that the great majority of persons subjected to operation have not objected to it, and that the physical, psychic and social results have been almost uniformly good. They believe that sterilization as a mere matter of birth control should be discouraged, but that normal persons should be permitted to have it done when parentage would be dangerous. They argue that it is almost inconceivable that the persons forced to submit to the operation by law could ever have produced superior children. At the end there is a notice of a book by a German Catholic priest, showing that the Catholic Church does not object to the sterilization of the insane, however violently it may object to ordinary contraception. The book is documented and has an index.

HISTORY

SEVEN IRON MEN.
By Paul De Kruif. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅜; 241 pp. *New York*

The unusual gift for dramatic narrative which Dr. De Kruif displayed in "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters" is shown once again in "Seven Iron Men." The heroes of the title are the seven Merritts of Duluth, who, after long years of adventure in the wilds of Northern Minnesota, discovered and developed the celebrated Mis-sa-be iron range. The mines there are still among the richest in the world, but the Merritts no longer have any substantial interest in them. Running short of ready money in the panic of 1893, they turned to John D. Rockefeller, and pretty soon he had the mines and they had the glory. Dr. De Kruif recites at length the story of the discovery. The Merritts faced every sort of hardship, but held on with indomitable courage. When the great strike was made at last it was almost unbelievable. Millions of tons of the best sort of ore, already powdered by nature's forces, lay upon the surface of the ground, and mining it was simply a brute job for steam-shovels. Dr. De Kruif's narrative is full of a contagious gusto. He admires his heroes vastly and makes them brilliantly real. They were, indeed, men of most curious and charming personality, and it is pleasant to have their history so well done. The book has some documentary appendices, and at the end there is a good index. There are twenty full-page illustrations.

THE ROMANCE OF THE RAILS.
By Agnes C. Laut. *Robert M. McBride & Co*
$7.50 8⅝ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 590 pp. *New*

Miss Laut is more interested in the human s the story of American railroads than in the dry d of their financial and engineering history. Her tive is devoted largely to an account of their rel to the public they serve. Those relations, more than not, have been unpleasant, for practically road in the country, at one time or other, has go the hands of stock manipulators, and the people territory have had to put up with bad service an off the losses. But now there is a new spirit in roading, and most of the big roads are effic managed and enjoy more or less public favor. Laut's narrative is full of curious oddities, and th it marches a long procession of picturesque mer two volumes are well illustrated, though some pictures, especially those in line, are badly reproc

LIFE & WORK IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
By G. Renard. *Alfred A.*
$4.50 9¼ x 5⅞; 228 pp. *New*

This book belongs to the History of Civili series, but is by no means as good as most fellows. M. Renard, who is a professor at the C de France, discusses the beginnings of languag discovery of the uses of fire, the domestication mals, and the origin of the common arts and sci He also has a chapter on the primitive forms of institutions. His book is well arranged, but h little to say that is new, and some of the fa theories that he rehearses are more or less dul There is an index, but no bibliography. The twenty-four illustrations but only a few of them illustrate.

POETRY

THE WALL OF WEEPING.
By Edmond Fleg. *E. P. Dutton & Co*
$12 9¾ x 6; 101 pp. *New*

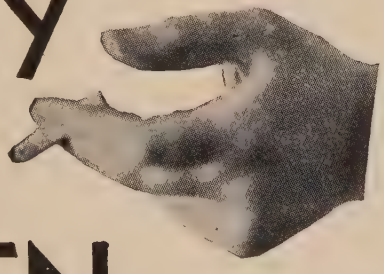
This sonorous apocalyptic poem, originally in French, is here translated by Humbert Wolfe workmanlike and eloquent, but not otherwise no The protagonist, a Jew, addresses his fellow de at the Place of Lamentation in Jerusalem. The h of war through the ages are reviewed, and the is represented as appealing to the stars for pity:

> Planets, my sisters, stars and nebulæ
> who see my flesh wrung by obscure disgrac
> turn your cool vision from my agony
> and suffer me to hide myself in space.

Continued on page xxii

he year's most distin-
guished novel

HE
WAY
OF
ECBEN



e story of Alfgar who heard the music
n behind the moon, and was constrained
give up kingly position and power
l enter upon a lifelong questing after
rre, fairest of all the earth, and of
red-haired Horvendile who brought
e questing to a most merciful end.

The Great Host of Cabell Admirers

and those who have always meant to read some of his books will find "The Way of Ecben" of consuming interest. For in a special epilogue Mr. Cabell takes the reader into his confidence to an unusual degree, reviews his career as a writer, defines his credo as an artist and discusses his plans for the future. $2.50

—A first edition item.

Large paper limited edition of 831 copies signed by the author already oversubscribed. $10.00

NEW PAPÉ EDITION

A Comedy of Fig-Leaves

SOMETHING ABOUT EVE

With twelve full-page illustrations in photogravure and many black and white by Frank C. Papé. His drawings for this book are not only a clever interpretation but a brilliant interpolation. $5.00

AMES BRANCH CABELL

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY, 7 West 16th Street, New York

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

But peace, saith the bard, will come at last, and "the slain will arise like a lover and be loved again." The edition is limited to 750 copies, of which 250 are for America. Each is signed by author and translator.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.
By Thomas Gray. *The Oxford University Press*
$7.50 10 x 7¼; 98 pp. *New York*

This reprint, which is edited by Francis Griffin Stokes, employs the text of the first quarto, 1751, but shows variants from three MSS. in the poet's hand, and from the other editions printed during his lifetime. The latter were very numerous, but not of much importance for the present purpose. In appendices Mr. Stokes discusses, first, the familiar legend that General Wolfe, on the eve of scaling the Heights of Abraham, said to his officers, "Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec," and second, the probable location of the churchyard of the title. In each he finds it impossible to come to a definite conclusion. The reprint is beautifully done and includes two facsimiles.

TEXT-BOOKS

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.
By Emile Legouis & Louis Cazamian.
The Macmillan Company
$7.50 8½ x 5½; 1424 pp. *New York*

This excellent text, which first appeared in two volumes in 1927, is here presented in one large volume. It was originally written for use in the French universities, but its sound arrangement and apt judgments make it of value also to English-speaking students. The period from 650 to 1660 is discussed by M. Legouis and that from 1660 to 1914 by M. Cazamian. The translation of the first part is by Helen Douglas Irvine and that of the second by W. D. MacInnes and the author. Somewhat curiously, the first paragraph of the introduction to Part I is repeated verbatim as the first paragraph of the introduction to Part II. The book is printed on thin but opaque paper, and has a good index.

RAW MATERIALS OF INDUSTRIALISM.
By Hugh B. Killough & Lucy W. Killough.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3.75 8¾ x 5⅜; 407 pp. *New York*

Mr. Killough is associate professor of economics at Brown, and Mrs. Killough is assistant professor of economics at Wellesley. Their book is an exc survey of all the world's raw products, and is illustrated and amply documented. It is divided five major sections: textile fibres, crude produ the forest, fuels and power, metals and sulphur minor commodities (such as fertilizers, potas tobacco, asbestos, etc.). At the end there is cussion of the "Influence of Raw Materials Economic Thought and Practice" and of "Raw terials, a Cause for Penetration of Undeve Regions." There is a long bibliography, and an index.

THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY. *An Introd Study.*
By Raymond Holder Wheeler.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Co
$3.75 8¾ x 5⅜; 556 pp. *New*

This text-book of psychology, as good a o there is in print, is written, in the main, from th called organismic and configurational standpoin wit, "that the whole determines the functioni its parts, and . . . that action, including behavi directed by a remote end which is established b action begins." These two principles are the fo tion of the *Gestalt* psychology. Dr. Wheeler, w professor of psychology and director of the labor at the University of Kansas, thus pays more atte to the phenomena of social behavior than the w of the older texts. He writes clearly and, what i for men of his profession, with great caution. are good bibliographies at the ends of the chapt generous number of adequate illustrations, an index. There are no "suggestive questions" anyw in the book, thank God!

ECONOMIC RESOURCES & INDUSTRIES OF WORLD.
By Isaac Lippincott. *D. Appleton & Co*
$5 8⅞ x 5¾; 656 pp. *New*

This is one of the most useful reference boo its kind. It is, indeed, a little encyclopedia o nomics and industrial psychology. Dr. Lippi who is professor of economic resources in Washi University, divides his discussion into three sections. Part I deals with "Factors in the Dev ment of the World's Resources and Industries" II with "The Distribution and Development of Resources"; and Part III with "Resources and I opment of Certain Countries." There are a ger number of maps, brief bibliographies at the en the chapters, and an index.

Continued on page xxiv

"HERE *is no mere scribbling of biography this book is literature!*"
NEW YORK TIMES

PORTRAIT OF A CONQUEROR

MARLBOROUGH

By *Donald Barr Chidsey*, Author of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*

Jack Churchill kissed King James' hand and deserted to William of Orange—who made him Earl of Marlborough and found himself betrayed in turn. But under Queen Anne he became England's mightiest hero. Lover of a king's mistress; husband of a beloved shrew; great general—one of history's most contradictory figures, shown in a brilliant biography. Illustrated. $3.50

PECCADILLOES
By *Faraday Keene*
Sardonic mirth in a group of brilliant tales. $2.00

CREATIVE THEATRE
By *Roy Mitchell*
An iconoclast looks at the theatre of today and prophesies the theatre of the future. Woodcut illustrations. $4.00

SINGING TIME
By *Satis N. Coleman and Alice G. Thorn*. Songs whose words and music are suited to very young voices. Illustrated in color by Ruth Hambidge. $2.50

CROSS WORD PUZZLES FROM JUDGE
Facetious and ingenious. $1.50

ALRAUNE

By *Hanns Heinz Ewers*

After eighteen years this masterpiece of that fantastic genius, Hanns Heinz Ewers, is made available in English. A book even more startling than *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, it has sold in Germany in excess of 400,000 copies and has been translated into every European tongue. Illustrated by Mahlon Blaine. $5.00

HORSES IN THE SKY

By *Larry Barretto* Author of *A Conqueror Passes*

A magnificently stirring picture of four young Americans growing up in the war. The story of romantic youth facing the tremendous conflict between illusion and experience. $2.50

THE WAKING BIRD

By *Barbara Goolden*

Drusilla and Lou, whose love is shipwrecked by the cynicism of their elders, are leading characters in a novel of exceptional beauty. $2.50

MEDALS OF HONOR

By *James Hopper*

Here are the true stories of eleven Americans who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the Great War—a book as thrilling as anything in modern war literature. Illustrated by John Alan Maxwell. $3.00

EAT, DRINK AND BE SLENDER
By *Clarence W. Lieb, M. D.*
What every overweight person should know and do. $2.00

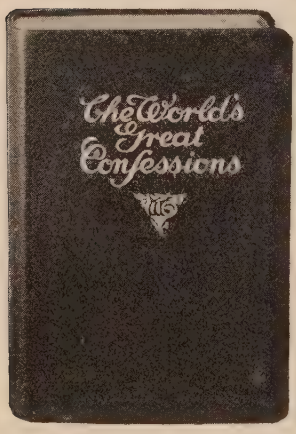
A MAP OF CHILDREN EVERYWHERE
By *Ruth Hambidge* $2.50

THE LIFE OF CHRIST: A MAP
By *Isabella Hunner* $2.00

The John Day Company, 386 Fourth Avenue New York

In This One Exquisite Volume

The Most Famous Personal Confessions In All Literature!



Here is one of the most extraordinary volumes ever published. Think of it!—the six greatest confessional life-stories in all literature, absolutely complete in a single luxurious volume. What other book could contain such a treasury of irresistible reading? A radical of 18th century France; an artist of 16th century Italy; an essayist of 19th century England; a mistress of Louis XV; a statesman of Colonial America; a Father of the early Church of Rome—these are the characters who reveal their most intimate lives to you in

THE WORLD'S GREAT CONFESSIONS

This one gorgeous volume contains the complete original text of *Rousseau's Confessions, Cellini's Autobiography, De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium Eater, Mme. de Pompadour's Memoirs, Franklin's Autobiography,* and *St. Augustine's Confessions.*

A Book of Rare Beauty

Although it contains 1150 pages (about 800,000 words) in large new type, the use of Bible paper keeps its thickness down to 1½ inches. It is bound in purple Fabrikoid moorished with gray tracery and with delicately marbled edges; or in black full leather with gold edges. Six superb illustrations by the famous Hungarian artist Louis Szanto, beautifully reproduced in tone and tint.

Free Examination

The coupon will bring the book to you prepaid on approval. Within five days of receipt, either send your remittance or return the volume.

Mail This Coupon

THE PICKWICK PUBLISHERS, Inc., 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, on approval **The World's Great Confessions** in one volume. Within five days of receipt I will either remit $6.00 or return the volume.

Name (Please Print).....

Street and Number.....

A.M. 11-29

City and State.....

If you prefer Full Leather binding with gold edges at $8.00, check here ☐

If you prefer to send remittance with order, you may deduct the usual 5% discount. Full refund if the book is not satisfactory.

Check List of NEW BOO

Continued from page xxii

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

AMERICA CHALLENGED.
By Lewis F. Carr. *The Macmillan*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 322 pp. N

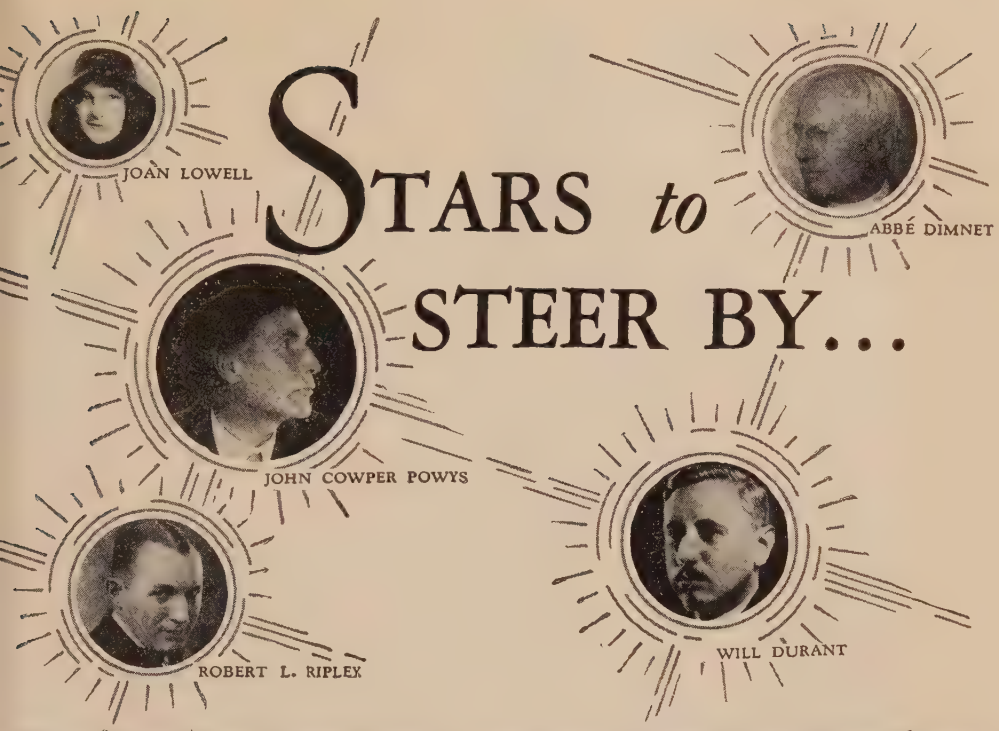
Mr. Carr argues that the prosperity of the States must remain precarious so long as the from agriculture fail to give the farmer a decent He believes that much might be accomplishe alert and intelligent Department of Agricultur aged as well as the Department of Comme managed under Mr. Hoover. The immediate n says, is for better prices for farm products, bu long run an improved organization of agri and especially of marketing, should bring the again. He is dubious about the proposal to su large commercial farms for the present family "Not more than one-third of our present cu land," he says, "appears to be suitable for lar farming." His book is well documented and index.

COÖPERATIVE MARKETING OF AG TURAL PRODUCTS.
By Newell H. Comish. *D. Appleton &*
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 479 pp. N

This is probably the most comprehensive an date study of the coöperative movement in the States in print. In the first part Dr. Comish, professor of sociology and economics in the of Commerce of the Oregon State College, c the business coöperatives: coöperative citr associations, apple associations, dried fruit tions, vegetable associations, creameries, che tories, milk associations, associations to poultry products, grain, wool, cotton, toba livestock associations, and purchasing associat Part II he discusses the special coöperative pr particularly those of price and pooling, and in he considers the general farmers' organizatio as the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union American Society of Equity. His general atti ward the movement is favorable. There are a raphy and an index.

NATIONALITY: ITS NATURE & PROBLE
By Bernard Joseph. *The Yale Univers*
$3 8½ x 5¼; 380 pp. *Ne*

Dr. Joseph believes that the advantages of n ism more than outweigh the evils it does. Its he says, are much like those of individuali variety of national lives" makes for self-consci enterprise and independence of spirit, and so " the general civilization of the world." Where

Continued on page xxvi

STARS *to* STEER BY...

LIKE mariners on the high seas, readers who would not veer from the course of true literature must occasionally look to the stars for guidance. The time is one of magnificent constellations, aglow with orbs of the first magnitude like *Sergeant Grischa, Elizabeth and Essex, All Quiet on the Western Front,* and *Henry the Eighth.* In a year illumined by such splendors, it is a special satisfaction to *The Inner Sanctum* to have associated with its name a few stars that have been firmly "fixed" in the minds and hearts of hundreds of thousands of American readers.

Just as "one star differeth from another star in glory" so the geniuses behind great books soar and shine in varieties of magnitude.

Even if it had never been a best-seller, *The Art of Thinking* would still have marked ABBÉ DIMNET the clear and steady pole star, shedding the constant light of reason through his pages of wisdom. Entering, as it is now, upon its second hundred thousand copies, and mounting steadily with three thousand new readers each week, it is duplicating the record of that sensation of an earlier season, *The Story of Philosophy* . . . already a steady-shining planet of best-sellerdom.

. . . Meantime the lately-risen luminary, WILL DURANT'S new book, *The Mansions of Philosophy,* continues its winged tour of the infinite for the adventuring mind. . .

As these more serious works pursue their destined orbits of best sellerdom, that bright treasury of thrilling impossibilities, amply proved in prose and pictures—*Believe It or Not!* by ROBERT L. RIPLEY—continues its meteoric course among the stars.

Already approaching the zenith of popularity among lovers of true literature, that Betelguese of Books, *Wolf Solent,* the novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS which earned him instant comparison with the immortals, sheds its brilliance as an established star . . . its instant acclaim both here and abroad as a book for the years outstripping the vogue of many a book for the hammocks. . . Then there is that Star of the Sea, the most discussed book of the season, *The Cradle of the Deep,* continuing to rise steadily through public acclaim. In England, now, its brilliant qualities are hailed by critics and populace, echoing the spirited reception it enjoyed in JOAN LOWELL'S own country.

It is written in the stars—and in *The Inner Sanctum's* private portents—that this constellation of best-sellers is destined for even greater things before the season has run its course—that their glory will not dim with the march of the new season, but only be renewed . . . that no matter what great things in the book-heavens may appear, these will remain for countless readers *stars to steer by.* . .

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers · 37 West 57th Street · *New York*

Your reading problem solved by Dr. Eliot of Harvard

THERE will be a dozen competitors for your big opportunity when it comes. What will influence the man who is to make the decision among them?

"In every department of practical life," said ex-President Hadley of Yale, "men in commerce, men in transportation, and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges was men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

Not book-worms; not men who have read all kinds of miscellaneous books. Not men who have wasted their whole leisure time with the daily papers. But those who have read and have mastered the few great books that make men think clearly and talk well.

What are those few great books? How shall a busy man find them? The free book offered below answers those questions; it describes the plan and purpose of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(*The Harvard Classics*)

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about these famous "Harvard Classics."

The free book tells about it—how Dr. Eliot put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he arranged it so that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Send for this FREE booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

Every reader of this column is invited to have a copy of this handsome little book. It is free, it will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it today.

Education—*applied* education—is the greatest tool anyone can have in making a success socially or in business. The coupon below brings complete information.

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Ave., New York City

Since 1875 COLLIER Good Books

By mail, free, send me the booklet telling all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Address .....

.....

7206-HCG K

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxiv

alism is perverted or suppressed, as in "Lev ports or American industrial centers" the resul spiritual impoverishment and the beginnin anarchy. Even if the goal ahead is the co brotherhood of man, the best way to it is throu development of free and self-contained nationa each sufficient unto itself, as a free man is suf unto himself. Dr. Joseph surveys the whole literature of the subject, and gives ample hear the authorities who are against him. His essa presented to the University of London as a the the degree of doctor of philosophy. There is a word by Dr. C. P. Gooch.

PSYCHOLOGY & INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENC
By Harold E. Burtt. *D. Appleton & Co*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 395 pp. *Ne*

This book on industrial psychology by the fessor of psychology at the Ohio State University better and no worse than the others in the field. really is no such science, and there never will be psychology itself grows up. For the present a "investigators" can do is to write pretentiously what everybody knows. Here, for example, are of the "findings" Dr. Burtt has made: that worker learning a new job must perform the ope repeatedly before it is perfected," that "acts lead to satisfaction are more readily learned and which lead to dissatisfaction are more r dropped," that "the wage incentive is one of the fundamental, perhaps, and is rather widely that one of the best ways to do away with mon "is to make the work itself more interesting, that "the efficiency of the industrial operative fluenced to quite an extent by the environm which he works." In the chapter entitled faction and Morale," dealing with the cau strikes and labor turnover, Dr. Burtt says: "So this dissatisfaction is justified. There are unque ably instances in which workers receive unfair ment, from the financial standpoint. . . . The cases in which efficiency methods unduly dri workers and speed them to an unfair and h degree." The mill workers of the South will be ful when they read this.

TRAVEL

THE MISADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL ME
By Herbert Spender Dickey & Hawthorne Daniel.
Dodd, Mead & C
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 304 pp. *Ne*

This is a strange tale, and very well told. may be, to be sure, some gentle stretchers in

Continued on page xxviii

New Crowell Books

TWELVE ROYAL LADIES

By Sidney Dark

A round dozen breezy sketches, by the author of "Twelve Bad Men," telling the frailties as well as virtues of noted ladies of the past. *Illustrated* $3.00

A GIRL IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By Andrée Viollis

One of the most valuable "inside" studies of this land of experiment and paradox that has yet appeared $2.50

KINGS OF COMMERCE

By T. C. Bridges and H. H. Tiltman

A series of graphic close-ups of towering figures in both the English and American business world. *Illustrated* $3.00

SEA-LORE

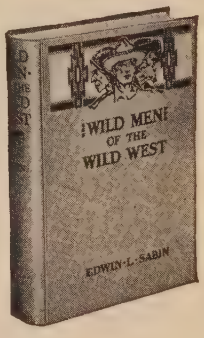
By Stanley Rogers

A dozen delightful chapters on Famous Ships, Superstitions, Wrecks, etc. Profusely illustrated by the author. $2.75

WILD MEN OF THE WILD WEST

By Edwin L. Sabin

No man knows his West better than Sabin, and in these lively tales of noted gunmen he is at his best. *Illustrated* $2.50



MOUNTAIN MAN

By Harold C. Wire

A swift Western story involving forest rangers, cattlemen and—Oh, yes—a pretty girl—two of them, in fact. $2.00

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE

By Arthur DeBles

A popular lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum, and widely known authority, gives a readable and valuable handbook on this mooted subject. Profusely illustrated by the author. $6.00

THE ANIMAL LOVER'S KNAPSACK

By Edwin Osgood Grover

A companion volume to the same editor's delightful "Nature Lover's Knapsack." Verses by many hands in praise of our animal friends. $2.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO
393 Fourth Avenue New York.

At Last—A One-Volume KIPLING

Nine Volumes In One!

A thousand nights of thrilling adventure in the greatest of Kipling's amazing stories of the glamorous Far East—the contents of a big nine-volume set—all in ONE splendid volume. It did not seem possible until the most skilful bookmakers designed a special type-page and selected a fine thin paper that made possible a book containing over a thousand pages and over 700,000 words yet in a handy size with large reading type. This is a wonderful opportunity to secure the greatest works of one of the most exciting and entertaining writers in all literature. This edition is authorized by Kipling himself. It contains 104 stories and 74 ballads—the complete contents of nine regular volumes.

This New Edition

Saves You ⅔

Thousands have paid $17.50 for the nine volumes whose contents are contained complete in this new one-volume edition. You may own this splendid volume for less than one-third the former price. Now Kipling's greatest works are easily within reach of the thousands who have not been willing to pay the price of an expensive set or have not had shelf-room to accommodate it.

Examine It Free

If you know Kipling, we want you to see in what a handsome and convenient form this single volume presents his best works. If you do not yet know Kipling, we want you to read some of his thrilling stories at our expense. May we place this volume in your hands for a week's examination without cost or obligation? Within a week, either return the book and owe nothing, or remit $1.50 and $2.00 a month for two months thereafter—$5.50 in all. Send the coupon today.

Free Examination Coupon

Lewis Copeland Company—Dept. R12
119 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me the Authorized One-Volume Kipling for examination. Within a week of receipt I may return the volume and owe nothing. If I keep it, I will pay $1.50 in seven days and $2 a month for two months thereafter—$5.50 in all. (10% discount for cash with order.)

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Outside Continental U. S., $5.50 cash with order.

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxvi

when Dr. Dickey tells of a motor launch o Amazon run with absinthe as fuel!—but if th there, they are not obtrusive. Dr. Dickey is a of Highland Falls, N. Y., and on leaving medic lege decided to go to South America to practi knew no one there and had very little money, bu he was busy in a Colombian port town, fight epidemic of yellow fever, and thereafter, for years, he wandered all over the Southern con mainly as a medical man but also, on occasion, explorer and an adventurer. His story leads to that white men seldom visit, and is full of c matter. He was for years a company surgeon Putumayo rubber country, and helped Sir Roge ment to expose the atrocities therein practised the poor Indians. He lived in appalling towns Ecuadorian mountains and along the head-wa the Amazon. He crossed the Andes on foot five —once with a bride from home! He was brou death's door a dozen times—by yellow fev malaria, by attempts to kill him—but alwa managed to survive. How much of his story is h narrative and how much is Mr. Daniel's does n pear. In any case, it makes capital reading. The illustrations from photographs by Dr. Dickey.

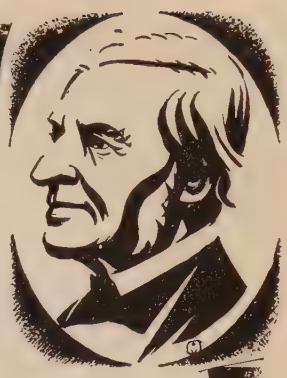
THEN I SAW THE CONGO.
By Grace Flandrau. *Harcourt, Brace & C*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 308 pp. *Ne*

Mrs. Flandrau and her party travelled up the from Boma, made a hunting trip into the Ituri and then proceeded overland to Kenya, thus cr equatorial Africa from west to east. The adve encountered along the way were seldom excitin nevertheless the trip was full of strange exper and the author recounts them in a very en manner. Travel in that wild and miasmatic cour appears, is now pretty well organized. The comfortable steamboats on the Congo, railroa around the rapids, and in the interior plenty of stand ready to tote the baggage of visitors. S interesting chapters are devoted to the Mangbe aristocratic tribe which lords it over the other The book is illustrated and has an index.

WHITE AFRICANS & BLACK.
By Caroline Singer & Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge.
W. W. Norton & C
$10 12¼ x 9¼; 120 pp. *Ne*

The scene here is the sinister, forbidding West of Africa, with Mr. Baldridge doing the pictu Miss Singer the text. The former are consid

Continued on page xxx



EMERSON

The Wisest American

by Phillips Russell

Author of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN PAUL JONES, *etc.*

H*ere is* Emerson — *all of him.* The prophet, the teacher, the sage, senting the acme of all that Nordic, Protestant, Calvinistically disciplined ica had to offer to the history of man.

son alone would be interesting company for a long journey but in this aphy you meet his friends too—HOLMES, LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, REAU, CHANNING, PARKER, COLERIDGE, CARLYLE, WORDSWORTH— ct the literary life of the 19th century is interwoven with this life of ica's wisest citizen. $5.00

he UNDER DOGS

Mariano Azuela

ated by J. C. Orozco. *Preface by* Carleton Beals.

"In The Under Dogs you not only have those bands of renegades which pillaged and raged on the outskirts of revolution in Mexico, but you have once and for all the intensely vital and terrible summoning of the under dogs of all revolution—from the French to the American to the Russian. Dr. Azuela's is an arousing, profound and memorable novel."—*Walter Yust* in *Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $2.50

LORENZO *The Magnificent*

by *David Loth*

Author of The Brownings

No book lover can resist Lorenzo, banker and showman, statesman and poet, scholar and libertine, man of family and master of intrigue. This biography recreates a period and a personality in all their richness and magnificence.

Profusely illustrated. $5.00

BRENTANO'S *Publishers · New York*

Write for our New Fall Catalog

THE THRILL OF COLLECTING* BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

"To have and to hold" friendly books in real limp leather of rich hues—gold on tooling and tops—with large, readable type, printed on India paper. That is the thrill *you* will know in collecting your own NELSON New Century LIBRARY. And what titles—175 lasting favorites: Dumas, Dickens, Hugo, Shelley, Omar Khayyam, Stevenson, Emerson—the great essayists and poets—all the works you have long wanted to own.

Only $2.50 Each

Examine one of these volumes at your bookseller's. You will want to own it—to add others, forming a collection of *beautiful* books that you will read now and through the years.

NELSON
New Century
Library
Books of
LASTING
Beauty

SEE YOUR BOOKSELLER
or send us this Memo for *Reading Plan*, with full list of titles.

*MEMO

Thomas Nelson & Sons, Dept. 911
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Please send me your "Reading Year" Plan, enclosing full list of Nelson New Century Library titles. No obligation.
(Use margin below for name and address.)

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxviii

more important than the latter. Mr. Baldridge's ings, indeed, are always good and sometimes br and they have been reproduced by a process preserves all their merit. Better than any descr or even than photographs, they make a viv interesting presentation of the life of the black book was designed by Mr. Baldridge and Melvi and printed by William Edwin Rudge. It m very handsome volume.

A VERY NAKED PEOPLE.
By Albert Londres. *Horace L*
$3 8⅜ x 5½; 267 pp. *N*

M. Londres wandered all over the French c in the western hump of Africa, from Dakar in S to Timbuctoo, and then made a trip to the southerly settlements. His narrative, done in a staccato manner, is anything but convention describes with grim humor the rigorous tre of the natives by the French officials, and say many of the latter, returning home, leave larg ilies of half-breed children behind them. One most interesting chapters is devoted to one I a Catholic missionary priest who renounced his married a native woman, and is now a leading in Timbuctoo, respected by whites and blacks and even by his former colleagues of the clot book is full of amusing and instructive stuf translation by Sylvia Stuart is excellent.

THE SCIENCES

ORIGIN THROUGH EVOLUTION.
By Nathan Fasten. *Alfred A*
$3.75 8⅛ x 5⅜; 456 pp. *N*

Dr. Fasten, an Austrian by birth, is profe zoölogy at the Oregon State Agricultural Colle his book is the outgrowth of his experienc teacher. It will not make much progress in th Belt, for it teaches that the evolution of ma lower forms of life is an undoubted fact, and great deal of evidence in support of it. The text with a consideration of the nature of matter, p to a clear explanation of the various current c onies, and then discusses living organisms hearses the reasons for believing in their ev from simple forms. The exposition is well p there are sufficient explanatory pictures, and th ing is simple and clear. In particular the hand conflicting theories is admirable. The book, intended for use in colleges, is not defaced by th idiotic pedagogical apparatus. There is a glos the end, followed by a good index.

Continued on page xxxii

THE NEW
AMERICAN CARAVAN
A Yearbook of American Literature
Edited by ALFRED KREYMBORG, LEWIS MUMFORD, PAUL ROSENFELD
Discover the distinguished new writers. The BOOKMAN finds in it "a week of pleasure." $3.50

Daniel De Foe
by Paul Dottin
Secret adviser to a king — manufacturer — government spy — founder of modern journalism — great novelist — De Foe, "the world's busiest man" led the most fascinating life in English literature.
Illustrated. $3.50

NO ENEMY
by Ford Madox Ford
Ford Madox Ford's brilliant writing shines upon his wisdom and makes it glow in this semi-fictional autobiography of the most urgent years of his life in France and in England, especially during the War. $2.50

Our Changing Human Nature
by Samuel D. Schmalhausen
author of WHY WE MISBEHAVE
Analyzes the conflicting elements in modern life and exposes dangers in our "normal conduct." $3.50

Paganini of Genoa
by Lillian Day
The greatest violin virtuoso's tempestuous life emerges from obscurity into graphic detail drawn from new documents. Rare illustrations. $3.50

The SACRED HILL
by Maurice Barrès
Translated by MALCOLM COWLEY
CARL VAN DOREN praises it as a "novel of noble proportions and moving charm. The story of the faith, heresy, and frailty of the Brothers Baillard is told without a single false note." $2.50

Dance of the Machines
by Edward J. O'Brien
The well known editor of "Best American Short Stories" tells how the American mind is being mechanized and the effect upon American literature. $2.50

MOUSSIA: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff
by Alberic Cahuet
A magnificent character portrayal of the young girl artist, author of an intimate journal that is a world classic.
Illustrated. $3.00

Figures of the Revolution
By Louis Madelin
The figures of the French Revolution seen as human beings — Lafayette, Mirabeau, Talleyrand, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Dumouriez, Madame Roland, and Sieyes. Illustrated. $3.00

MACAULAY · · PUBLISHERS · · N · Y

THEY GRAFTED ON
THE HANDS OF A MURDERER ! ! !

to the wrists of a famous French pianist. Will it affect his playing? Read this most exciting account of criminal wheels within wheels in THE HANDS OF ORLAC by Maurice Renard. The Dutton Prize Mystery for November. $2.00

For Sophisticated Readers Only.

THE MISADVENTURES OF MARTIN GUERRE
by Gaston Delayen

A deluxe edition of a Boccaccio-like French romance telling us of the trials and tribulations of the young Frenchman returning from the wars to find his wife living with another Martin Guerre. $2.00

MARTIN LUTHER: A Destiny
by Lucian Lebvre

Read this impartial biography of the man who heretofore has been variously portrayed as saint or devil according to the writer's religious stand. Here you will see him as an interesting man of vivid and startling personality. $3.50

The Blood Suckers are in the Cemetery Again ! ! !

A report to freeze the blood of the strongest man. In Europe the vampire has been a source of mystery and horror for thousands of years. When the wind is moaning through the grave yard trees on a dark night, perhaps you will understand why. Read THE VAMPIRE IN EUROPE by Montague Summers. $5.00

CONTEMPO

BY RUTH VASSOS. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VASSOS. VIVID INTERPRETATIONS OF AMERICA SUNG AND PICTURED IN 1929 METER. Regular Edition $5.00. Limited Edition $25.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxx

THE STORY OF THE WEATHER.
By Eugene Van Cleef. *The Century Co*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4⅞; 274 pp. *New*

Avoiding as much as possible the somewhat fo able terminology of meteorology, Dr. Van Cleef to put the main facts about the weather into simple terms. He has chapters on clouds, on storm the characteristics of the four seasons, and o methods of forecasting. He also discusses the infl of the weather upon human comfort and industry has something to say about the ventilation and ing of houses. His book does not go very far within its limits it is well-planned and useful. professor of geography at Ohio State University.

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US.
By James Jeans. *The Macmillan Co*
$4.50 8½ x 5⅝; 341 pp. *New*

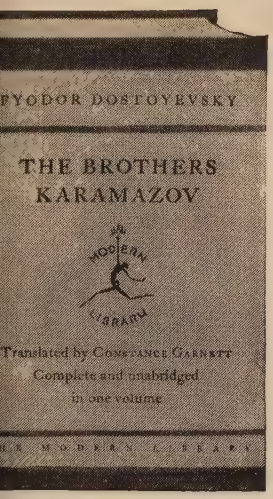
Professor Jeans has a quite unusual capacit writing clearly about scientific abstrusities, and it carries him far. It would be hard to imagine a lucid discussion of celestial mechanics than th offers. If there are readers who cannot follow then the fault lies with their ignorance of eleme physics and mathematics, not with his expos In the speculative parts of his book he is unfail interesting. The solar system, he believes, is des to last for many millions of years, and so the hist mankind is just beginning. He doubts that there i thing comparable to human life on any other p near or far. In the first place, planets are very r the universe, and in the second place not many of offer the conditions that even the most primitiv of life demands. The earth is peopled largely b it happens to be an odd kind of ash-heap. Pro Jeans devotes a large part of his book to the gro stars outside the galactic system, and has much t fresh and instructive to say about them. Altog his book is of extraordinary merit. It is admi illustrated and has a good index.

THE ADOLESCENT: *His Conflicts & Escapes.*
By Sidney J. Schwab & Borden S. Veeder.
D. Appleton & Co
$3 8 x 5; 365 pp. *New*

There is little here that is new: the authors s rehearse the known facts, often with heavy du But the book at least clears off a mass of commo understandings and imbecilities, mainly flowin of the Freudian quackery. For example, it effec disposes of the notion that adolescence is dom by the horrors of sex. The sexual preoccupati the young are given due consideration, but it is that they are also interested in other things. The seems to be mainly aimed at parents, and the a

Continued on page xxxiv

ake YOURSELF A PRESENT *of*



Good Books

Enjoy not only the outstanding books of today but the outstanding books of all time. Look over the titles on this page. They represent but a few of the living classics—entertaining and worthwhile—now available in the Modern Library. For 95 cents a copy you can provide yourself with the best reading the world has to offer. Send now for some of these attractive books, and a list of all the titles.

The Dance of Life
By Havelock Ellis—160

The Canterbury Tales
By Geoffrey Chaucer—161

Humphry Clinker
By Smollett—159

ODERN LIBRARY BOOKS

are complete and unabridged

at 95¢ a copy

ed and the Black
Thal 157
abala
nton Wilder 155
eath of the Gods
ikowski 153
o de Bergerac
nd 154
rothers
azov
yevsky 151
e Men
lore Dreiser 148
m Shandy
e 147
mperor Jones
ne Straw
ill 146
rait of the
as a Young Man
r Joyce 145
e Zola 142
ife of Jesus
n 140
ne Obscure
as Hardy 135

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci
By Merejkowski 138
The Rainbow
By D. H. Lawrence 128
Up Stream
By Ludwig Lewisohn 123
Moby Dick
By Herman Melville 119
Salammbo
By Flaubert 118
Poor White
By Sherwood Anderson 115
Wuthering Heights
By Emily Brontë 106
Men, Woman and Boats
By Stephen Crane 102
The New Spirit
By Havelock Ellis 95
Best Tales of Poe 82
Plays by Moliere 78
Mademoiselle de Maupin
By Theophile Gautier 53
Jungle Peace
By William Beebe 30

Prose and Poetry of Baudelaire 70
Swann's Way
By Marcel Proust 59
Une Vie
By De Maupassant 57
The Life of Michelangelo
By Symonds 49
Candide
By Voltaire 47
Bertha Garlan
By Schnitzler 39
Madame Bovary
By Flaubert 28

The Purple Land
By W. H. Hudson 24
The Way of All Flesh
By Samuel Butler 13
The Revolt of the Angels
By Anatole France 11
Gargantua and Pantagruel
By Rabelais 4
Dorian Gray
By Oscar Wilde 1
South Wind
By Norman Douglas 5
Short Stories
By Balzac 40

To YOUR BOOKSELLER *or* THE MODERN LIBRARY, INC. AM-11
20 East 57th Street, New York

Please mail me MODERN LIBRARY books Nos.....

☐ I enclose $1.00 for each volume (95c for the book, 5c for postage).
☐ Send books C. O. D.
☐ Please send me, free of charge, your new catalog, describing all of the books in the Modern Library.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

MARIE ANTOINETTE

By John Garber Palache

A glamorous new biography, written with twentieth century frankness and sympathy. "Very good."—THE NEW YORKER
Beautifully illustrated. $5.00

THE THEATRE

3000 Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft
By Sheldon Cheney

The only complete history of the drama and stage in our language. A superb gift book. With over 200 illustrations.
$10.00

THE LOST CHILD

By Rahel Sanzara

An appalling, yet tenderly beautiful story which leaves its readers with a new sense of human life. "Has the seal of genius."—BRUNO FRANK $2.50

THE SWORD IN THE SOUL

By Roger Chauviré

Translated by Ernest Boyd. Preface by James Stephens. "Not only an extraordinarily vivid presentation of the situation in Ireland but a swift-moving dramatic narrative."—ERNEST BOYD $2.50

PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

The Longmans $7,500 Prize Novel Contest closes December 1. Write for particulars to Longmans, Green and Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE BOOK OF SONNET SEQUENCES

Edited by Houston Peterson

Twenty-one great stories—"naked novels" into which supreme poets have poured their deepest confessions. Over 750 sonnets are included. $3.50

THE MERCURY STORY BOOK

Edited by J. C. Squire

Twenty-five stories by famous present-day writers, that have appeared in the London Mercury. $2.50

Longmans

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxii

back up their discourse with a sufficient authori
one of them is a professor of neurology and th
a professor of pediatrics. Unfortunately, their w
while clear enough, is quite devoid of charm,
their book makes somewhat painful reading.
give it a good index.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE BOOK OF SONNET SEQUENCES.
Edited by Houston Peterson. Longmans, Green & C
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 459 pp. N

Twenty-one sonnet sequences are included
some of which first appeared as such, while the
have been arranged in that form by Mr. Peterso
authors represented are Philip Sidney, Shake
John Donne, Wordsworth, Keats, Elizabeth
Browning, David Gray, George Meredith,
fellow, Thomas Hardy, Dante Gabriel Rossetti
tina Georgina Rossetti, Wilfrid Scawen Blun
tayana, Eugene Lee-Hamilton, William
Leonard, Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Edna S
cent Millay, Thomas S. Jones, Jr., and Conrad
Mr. Peterson's selections from the English po
fairly judicious, but those from the American
something to be desired. To include Longfell
Conrad Aiken in preference to Elinor Wylie an
Ficke is to betray a strange critical sense. Aike
nets, with their pretentiousness and obscuri
hardly poems at all, while those by the la
Wylie are among the best in American literat

SOME SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS.
Translated by Alice Stone Blackwell.
D. Appleton &
$3 8¼ x 5⅜; 559 pp. N

Herein are included over 200 poems by some
poets, representing Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru,
Argentina, Colombia, Venezuela, Uruguay,
Ecuador, Paraguay, Guatemala, Honduras,
Rica, Salvador, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Port
and Panama. The translations are on the even
and the originals of them are on the pages o
The book is a worthy enterprise, but in all
must be said that on the whole it is a collec
second- and even third-rate verses. In the m
poetry, it seems, the South American count
little better off than Canada. Even the pieces
well-known poets as Rubén Darío of Nicarag
Gabriel Mistral of Chile are pretty feeble p
ances. There is an introduction by Dr. Isaac Go

TWENTIETH CENTURY LOVE POEMS.
Compiled by Caroline Miles Hill. Willett, Clark
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¾: 218 pp.

This anthology is at least 150 pages too lo
verses included herein by such poets as John

Continued on page xxxvi

Ernest emingway's

iew novel of love in war

Farewell Arms

romance of a young Amer- officer in the Italian army a British nurse, set against n background of mountain ıre. The power and brilli- of its scenes of war time qualled by the beauty and erness of the love story. $2.50

e Man Behind Book

Ienry van Dyke

of "Chosen Poems," etc.

ıys in Understanding" in- eting and appraising a vari- of famous authors, from cer to Thornton Wilder. $2.50 (Leather, $3.00)

ıportant New Fiction

er House

tark Young

of "Heaven Trees," etc. $2.50

ıought of Daisy

dmund Wilson, Jr. $2.50

sent-Day erican Stories

emingway, Callaghan, gerald, Lardner, etc. $2.00

iling the nt Panda

heodore and nit Roosevelt

A thrilling narrative of adventures in Indo-China among wild beasts and wilder men. *Illustrated.* $3.50

The Best of the New Books

Mrs. Eddy

The Biography of a Virginal Mind

by Edwin Franden Dakin

"The subject is irresistible and the decency of the author's attitude, his fine judgment, his poise, and his common sense make his work entirely praiseworthy."—GILBERT SELDES in the *New York Herald Tribune.* $5.00

—

Mad Anthony Wayne

by Thomas Boyd

author of "Through the Wheat," etc.

A continuously interesting and brilliantly written life of the "fighting general" of the Revolution. $3.50

—

The Life of Lady Byron

by Ethel Colburn Mayne

author of "Byron," etc.

"An admirable book.... The first portrait of Lady Byron that is either complete or trustworthy."
—*London Spectator.*

Illustrated. $5.00

—

Alice Meynell: A Memoir

by Viola Meynell

"Viola Meynell has written an extraordinarily interesting account of her mother's career.... Both the charm and the intelligence of Mrs. Meynell are successfully circumscribed."—HERBERT GORMAN in the *New York Times.*

Illustrated. $5.00

—

A History of Ancient Persia

by Robert William Rogers

author of "A History of Babylonia and Assyria," etc.

An authoritative work, interesting for the general reader and invaluable for the student.

Profusely illustrated. $7.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK

© *Elliott & Fry*

John Galsworthy's

Saga of the younger Forsytes

A Modern Comedy

A complete long novel in itself as well as the completion of the famous family chronicle begun in "The Forsyte Saga." Its 798 pages include "The Silver Spoon," "The White Monkey," "Swan Song," and "Two Forsyte Interludes." $2.50

The Man Who Dared to be God

A Story of Jesus

by Robert Norwood

author of "The Steep Ascent," etc.

A vivid story, full of action, dialogue, and human detail, and done with the daring and passion of a poet. $2.50

The Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt

New popular-priced edition.
Formerly $5.00; *now* $2.50

What Is Christian Education?

by George A. Coe

author of "The Motives of Men," etc. $2.50

Italy

by Luigi Villari

(The Modern World)

A convincing picture of Fascism and Italy of to-day.

"Admirably written and indispensable."—*Daily Mail* (London).

$5.00

For Children's Book Week

Smoky

by Will James

(Scribner $2.50 Classics for Younger Readers)

With many new paintings by the author and numerous drawings. $2.50

THE TRAGIC ERA

THE REVOLUTION AFTER LINCOLN

by Claude G. Bowers

"Mr. Bowers has spread the broadest canvas in contemporary writing of history, a canvas spotted with blood, tyranny and corruption. It is the first compilation of the case and comment of reconstruction worthy of its Titanic theme."—*New York Times.* Illustrated, $5.00

GOD HAVE MERCY ON US!

William T. Scanlon

"Without literary pretensions, probably without literary training, this man has given an undying picture of life as the fighting enlisted man lived it."—*Major-General James G. Harbord.* Joint winner of the $25,000 War Novel Prize. $2.50

'IT'S A GREAT WAR!'

Mary Lee

"A book of such engulfing interest that every time I stopped reading it I was aware of a certain unreal quality in real life."—*Alice Duer Miller.* Joint winner of the $25,000 War Novel Prize. $3.00

GEORGE HARVEY

Willis Fletcher Johnson

With piquant details of Harvey's relations with Wilson and the inside story of the Harding administration. $5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxiv

Holmes, Julia Drachman, Grace Fallows N Wade Oliver, Rebecca McCann, and Ted Olson poor that one is at a loss to explain why ar printed them in the first place. The remaining by Edna St. Vincent Millay, G. K. Chesterton, Davies, A. D. Ficke, John Gould Fletcher, Frost, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Symons, Elinor and other such artists, are much better. They re fairly the best love poetry of the first three dec the Twentieth Century. The sad fact about t that there is not one in the whole lot that i great. "Freedom" and "honesty," it seems, a always, if ever, a guarantee that the love lyri period will be better than, or even as good as written in "repressed" eras.

RELIGION

CATHOLICISM & CHRISTIANITY. *A Vindic Progressive Protestantism.*
By Cecil John Cadoux. *Lincoln Ma*
$6 9½ x 6⅛; 708 pp. N

This formidable summing-up of the case agai Roman Catholic position is learned, well-ma and extremely effective. Avoiding the usual alle that the Pope is planning to invade the United and hand over all Methodist virgins to the Jes their enjoyment, and that nunneries are mainta brothels for the secular priesthood, it prods va into the actual doctrines and practises of Holy C and finds sufficient inconsistencies and imbe therein to satisfy even the most suspicious Pro The adroit Catholic shifting on such questions relations between church and state, the prob authority, and the salvation of unbelievers jected to a merciless and devastating analys author, an English theologian, is by no m special pleader. He grants the Roman Churc virtues, and believes that it is far from the en day. But he believes that it has come to a pas it must either revise some of its fundamental confess frankly that its domain lies outside th stream of human progress. His book is heavil mented and shows an immense reading, espec Catholic theology. Many of the chapters—ample, those on the apostolic succession, on atry, on the authority of the Bible, and on C eschatology—are brilliantly argued. There bibliography, but all authorities are cited in foo

UNRAVELLING THE BOOK OF BOOKS.
By Ernest R. Trattner. *Charles Scribne*
$2.75 8 x 5⅜; 325 pp. N

Mr. Trattner's theme is the history of the tex Bible. He rehearses at length, and very simply ar estingly, the discoveries yielded by the so-called

Continued on page xxxviii

The Life Story of a Real American

"BUY, borrow, or beg a copy and read it," "one of the most straightforward, illuminating documents ever printed," "a valuable contribution to the political thought of the day," "an American epic," "a notable addition to the biographical material of our times," "the authentic voice of the City of America"—that is what the press—Republican and Democratic newspapers alike—are saying about Alfred E. Smith's autobiography. The former Governor has once more given evidence of his courage to tell the facts in this volume, filled with new and sensational material.

From the boyhood days on the New York East side, selling newspapers in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, through the Presidential campaign of 1928 Alfred E. Smith has told his own dramatic story, exciting and essentially American. He has reviewed the foremost figures of our times, discussed political issues, faced the problem of the religious issue, advocated reforms—all with the warm and humane outlook that won for him the title of "the happy warrior."

UP TO NOW

An Autobiography by

ALFRED E. SMITH

Photographs, many of which have never appeared before, illustrate every stage of the colorful story. $5.00 at all bookstores.

Ask your bookseller if he has any copies left of the de luxe, limited edition, numbered, and signed by the author. $15.00

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street New York City

CHAPEL HILL BOOKS

for this autumn
...and *long after!*

The Life of Miranda

By **WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON**

"Dark Miranda," "precursor of South-American liberty," "first civilized South American to tour Europe," inspirer of a score of epithets, a figure so fascinating that even the bare facts of his life, simply stated, sound improbable. Catherine II, Napoleon, Pitt, Hamilton, Jefferson—the roster of those he captivated includes virtually every great name of his time. A mass of unpublished documents furnished the basis for this Life. Illustrated, in two volumes, boxed, $7.50.

The Virginia Plutarch

By **PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE**

The biographical story of the Old Dominion by a well known historian who, despite present-day debunking, still sees men in Plutarchian proportions. It contains adequate and swiftly moving sketches of 33 Virginians who shaped American life and history, and in many cases, world events. In two volumes, illustrated, boxed, $7.50.

The Tree Named John By JOHN B. SALE

Silhouettes by Joseph C. Jones

Stories of a childhood on a Mississippi plantation of thirty years ago—rich with authentic lore of a fast disappearing folk. $2.00.

John Henry By GUY B. JOHNSON

A search for the basis of the John Henry legend, yielding a rich collection of ballads. $2.00.

Human Factors in Cotton Culture

By **RUPERT B. VANCE**

A picture of the Cotton Kingdom today. $3.00.

The American Scholar

By **NORMAN FOERSTER**

A criticism of the American literary scholar by one. $1.00.

Black Roadways By MARTHA W. BECKWITH

A study of Jamaican folk life. $3.00.

The University of North Carolina Press

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxvi

Criticism, and is always plausible and well-info
Most of his space is devoted to the Old Testamer
he also has some excellent chapters on the New
where else is the matter he presents accessible
more succinct and readable form. There is a
bibliography at the end, followed by a good inde

THE FINE ARTS

ERIC GILL.
By Joseph Thorp. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison*
$6 11¼ x 8¾; 65 pp. *Ne*

Gill is one of the most interesting of contemp
English sculptors. Starting as an architect, he
to stone carving, and for years was in practis
letterer. Then he began to make more ambitio
signs, and now his work is in great demand—
cially his ecclesiastical work. He also makes
lent wood-carvings and drawings. In the present
thirty-seven plates in collotype give specimens
work, and there are also two portraits of h
preface by the editor is followed by an ess
"Eric Gill as a Carver" by Charles Marriott.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PORT
PAINTERS.
By Cuthbert Lee. *W. W. Norton & Co*
$10 12 x 9; 109 pp. *Ne*

The fifty painters here represented range
Cecelia Beaux to George Luks and from Irvi
Wiles to Wayman Adams. Nearly all of the
extremely conventional in manner. The reprodu
of their work, one plate to a painter, are in aqu
and those of portraits with smooth surface
example William M. Paxton's "The Green Dolm
are good enough, but a sad hash is made of mor
plex textures. The notes by Mr. Lee get little b
lists of works, brief biographies, and polite not

REPRINTS

THE LAWS & LIBERTIES OF MASSACHUS
The Harvard Universit
$5 12⅞ x 8⅞; 59 pp. *Ca*

The provisions of the Massachusetts Charter
were extremely vague, and the Royal Governo
his Council used it as an instrument with wh
tyrannize the colonists. The latter protested fr
first, and by 1639 forced the General Court to a
a commission to codify the laws of the sett
and to make them more explicit and more demo
The commission, headed by John Cotton and N
iel Ward, two leading divines, submitted to th
eral Court in 1641 a "Body of Liberties." It ca
great deal of discussion, but there is no recor

Continued on page xl

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

An Intimate Biography

THE PRINCE OF WALES

By W. and L. Townsend

The colorful story of a romantic figure, who emerges from the pages of this interesting biography as the human being he really is. The narrative is animated throughout with new glimpses of the world's most popular citizen. *Illus.* $2.50

MARSHAL FOCH

By Major General Sir George Aston

A distinguished British soldier and writer has been assisted in writing this biography by Madame Foch and Marshal Foch's staff officers. $5.00

"A Classic of Scientific Exposition"

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US

By Sir James Jeans

"One of the world's foremost astronomers has now written about his subject for the layman... I had the sense of learning more things of fundamental importance in the course of a few evenings than I can remember ever learning in a similar time before."—*N. Y. Sun* $4.50

A. S. EDDINGTON'S Books

The Nature of the Physical World

"An admirable exposition of physical science." $3.75

Science and the Unseen World

A most striking discussion of science and faith. $1.25

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

By Charles Guignebert

A notable interpretation of French life, culture and ideals by one of the Sorbonne's foremost scholars. 2 vols. $12.50

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian

"The greatest survey of English literature since Taine" is a new one-volume edition, completely reset in a larger type face. $7.50

The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians

Edited by Waldo S. Pratt

A new revised edition "which every musician, professional or amateur, should add to his library." $3.00

John Masefield

Collected Poems

For the first time all of John Masefield's Poems are brought together in a single, complete volume. $5.00

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Collected Poems

Both *Tristram* and *Cavender's House* are included in this complete collection of Mr. Robinson's poetry. $5.00

Churches of France

By Dorothy Noyes Arms

Etchings by John Taylor Arms

Fifty reproductions of etchings by Mr. Arms make this a truly distinguished work. $20.00; Limited, $100.00

Venice and Her Art

By H. H. Powers

An unusual blend of scholarship, understanding and charm marks this new travel and art book by Dr. Powers. $5.00

THE HAWBUCKS

By John Masefield

A gay, colorful story of Rural England in the Victorian Age. $2.50

THE WHIRLWIND

By William Stearns Davis

A romance of the French Revolution by a master of the historical novel. $2.50

Process and Reality

By A. N. Whitehead

The author of *Science and the Modern World* presents here a complete cosmology and system of philosophy. $4.50

Prices subject to change on publication

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

The Red Hills

By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

Mennonite bonnets and Swiss barns; pow-wow doctors and Easter services at dawn; gargantuan meals (7 sweets and 7 sours) of fantastic foods; elaborate redware and delicate Stiegel glass; peacocks and pomegranates for decoration—a book of rich variety on the Pennsylvania Dutch and their picturesque customs. This intimate account of the "Dutch" will be a revelation to many who do not realize that the most fascinating and unimpaired culture in America lies between the Susquehanna and the Delaware in Southeastern Pennsylvania. *Illustrated.*

$4.00

3438 WALNUT PHILADELPHIA

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS — LITERÆ SINE MORIBUS VANÆ

The Filostrato of Boccaccio

Translated by N. E. GRIFFIN *and* A. B. MYRICK

Boccaccio's own love story woven into an Old French story of Troy and adapted to the Code of Courtly Love. First complete English translation, with the original Moutier text reprinted and a comprehensive introduction. Younger than the *Decameron* yet immortal in its depth of experience and wealth of imagery.

$6.00

Forerunners of the Newspaper

By MATTHIAS A. SHAABER

Henry the Eighth's proclamations of innocence; monsters half-bird, half-man; reports from abroad; panegyrics and prayers—all "news" published in England from the invention of printing to the first newspaper in 1622. A unique insight into a credulous, eulogistic, yet exceptionally articulate age.

$4.00

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xxxviii

it was accepted, and no copy of it is extant. In the Court formally adopted "The Book of Ge Lawes and Libertyes," apparently a revision o draft made seven years before by Cotton and W Historically, it is a very important documer formed the basis of all subsequent Massachusetts lation, and greatly influenced the legislation the other New England Colonies, especially Con cut and New Haven. Judged by modern standa was a harsh code, modeled after the barbaric j of the Old Testament, but in its day it was liberal. Read today, there is bitter humor in it fo Back Bay *noblesse*, especially in its provision no Jesuit, or spiritual or ecclesiastical person (as are termed) ordained by the authoritie of the or Sea of Rome shall henceforth at any time repa or come within this Jurisdiction. [All Jesuits after found in the Colony] shall be tryed and ceeded with by Banishment . . . : and if any pers banished shall be taken the second time withi Jurisdiction upon lawfull tryall and convictio shall be put to death." The present reprint fo the copy of the edition of 1648 in the Hunti Library. There is a brief introduction by Dr. Farrand.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXTERNAL WO
By Bertrand Russell. *W. W. Norton & Co*
$3 8⅜ x 5⅝; 268 pp. *New*

This is a reprint of Mr. Russell's Lowell lec first published in 1914. In the interval a great d water has gone under the metaphysical bridge Mr. Russell's changes in his text show how m has influenced him. But those changes are not f mental. The author's main ideas are as they fifteen years ago.

THE SWEET SINGER OF MICHIGAN.
By Mrs. Julia A. Moore. *Pascal*
$2 7½ x 4¾; 158 pp.

This is a reprint of the hilariously idiotic by Mrs. Moore that were first published in Sentimental Song Book" in 1876 in honor Centennial, together with her famous "Addr the Public" printed in her second volume, "A Choice Words to the Public, With New and O Poems." The latter was not only a reply t hostile reviews of her work, but also a statem her poetical philosophy. "This little book i posed of truthful pieces," she wrote in intro her first volume. "All those which speak of

Continued on page xlii

BOOKS BOOKS

FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE

Stretchers

Story of a Hospital Unit on the Western Front

By Frederick A. Pottle

, sensitive, cultured American sets down pressions of a field hospital close to the nes. These clear-cut and accurate pictures eading place among the new interpreta- the War. *$3.00*

The Truth About Geronimo

By Britton Davis

Edited by Milo M. Quaife

This thrilling story of the renowned Geronimo gives for the first time a full and fair account of the Geronimo Campaign of 1885-86. Adventure and sound history combine to make it a book of unusual interest and value. *$4.00*

ıe Evolution of Earth and Man

dited by George A. Baitsell

ırged edition of two remarkable books on on previously published as The Evolu- Man and The Evolution of the Earth. volume new chapters have been added earlier material has been thoroughly re- *$5.00*

High Finance in the Sixties

Chapters from the Early History of the Erie Railway

Edited by Frederick C. Hicks

James J. Fisk, Daniel Drew, and other well-known figures move through these accounts of the spectacular early financing of the Erie railway. The side lights on questions of the legal ethics involved are highly illuminating. *$5.00*

The Great Apes

By Robert M. Yerkes and Ada W. Yerkes

readable and penetrating account of an- l life, the authors show that the great impressively manlike but that human life ied and exalted by the contrast. *$10.00*

The Recovery of Germany

By James W. Angell

Published for the Council on Foreign Relations.

A clear account of the economic development of Germany since the War, the nature and causes of its remarkable recovery, its present position and its prospects for the future. *$4.00*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW HAVEN CONN.

A HISTORY OF ITALY

BENEDETTO CROCE

FULL OF EXHILARATING STUFF. *American Mercury.* A SPLENDID VOLUME. *North American Review.* AN UNBELIEVABLE ACHIEVEMENT. *Living Age.* $5.00

THE WAY OF THE GREEKS

F. R. EARP

THIS IS AN EXCELLENT BOOK—COMPREHENSIVE; MATURELY AND EFFECTIVELY WRITTEN. *American Mercury.* $3.00

KEATS'S SHAKESPEARE

A FIND OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE. *American Mercury.* A STUDY OF LITERARY INFLUENCE IN THE ONLY WAY THAT IT IS WORTH WHILE. *Mark Van Doren.* A NOTABLE BOOK. *Yale Review.* $10.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

By **17** Doctors of Philosophy of the University of Chicago

Is there a distinct mid-western school of thought at the University of Chicago?

ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY

by 17 men and women trained in the atmosphere of practicality which critics say "engulfs philosophy," answers this question.

Edited by
T. V. SMITH, University of Chicago *and*
W. K. WRIGHT, Dartmouth College.

At all Bookstores Price, $3.50

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.
Chicago :: London

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xl

killed, died or drowned, are truthful songs; othe 'more truth than poetry.' They are all compos the author. I was born in Plainfield, and lived until I was ten years of age. Then my parents to Algoma, where they have lived until the p day, and I live near them, one mile west of Ed [Michigan]." The present volume is edited by Blair, with an instructive critical introduction.

FICTION

MONEY FOR LOVE.
By Josephine Herbst. *Coward-M*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 296 pp. *Ne*

Harriet Everist, a young Indianapolis actress to storm the theatres of New York, has led w politely known as a free life. She falls in love Bruce Jones, a promising playwright, but he t her, runs off with another girl, and bursts in big lights. Harriet goes to pieces, returns to I apolis in search of forgetfulness but finds only dom, and comes back to New York. She cannot Bruce; nevertheless she falls in love with J Roberts. He wants to study medicine, but h money. Harriet, out of love for Joseph, wri Bruce, reminding him of her past favors to hi of his letters which she still has, and demands in settlement. He haggles with her in a sha manner, and finally settles for $1000. Harriet bo another $1000 from a maiden aunt, marries J and runs off with him to Europe, where she pl put him in a good medical school. Miss Herbst a crisp and simple English. Her manner obvio that of Hemingway, but she still has a great d learn from him. Behaviorism, in fiction as wel psychology, is frequently a deceptive tool, and leads up blind alleys. Tropisms alone can expla behavior of a jelly-fish, but they must be supplen with a great deal more to explain the behavio civilized human being. Hemingway knows thi well. When he writes about such simple peo prize-fighters and the common variety of mu he does little more than give their bare conver and the outline of their movements from pl place. That is usually enough. But when he about such complex characters as Catherine B and Frederic Henry, in "A Farewell to Arm probes into feelings, and uses every device kno express them. Miss Herbst's characters are ver plex beings, as her story shows, but she treats as if they were little different from policemen. thus fail to come to life, and her account of t unconvincing.

Continued on page xliv

N'T GET A RED BIRD
By Dorothy Scarborough

es the atmosphere of our tenant accurately. This book will live." E. M. House $2

BIRD OF GOD
By Virginia Hersch

omance of El Greco presented reathless passion."—Ford Madox Illustrated. $2.50

TERS TO WOMEN
By Joseph Auslander

etters to Sappho, Elinor Wylie, hild-wife, Amy Lowell and $2

CK ROSES
cis Brett Young

he most beauti- d among the novelists writ- glish." John ld $2.50

HOVEN
CREATOR
main Rolland

of the highest n all Beethoven e." — New York Illustrated. $5

A delightful new novel

By Anne Parrish

THE METHODIST FAUN
By the Author of "The Perennial Bachelor"

Pine Hills with its narrow code of behavior was where Clifford really belonged but he wanted beauty, mystery. Three women offered him escapes. Read the story of what he found. $2.50

FRANCIS RABELAIS
THE MAN AND HIS WORK

By Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson

The colorful facts of Rabelais' life as well as a spirited examining of his work. Illus. $5

"The Pickwick of Mr. Priestley's career" —Hugh Walpole

THE GOOD COMPANIONS
By J. B. Priestley

"Proves that likable people and exciting, humorous experience can still be the subject of a good novel."—Henry Seidel Canby $3

GIVE ME MY SIN AGAIN
By Naomi Royde-Smith

The story of a girl, barely sixteen, to whom love comes too early, and overwhelms her with its passion. $2.50

FIVE AND TEN
By Fannie Hurst

"Only a novelist of great vision and understanding could write this story of an American business man and his family." —Boston Transcript $2.50

A book about America

By Count Hermann Keyserling

AMERICA SET FREE

He extracts from things their fundamental meaning; and the future crystallizes around that meaning. He defines nations when they are old; he launches them when they are in the process of formation."—Nouvelles Literaires $5

THE BLACK CHRIST
By Countee Cullen

he author of Color again raises his lyric voice in oems of the dark beauty of the negro soul. $2

The DARK JOURNEY
By Julian Green

"As timeless as Madame Bovary." —Grant Overton $2.50

SHORT AS ANY DREAM
By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

A new kind of New England novel, gay, witty and adventurous. $2.50

YOUTH'S LAST STAND
By Percy Marks

The author of "The Plastic Age" strikes again at the absorbing problem of youth's adjustment to living. $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street New York

day the Harper imprint is a genuine cordon bleu"—Saturday Review of Literature

WANTED—
More Bookstores

Many communities are without good bookstores. Perhaps yours is one. If you are a booklover, have energy and some good ideas, you will find this a lucrative and interesting profession.

How to go into the book business

Information on the amount of capital required, equipment necessary, how and where to buy your stock of books, how to arrange a store, etc., will be furnished free on request by

Bookselling Information Service
Room 1408 M. N. 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

WHILE OUR business is *almost* exclusively with regular publishing houses, we also manufacture books for the occasional publisher or author.

In addition to the most careful workmanship throughout, the author-publisher receives, as a part of our service, the benefit of our extensive experience in planning and designing his book.

The
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xlii

SEE HOW THEY RUN.
By Helen Grace Carlisle. Jonathan Cape & Harriso
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 304 pp. *Ne*

Three little girls, unhappy in their homes i cago, come to New York to seek work and ro Olivia, an idealist and would-be actress, succu a passion for a taxi-driver, fights it off, and b engaged to a devoted admirer. Mary Elizabe daughter of genteel suburbanites, gives herse Frenchman and then makes him marry her. R romantic child of the tenements, falls in love cheap Greenwich Village artist and endures his tions because she believes she inspires him, o have him forsake her. The old tale of woman's ings and frustrations sung to the new tune of jaz

LONE VOYAGERS.
By Wanda Fracken Neff. The Houghton Mifflin C
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 286 pp.

Mrs. Neff has herself taught in colleges married to Professor Emery Neff of Columbi versity. Here she writes of the professors an wives at mid-Western Chippewa University— domestic difficulties due to the instructors' inad salaries, of the petty social climbing of some of of professorial jealousies, of ambitious wive goad their spouses on to Bigger and Better Thi stupid faculty teas, of the struggles of the scholar, and of the general dullness and lonelin college town.

AIMÉE VILLARD: *Daughter of France.*
By Charles Silvestre. The Macmillan C
$1.75 *Ne*

The story of Aimée Villard's struggle to ke family and their farm going, after her father i to death by a bull. There is a grandfather of an almost helpless mother, three young childr an avaricious neighbor to cope with, but Aimé is beautiful and wholesome, overcomes all ob energetically and bravely. In the end, she n saves the farm but succeeds in marrying a ma shares her exceeding love of the soil. A qui well-written story, in good translation.

APRON STRINGS.
By May Freud Dickenson. The Macaulay C
$2. 7½ x 5; 320 pp. *Ne*

A defense of the martyred American husban "kind, hard-working, self-effacing hero," person of Jo Knapp, who escapes from the impo of his peevish mother and sisters only to fall i hands of an exacting, selfish wife. A tediou full of exaggerated characters and mock heroi

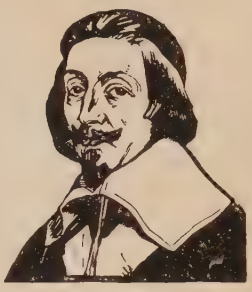
Continued on page xlvi

RICHELIEU

By Hilaire Belloc

Mr. Belloc compares the career of this originator of nationalism with that of Bismarck, who completed his work, and strikes a judgment on Richelieu's character and motives as well as his actions. Illustrated with portraits and maps. $5.00

"The founder of modern Europe"



THE MEMOIRS OF LORENZO DA PONTE

***Translated from the Italian by* Elisabeth Abbott**
***Edited, Annotated and with an Introduction by* Arthur Livingston**

These remarkably racy, vivacious and entertaining memoirs of a handsome, amorous and gifted adventurer, librettist for Mozart and friend of Casanova, make fascinating reading. Dr. Livingston's notes form the first serious study of one of the most interesting men of the early nineteenth century. 40 Illustrations from old engravings. $5.00

EUROPE IN ZIGZAGS

***By* Sisley Huddleston**

Travel, personalities and affairs in Spain, Italy, Austria, Germany and the Balkans; delightful anecdotes and serious discussions; a book which gives a vivid picture of conditions and feelings in post-war Europe. 36 Illustrations. $5.00

INDIAN STORIES FROM THE PUEBLOS

***By* Frank G. Applegate**
***Foreword by* Witter Bynner**

Mr. Applegate presents in their own direct style these fascinating old legends, tales of the Spanish conquest and bits of present-day life among the Indians of the Southwest. Illustrated in color by the Indians themselves. $3.50

ABOUT ANTIQUES

***By* Ella Shannon Bowles**

An invaluable guide for collectors of all sorts of American antiques, enlivened with the exciting adventures of one enthusiast. 75 Illustrations and a complete bibliography of books on early Americana. $3.50

THE MYSTERY MAN OF EUROPE: SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF

***By* Richard Lewinsohn**

At last the true story of Europe's most mysterious man, the Greek peasant boy who became the richest and most powerful man in Europe, a director of the destinies of a continent. 8 Illustrations. $3.00

MEET THE GERMANS

***By* Henry Albert Phillips**

Germany is in the news and in the air! Mr. Phillips indicates the many new influences at work, side by side with characteristic old customs, and describes things of interest for both traveller and stay-at-home. 34 Illustrations and a map. $3.00

OLD PATCHWORK QUILTS AND THE WOMEN WHO MADE THEM

***By* Ruth E. Finley**

The first complete and definitive treatment of this fascinating art, which is bound up so closely in the daily lives of our ancestresses. 96 Illustrations and 100 diagrams. $5.00

New Fiction

CALF LOVE

***By* Vernon Bartlett**

"The most beautiful thing of its kind I have read for years", Gerald Gould says of this story of a boy's first love. $2.50

THE IMMORTAL LOVER

***By* John A. Steuart**

The story of "Robbie" Burns, Scotland's great lover, and the four women who exerted such a profound influence on his life. $2.50

LARK'S FATE

***By* John Owen**

"Here are blended the naturalism of Eliot or Hardy with a certain idyllic quality that is peculiarly Mr. Owen's." —*Boston Transcript.* $2.50

SIR TOBY AND THE REGENT

***By* Paul Herring**

A rollicking adventure novel of the days of Beau Brummel, the Prince Regent and their sporting companions. $2.50

Philadelphia **LIPPINCOTT** **London**

The BAKER & TAYLOR Co.
BOOK SERVICE

10,000 New Books This Year

It is probable that 10,000 new books will be published in the United States this year. Well over one hundred thousand older books remain in print. The retail bookseller cannot of course carry all of these but he can get them or information about them for you promptly from the book wholesaler who supplies him with a modern, highly efficient book service.

If you would like to receive regular news of the new books from a nearby retail bookseller, write us mentioning this advertisement and enclose ten cents in stamps for postage.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.
Wholesale Dealers in the Books of All Publishers
55 Fifth Ave. NEW YORK At Twelfth St.

Complete Book Manufacturing

- Maximum Capacity
- Intelligent Service
- New York City Delivery
- Minimum Costs . . .

4 reasons why leading publishers give preference to

Harris Wolff Estate

508 W. 26th ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

TRANSPORT.
By Isa Glenn. *Alfred A. K*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 299 pp. *New*

Aboard an army transport sailing from San F cisco to Manila are a motley crew of passengers dled together in a devastating proximity: there Dr. Prime, the ship's physician, with his full b eyes, bold in their stare at the ladies; Mrs. Swan, on forty and still beautiful, who has known Prime in the past; a bride, Mrs. Thwait, still clin to the insolence of the débutante; Lieutenant Thw whose posture preserves the correct attitude of West Pointer; Ruth Leckie, the cute nurse, and Haug, the heavy nurse, who don't like women c Mrs. Mellish, the false blonde, who ogles Lieute Thwait and the Gildersleeve boy; the tragic Bhut and Pepita Olsen, the loud-mouthed Cuban wi the captain. There is scarcely any plot except implied story of Dr. Prime and Mrs. Swan, but Glenn's subtly comic characterizations are so skil interwoven as to produce the effect of well-susta drama.

THE ENGLISH MISS.
By R. H. Mottram. *The Dial*
$2.50 *New*

According to Mr. Mottram, the English mi "cleanly made and machinely crammed"; her is slow but her body is swift, and she makes a spir often heroic appearance on the athletic field. She no curiosity and no disposition for adventure, bu is dependable, fair and fastidious. Marny Childe perfect representative of the type, falls undemon tively in love with Rex Proudfort. In due cours goes to France to fight with the army and there of influenza. Marny sets out at once for the vi where he is buried, to do refugee work, and disc his illegitimate child in a small hostelry, pla with an amulet she herself once gave him. She de to adopt the baby, after many misgivings, but she goes to the mother for it she finds that it has and that its body has been carried away in a w barrow. This is more than she can bear, and she ap to an American, Dr. Macartney, for permission t turn to her decent English home. He soon follows and being "lean and strong and clever, but abov so humble, clean and open," wins her heart. then set out for Russia together to take part i Friends' relief work in that country.

THOUGH THIS BE MADNESS.
By Robert Keable. *G. P. Putnam's*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 325 pp. *New*

John Henry Montague-Smith (otherwise M teaches history—Henry VIII—at a public scho

Continued on page xlviii

ise, scientific, an intensely complete and exhaustive study of e. . . . A refreshing breeze across the flood of lopsided, prejudiced, naccurate biographies."—*Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.*

ife of Ambrose Bierce

by Walter Neale

ouis Globe-Democrat—"A huge book crammed with delights. . . . stibly readable."

rancisco Bulletin—"Many San Franciscans already feel grateful to r Neale for the things he has said and done to promote the name ame of Ambrose Bierce. For one thing, he was Bierce's publisher any years. . . . But the supreme gesture has been made in the ly published *Life of Ambrose Bierce.* . . . This is by far the best concerning Bierce yet to be written."

Transcript—"A thoroughly circumstantial account trange life."

les Express—"A splendid new biography."

cisco News—"Evidently a work of careful research ting."

e Spokesman-Review—"A book that everyone interested in liter- will want to read."

nd Oregonian—"If the purpose of biography is to present a vivid e of the subject in all of his most significant moods and poses, r Neale has done superlatively well in this life of Ambrose Bierce. a refreshing study, for we are tired of biographers who pound e two extremes—the pseudo-scientific, matter-of-fact biography ie novelized, sentimentalized works of our own era. Neale meas- is man with adept workmanship. Bierce steps out of pages of tudy, as we finish the last chapter, a moving person, unshackled surd misrepresentation of facts which passed for good craftsman- n the old days, and free from the psycho-analytic fantasies of our ime. Neale . . . has created an impression of Bierce which no ıt of dry fact could produce. . . . It is furthered in a large measure e sturdy, abrupt, powerful prose in which Neale has written his work."

nd Plain Dealer—"Indeed, the most attractive and convincing e of the work is that nothing of importance known to the author his subject has been kept back from any consideration of the . . . Bierce speaks from the pages of this honest and careful biog- "

nd (Me.) *Express*—"Neale presents the first real life of Bierce. . . . s biography that others than the reviewer will delight in. . . . inct contribution to the field of American biography."

e octavo; 489 pp.; 200,000 words; illus.; $5.00

November Night Tales

by Henry C. Mercer

Boston Globe—"A singularly facile and lucid style makes the stories unique in the field of mystery fiction."

Spokane Chronicle—"A very noteworthy volume of short stories . . . a complete change from sex and realism to the atmosphere of the unreal and unfamiliar." $2.00

Lost Spirituals

by Lily Young Cohen

36 illus. by Pointer; 41 plates of musical compositions as composed by Negroes and set down for the first time in music by the author; 7 x 10; a very artistic book. $2.00

Savannah Press—"There is exquisite tenderness and a splendid comprehension of the old Southern family Negroes and a real chronicle of their daily life."

Hood's Tennessee Campaign

by Thomas Robson Hay

Boston Evening Transcript—"An authoritative study of a campaign that had much to do with the fall of the South. . . . A valuable contribution to our military history, well written, sound, and intensely interesting." $3.00

Adventures of a Librarian

by Harlan H. Ballard

Cleveland Plain Dealer—"A librarian really has adventures —if he has an adventurous mind. And this book, scholarly and quiet as it is, has positive excitement in it for the reader. I have taken much delight in reading it; and the next time I drive through Pittsfield (which I must do, to get to Cape Cod!) I promise myself to stop and thank the author for it. He must be a delightful person." $2.00

Write It Right

by Ambrose Bierce

That Superman of Letters wrote a book for skilled writers —for authors and men of affairs who have digested their cultural oats—not for unpractised writers. It is in daily use by leading newspapers and magazines, which have purchased 100 or more at a time. $1.50

Created for *First Performed.* Stage slang. "Burbage created the part of Hamlet." What was it that its author did to it?

Mistaken for *Mistake.* "You are mistaken." For whom? Say, You mistake.

My Own New England

by Burleigh Cushing Rodick

Boston Herald—"Mr. Rodick is not writing a panegyric of the New England that is no more, but is limning vanishing types in stories so true to life as to be startling in their rugged realism. . . . There is something of the Mary E. Wilkins touch in these searching character studies." $2.00

East 28th Street WALTER NEALE New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT BOOKS ON TIMELY TOPICS

The SOVIET UNION AND PEACE

With an Introduction by HENRI BARBUSSE

An authoritative collection of official documents, treaties, decrees and appeals comprising the peace and disarmament proposals of the Soviet Government, 1917-1929. $2.25

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY of the RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Ten years of progress reported by outstanding Russian leaders, including several hundred photographs of revolutionary events.
Volume I, $2.75 Volume II, $4.00

OUTLINE of POLITICAL ECONOMY

by I. LAPIDUS *and* K. OSTROVITYANOV

A course in Marxist Economics, covering the material comprised in the 3 vols. of Capital, with a systematic contrast of the various phases of production and distribution in the Soviet Union. $3.25

SOCIAL STRUGGLES SERIES

by MAX BEER

Social Struggles in Antiquity; Social Struggles in the Middle Ages; Social Struggles and Socialist Forerunners; Social Struggles and Thought. Each $1.75

AT ALL BOOK STORES **INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS**

Send for Catalog 381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

"AN EXQUISITE BOOK"

The
Queen of Heaven

BY

M. Gawalewicz *and* P. Stachiewicz

These legends about Mary, the Mother of Jesus, are the spontaneous outpouring of the devout soul of the Polish peasantry and will appeal to all lovers of folk-literature as well as Roman Catholic readers. It is a real contribution to the world's literature. $2.50.

Send for a fall catalog.

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK

Bertrand Russell's
Great New Book
Marriage and Morals

The most startling pronouncements on the relationship between men and women published in this generation. *$3.00*

HORACE LIVERIGHT N.Y.
GOOD BOOKS

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xlvi

Wearstone, England. He yearns for adventure and cides to forsake his charts and school desks and bark for Tunis. On board the *Queen of Carthage*, he counters a cabaret singer, Mlle. Thais de Const (otherwise Martha Sparks) who is going to Marsei to fill an engagement. Monty goes on to a walk trip from Sfax to Bir el Hafei but stops again at M seilles and takes Martha back to London. There loses her, and the Autumn finds him again teach Henry VIII to a shining classroom.

CRESCENDO.
By Henry Bellamann. *Harcourt, Brace & Comp*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 296 pp. *New Y*

A retelling, with almost scrupulous dullness, of familiar story of the modern girl who plunges i love with the inaccessible artist. He is, in this c one Robert Ives, the central chamber of whose bei "instead of being peopled with creations of genuir fruitful existence, is empty." This deficiency affl most of Mr. Bellamann's ineffectual characters.

MISCELLANEOUS

1450–1950.
By Robert Carleton Brown. *The Black Sun P*
9½ x 6¼; 60 pp. *P*

Disdaining type, Mr. Brown presents his book in own hand, with illustrations and decorations by h self. His manner, superficially, suggests that of som the more advanced contributors to *transition*, but h very much more ingenious than they are, and he h great deal more to say. Many of his short and sardo pieces, in fact, are full of a rich humor, and even in less inspired moments he is amusing. It is a pity t his edition is limited to 150 copies.

BOOKS AND THE MAN.
By John T. Winterich. *Green*
$5 9¼ x 6⅜; 374 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Winterich is one of the best known book col tors in the United States. In this volume he discu the character and the present whereabouts of the e editions of the following books: Whitman's "Le of Grass," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Dick "Pickwick Papers," Izaak Walton's "Compleat A ler," Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cab Du Maurier's "Trilby," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's P ress," Audubon's "Birds of America," Bu "Poems," Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," G smith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Hawthorne's "Sc Letter," Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary of the Eng Language," Poe's "Tales," Lewis Carroll's "Ali Wonderland," Irving's "Sketch Book," Pe "Diary," FitzGerald's translation of the "Rubaiy Franklin's "Autobiography," and Thackeray's " ity Fair." There are many illustrations.

Continued on page l

TELL ME A BOOK TO READ •

"A great story, a great poem, a great picture of life."—Washington Star

Donn Byrne's last and greatest book, a gorgeous, colorful romance of the Napoleonic wars.

FIELD of HONOR

BY DONN BYRNE

"A big, a splendid piece of work."
—N. Y. Times

$2.50

The BOOK of PUKA-PUKA
By ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE
A shrewd and humorous account of South Sea Life.
Illus. by Mahlon Blaine. $3.50

WASHINGTON, Past and Present
By CHARLES MOORE
A beautiful book on our Capital City. Illus. by E. H. Suydam. $5.00

FROM SANDY HOOK to 62°
By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
Thrilling exploits of the New York Pilot Boats. Illus. $3.50

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER
By ARCHIBALD D. TURNBULL
The life of a great American sea-dog. Illus. $3.50

DONN BYRNE: Bard of Armagh
By THURSTON MACAULEY
A critical and biographical study. Illus. $2.00

WHY JANET SHOULD READ SHAKSPERE
By NORMAN HAPGOOD
A delightful discussion of Shakspere's plays.
Illus. $2.50

LADIES AND GENTS
By VERA CASPARY
A sprightly novel of life back-stage. $2.00

VALLEJO KITTY
By ANN KNOX
The story of a prostitute who became a lady. $2.50

PIDGIN CARGO
By ALICE TISDALE HOBART
A vivid novel of smuggling in China. $2.50

THE BLADED BARRIER
By JOSEPH B. AMES
A weird story of Western adventure. $2.00

THE NO-NATION GIRL
By EVANS WALL
A powerful novel of Southern swamp negroes. $2.50

JOHNNY REB
By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER
The author of "Slippy McGee" writes a charming tale of the South.
$2.50

Plantation and bayou give up their romance

The glamorous story of the Old South as revealed in contemporary documents is brought to light in this fascinating volume. Here are crime, punishment, amusements, the life of planter and of slave.

OLD LOUISIANA
BY LYLE SAXON
Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. $5.00

353 Fourth Avenue THE CENTURY CO. New York, N. Y. •

TELL ME A BOOK TO READ •

Magazines Want NEW Authors
Write fiction for profit. Imre V. Kline, editor of Hydra Book Corp., personally instructs classes in tested methods of writing the Short Story and Novel. Each class strictly limited. Three month course. Class now forming for November. Phone or call for interview.
HYDRA BOOK CORP., 100 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. Dept. A-111 (Phone CHElsea 9834).
Call Phone or Write

Ask us for that book you have failed to find

Rare Books, Limited Editions, Americana, Autographs and a Fine Collection of General Miscellaneous Books.

Libraries and Collections of Autographs of Famous People purchased. Catalogues sent upon request. New books sent postpaid to any address. Out-of-print books supplied.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York

Phone Algonquin 7880-7881 Open evenings

Book Bargain Catalog

New catalog is now ready. Hundreds of new items offered for the first time at reduced prices, in most cases half price or less.

Catalog sent free on request.
Write today.

Charles W. Clark Co.

235-239 W. 23rd Street New York City

Book Bargains

52 pages of unusual values in our annual Fall catalog—

now ready and will be sent free on request. This interesting catalog contains more than 1000 titles offered at half price or less. Ask us to send you a copy and get your name on our mailing list.

THE EASTERN BOOK COMPANY
254-256 West 31st Street New York, N. Y.

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page xlviii

THE ENGLISH KING.
By Michael MacDonagh.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison
$3 8½ x 5½; 318 pp. *New*

Mr. MacDonagh here offers an immense ma curious and interesting stuff. He discusses the r and duties of the English kings, describes at le the oppressive ceremonials to which they must de most of their lives, sets forth their precise relatio Parliament and people, and tops off the whole an account of the rise and fall of Republicanis England. He is well-informed and judicious, avoids the temptation to be satirical, even whe finds it necessary to say that "King George's fav masters are Mendelssohn and Gounod." The covers unfamiliar ground, and makes amusing instructive reading. It has a good index.

BIRDS & BEASTS OF THE GREEK ANTHOLO
By Norman Douglas. Jonathan Cape & Harrison
$3 7⅝ x 5; 218 pp. *New*

Mr. Douglas does not consider the domestic ani he deals only with the wild animals, some 15 them. His book is not a thoroughgoing piece of s tific or literary research, even though a great de labor must have gone into it. It is rather a colle of brief essays on the subject. As Mr. Douglas "We find no natural history, properly speakin the Greek Anthology; what its authors say a animals constitutes a human rather than a scie document; it is a minute but clearly demarcated p ince in the history of feeling . . ." There is a bibliography, and also an index. The writing thro out is, of course, excellent.

DAWN GINSBERG'S REVENGE.
By S. J. Perelman. *Horace Live*
$2 7½ x 5; 239 pp. *New*

Most of the buffooneries in this book first appe in *Judge*. Mr. Perelman's method is that of ext gant burlesque. His piling up of imbecilities reve truly gigantic ingenuity, and not infrequently effect is excellent. The titles of some of his ske show the range of his fancy: "Over Niagara Rotary Washer," "Why I Should Like to Be a W Slave," "My Escape from the Harem," "Perel Children's Week-End Guide," "How to Make Lo In many cases they are accompanied by grot illustrations. The collection shows a good de originality.

Continued on page lii

OUBLEDAY, DORAN FALL LEADERS

HARRIET HUME

s cruel and tender ntasy belongs in the ld of *The Memoirs of a get* and *Thunder on the* Dramatic, devastat- sympathetic, enrich- ith a beautiful inevi- ity, it is a shrewd pretation of the psy- ogy of passion. $2.50

by Rebecca West

SAILORS OF FORTUNE

by William McFee

Tales of the grooms to the leviathans that plow the seas to harbors of romance. $2.50

SKETCH OF A SINNER

by Frank Swinnerton

Lydia, the gray-eyed, thoughtful, tenderly ironic sinner has two lovers, yet loves her absent-minded old husband too because he needs her. $2.50

HANSINE SOLSTAD

by Peter Egge

Sigrid Undset says of this book that she "joyed over its richness, beauty, strength and spaciousness." $2.50

STRANGER FIDELITIES

by Mathilda Eiker

The conflict between old loyalties of pre-war days and the stranger bonds forged in the glamor of war. $2.50

THE BOOK OF POE

Edited by

Addison Hibbard

Edgar Allen Poe compact in a single volume; including poems, stories and essays. $5.00

Hendrik Ibsen's PEER GYNT

Illustrated by

Elizabeth MacKinstry

Daring illustrations that sing with the spirit of this drama of weird and fantastic beauty. $5.00

STYLE AND FORM IN AMERICAN PROSE

by Gorham B. Munson

A penetrating, scholarly and practical analysis of the masters of American prose; helpful to readers, invaluable to writers. $5.00

by Graham Greene

Whose amazing first novel has swept literary England to a tempest of applause. Sussex in smuggling days is the setting of the emotional warfare raging within a man who betrayed his friends and failed his lover, yet proved himself a hero by a single act of courage. $2.50

THE MAN WITHIN

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Writers—speakers

and everyone who wants to be interesting—*must have this book*

SO SAY the WISE

Compiled by
HAZEL COOLEY and NORMAN L. CORWIN

A book of wise-cracks, epigrams, bonmots and witty sayings of Mencken, Heywood Broun, Shaw, Fanny Hurst, Will Rogers, Mussolini and 694 other famous people. Classified for ready reference.

All bookstores, or postpaid on receipt of $2.10 by George Sully & Co., 114 E. 25th St., New York

All *Book Buyers* prices smashed *on* LIMITED EDITIONS

Of Pierre Louys, Oscar Wilde, Kuprin, Sacher-Masoch, Cribbilon, and Schnitzler. Send for our catalogue.

SARA FIELD, **17 East 14th St., N. Y. C.**

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE

may be rented for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately printed editions and unabridged translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc., Dept. M-4.
45 West 45th Street New York City

2,000 BOOKS, $120.00 to 20c each

Interesting to collectors and readers of all classes. List 15, mailed free, from THE SIGN OF THE HUNTSMAN, Southborough, nr. Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England.

Turn to page LV to find
THE LITERARY BAZAAR
A market place for collectors

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

THE NOBLE SAVAGE. *A Study in Romantic Nat ism.*
By Hoxie Neale Fairchild.
The Columbia University
$5 8 x 5½; 535 pp. *New*

A scholarly study, beginning with the origin the noble savage convention in ancient times and Middle Ages, and tracing it through the pse classic period, the early romantic movement, R seau, the English Jacobins, Wordsworth, Sout Coleridge, Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore and s of the minor romantic poets. A sound and read book. It contains an exhaustive bibliography an index.

CAROLINA FOLK-PLAYS.
By Frederick H. Koch *Henry Holt & Com*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 267 pp. *New*

This is the third volume of the collected play the Carolina Playmakers. It contains "The Scufflet Outlaws," a tragedy, by William Norment "Job's Kinfolks," a play of the mill people, Loretto Carroll Bailey; "In Dixon's Kitchen, comedy of a country courtship, by Wilbur Stout Ellen Lay; "A Shotgun Splicin'," a mountain com by Gertrude Wilson Coffin; "Lighted Candles, tragedy of the highlands, by Margaret Bland Louisa Duls; and "Quare Medicine," a country con about a quack doctor, by Paul Green. All of the p have been successfully produced, though they considerably in merit. Miss Bailey's study of s work, in the visit of "the police-woman" to a family near her own town of Winston-Salem, small masterpiece. Professor Koch has written introduction and Paul Green has contributed a foreword. The book contains appendices showing productions and tours of the playmakers and n photographs.

TALES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN
Selected by Stith Thompson. The Harvard University
$6 9¾ x 6⅜; 386 pp. *Camb*

Dr. Thompson, with this collection of ninet typical Indian tales, has placed all students of In folk-lore in his debt. The labor he put into it have been tremendous, for the literature on the su is immense and nearly all of it is buried in obs governmental reports and rare monograph jour The problems of origin, initial form, and modifica in translation from tribe to tribe are extremely cate, but Dr. Thompson, who is professor of En in Indiana University, ploughs through them great erudition and caution, and sheds much ligh them. His notes take up more than 100 pages. H arranged the tales according to type, and not ac

Continued on page liv

BS-MERRILL BOOKS—BOBBS-MERRILL BOOKS

Life of Sam Houston
The Raven
By MARQUIS JAMES
igorous and picturesque
graphy of the most ro-
ntic figure in American
tory—Sam Houston—
man whose tragic love
y remade the map of the
tinent. Based on long re-
rch and a mass of new
dence. Illustrated. $5.00

Alas, Queen Anne
By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN
Brilliantly executed, colorful, living portrait. One of the most delightful and illuminating biographies. Sparkles with Stracheyan brilliancy. One reads it with a glow of pleasure and puts it down with real regret.—*Claude G. Bowers.* Illustrated. $4.00

Lincoln and His Wife's Home Town
By WILLIAM H. TOWNSEND
Tells for the first time the true story of Kentucky's struggle in the tragic, stirring years of Civil War; and makes plain how Lincoln could have his wonderfully sympathetic understanding of the slavery question and the border-state problem.
Illustrated. $5.00

he Royal Road to Romance
***and* The Glorious Adventure**
By RICHARD HALLIBURTON
does things that are amazing, original, unique, sets them down with unbounded gusto.
Philadelphia Ledger.
Illustrated. Each $5.00

Abe Martin's Town Pump
By KIN HUBBARD
No American humorist is quite so terse and trenchant and amusing as Mr. Hubbard. He has a blend of laughing tolerance and deadly accuracy of thrust.
—*E. V. Lucas in London Times.* $1.50

edical Leaders
SAMUEL W. LAMBERT, M.D.
GEORGE M. GOODWIN, M.D.
romantic story of the
wth of medicine from
pocrates to Osler. Full
surprises, sacrifices, tri-
phs, frauds, heart-breaks
laughs. Illus. $5.00

Seed of Liberty
The Story of The American Colonies:
By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON
A full and fearless history of American Colonization based on independent research. Drawn against a stirring background of seas, ships, sailors.
Illustrated. $5.00

Tidewater Virginia
By PAUL WILSTACH
The history, tradition, romantic plantation mansions and the celebrated personages who give glamour to the James River, Yorktown and York River, colonial Williamsburg, the Eastern Shore, the Rappahannock, historic Fredericksburg and the Potomac. Illus. $5.00

telligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy *By* JUANITA TANNER
es up the serious business of sex. Wise and urbane . . . one ls with smiles and chuckles.—*N. Y. Times.*
he whole field of modern marriage and modern celibacy ered with a scintillating wit. Really interesting thoughts ressed concisely and epigrammatically, which gain weight ough their very clever expression.—*Phila. Record.* $3.50

Peaks of Hazard
By SIR MICHAEL BRUCE, BART
The thrilling adventures of a soldier of fortune from South Africa and Gallipoli to France, Cape Horn and Brazil. $3.50

ur Faces of Siva
e Mysterious Story of Angkor
By ROBERT J. CASEY
cinating . . . it is about the
t intriguing of places—the
ent city of Angkor.
hicago Tribune. Illus. $5.00

Old Familiar Faces
By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
His memory plays now with genial charm, now with eloquent admiration over the heroes of his youth—the men he knew who gave content to the name America. $2.50

Lord Nelson
By C. S. FORESTER
A master of historical analogy discusses Nelson's place in naval history and thrillingly describes his battles. $4.00

lishers · THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY · *Indianapolis*

KEEP UP WITH LEADING MAGAZINES

35 OUTSTANDING ARTICLES
CONDENSED TO SAVE TIME

Members receive 35 significant articles selected and condensed by a capable Board of Editors from 100 better magazines. In convenient pocket-size magazine form of 100 pages — ideal reading for odd moments. A *wide* variety of articles to inform, entertain and stimulate. Other special features. Ask for full particulars or send $1. *now* for four months' trial subscription.

CURRENT READING GUILD
67 W. 44TH STREET, NEW YORK

AMERICAN & ENGLISH AUTHORS

FIRST EDITIONS

Autographed Letters, Association Items
Catalogues on request.

HARRY STONE 24 East 58th Street New York City

FIRST EDITIONS, RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS MANUSCRIPTS
[Catalogues Issued]
JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
14 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS
MANUSCRIPTS
AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
PHOENIX BOOKSHOP
41 E. 49 ST.
NEW YORK
CATALOGS AVAILABLE

ROBERT D. STEEDMAN
Dealer in Rare and Valuable Books
17, SAVILLE ROW
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, ENGLAND
has just issued his new Catalogue (No. 57). All book Collectors not on his regular mailing list are invited to write for a copy.

RARE FIRST EDITIONS
Books from Private Presses
EDITIONS DE LUXE
Catalogues posted on application to
WM. DAWSON & SONS, LTD.
(*Rare Book Dept.*)
CANNON HOUSE. LONDON, E.C.4.

GERMAN BOOKS
Large, Diversified Stock, catalogue 10,000 titles upon request, also bargain list.
BEYER'S, 8 East 29th, NEW YORK

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lii

ing to tribe: mythological stories, mythical incid trickster tales, hero tales, journeys to the other w animal wives and husbands, Bible stories, tales rowed from Europeans, and miscellaneous. The a good bibliography, and also a map of tribes and tural areas.

PORTRAITS & REFLECTIONS.
By Stuart Hodgson. *E. P. Dutton & Com*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 192 pp. *New*

This is a collection of brief critical estimate twenty-five outstanding personalities in Europe America today. Among the men discussed are George, Lloyd George, Briand, Henry Ford, A Chamberlain, Al Smith, Mussolini, J. H. Tho Lady Astor, J. M. Keynes, Arthur Henderson, an M. Tomlinson. Mr. Hodgson writes clearly and tively. His sketches are excellent reporting.

LUCK: YOUR SILENT PARTNER.
By Lothrop Stoddard. *Horace Live*
$2.50 8¼ x 5¾; 336 pp. *New*

Here Dr. Stoddard turns aside from the problems of biology and statecraft which usually cern him to do a treatise upon the part that ch plays in the affairs of men. His materials come a great variety of sources—books, magazine newspaper articles, personal communications and mon rumor. If Texas Guinan had not been invit the Beaux Arts one night she would not have des vaudeville for the night clubs and the whole hi of American *Kultur* would have been differen Louis XVI had not peeked out of a coach windo Varennes, he would not have lost his head. If Joh Rockefeller, as a youth, had not failed to get that he sought in a coal-yard, the Standard Oil pany might have never been born. And if the perature in Chicago on June 15, 1920, had not go to 83 degrees, and set the delegates to the Repub National Convention to sweating frantically made them eager to get home, the immortal Coo might have missed the White House. Here, per Dr. Stoddard doesn't go quite far enough. Not Coolidge owed his nomination to the unbea heat, but also Harding—all the romantic tales o late Col. George Harvey to the contrary not standing. If the weather had been cool, in Coolidge might have been nominated for the dency rather than for the vice-presidency. Ha was chosen in sudden desperation, after all the le candidates had collapsed and before any sober sideration had been given to the second-raters Stoddard's book is elaborately documented an a good index.

Continued in back advertising section, page

The LITERARY BAZAAR

AMERICANA

REE A WEEKLY PUBLICA- ng interesting books, pamphlets items of Americana and New specially priced. Out-of-print arched for and quoted. Write B. Carlson, 503 Fifth Ave., New

AUTOGRAPHS

VORLD'S MOST FAMOUS n Original Autograph Letters sells letters of celebrities. Send list. Walter P. Benjamin, 578 Avenue, N. Y. City. Publisher ector, $1, Established 1887.

BACK NUMBERS

NES; Any American or English . Special, American Mercury, to XIV, complete, $20. Maga- rpts. Old Prints. Quotations on List free. Thomas M. Salis- East 10th Street, New York.

BOOKBINDING

HAND BOOKBINDING and ng for First Editions or Auto- Exquisite Best Imported Mate- storation and all forms of Scien- Reclamation. Period, Modern- onventional Designs. Prices on Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 23rd St., New York City.

BOOKS BOUGHT

DITIONS of modern authors, sets, bindings, Americana and e, second hand books. Corre- invited. Satyr Book Shop, h Vine Street, Hollywood, Cali- L. 3847.

BOOK PLATES

T YOUR BOOKS from loss er Art Bookplates. Send 10c of beautiful designs and special VER Mail Service, 650 Silver 327 Glenwood Ave., Uptown Illinois.

FIRST EDITIONS

LDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Avenue, Chicago, lists The Crock Old Junk, Three Plays for Puri- garet Ogilvy, Peacock Pie, Wes- s, and other first editions of erit. Catalogues on request.

N FIRST EDITIONS, more elf-full, and some examples from resses, in our newest catalogue. equest. Benjamin Hauser, 1285 nue, New York.

IET ON THE WESTERN Unexpurgated English edition, onthly bulletin of first editions ooks. Just send us your names House, 127 University Place,

OOKS AT LOWEST PRICES West. Send for our latest check odern First Editions, unusual tc. Hearn, Hergesheimer, Cabell, Machen, Moore among esented. Targ & Dordick, 808 t., Chicago, Ill.

FIRST EDITIONS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, Association Items, etc. Write for our new catalogue. Now on the press. David Magee, 480 Post Street, San Francisco, California.

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter St., San Francisco, announce the arrival of many modern English first editions. Send your wants.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE The French Bookman, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue, 5 cents (stamps).

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS on Foreign Countries. Picturesque India, 310 photos; Picturesque Austria, 310 photos; Romantic America, 310 photos; Beautiful Albums of National Types, Landscapes, Monuments —each $7.50. B. Westermann Co., Inc., 13 West 46th Street, New York City.

GENERAL

THE FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP. Rare and Valuable Books for the Collector and Connoisseur. Presentation copies; Association items; Autograph letters; Manuscripts; Private Presses; Old colour plate books; Finely printed and choicely bound books. 7 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, England. Catalogues free on application.

MENCKENIANA

MENCKENIANA. Send for list of unique Mencken firsts, manuscripts, etc. Duncan's Bookshop, 103A Charles Street, Boston.

OUT OF PRINT

THAT BOOK YOU WANT. Foyles can supply it. Enormous stock, including out-of-print and rare books. Outline requirements and interests; suitable catalogues then sent free. Foyles, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS, FIRST EDITIONS, etc. Catalogs post free. James Thin, Bookseller, 54 to 56 South Bridge, Edinburgh, Scotland.

POSTAGE STAMPS

COLLECTIONS. 1000 var., $1.00; 2000, $3.00; 3000, $8.00. Large illustrated price list and all information free. Collections, old letters and accumulations bought at highest prices. Times Square Stamp Co., 1480 Broadway, New York.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL. Our approval service delights collectors. Single stamps from the cheapest to rarities. Complete sets, air-mails from all countries, new issues, entire collections, sent on approval. Globus Stamp Co., 214 Third Ave., N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

FREE CRITICISM FEATURES unusual "5-point" service for authors. 1, Every mss. reviewed free. 2, Detailed analysis of saleable mss. at actual handling cost. 3, Mss. prepared for acceptance and placed on commission basis. 4, Maximum rates obtained. 5, Prompt payments assured. Send mss. or inquiries to Hydra Book Corp., 100 Fifth Avenue, Dept. C-111, N. Y. C.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writer's Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

HAVE YOU A MANUSCRIPT to be typed? Then send for our circular and sample of work. Price, 6c per hundred words. Authors' Typing Service, 1106 Riverdale Street, West Springfield, Mass.

RARE BOOKS

SOUTH WIND, by Norman Douglas, a new and definitive edition, magnificently illustrated in color and black and white by John Austen. A beautifully printed edition in large type and superb format. Complete in two volumes, boxed, $20.00. Descriptive circular upon request. Obtainable from your bookseller, or from Argus Books, 333 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS FROM EUROPE—J. & E. Bumpus, Ltd., Booksellers to the King, 350 Oxford St., London, W. 1 for General Literature, fine printing, fine bindings, scarce books, learned works. Catalogues.

PRIVATE PRESS BOOKS—A catalog of the publications of the English, Continental and American presses for which we are American distributors will be sent upon request. Walter V. McKee, Inc., 56 W. 45th St., N. Y.

CURIOUS, RARE AND LIMITED EDITIONS priced unusually low for this month only. Send for catalogue of unusual and exotic books. When in New York visit us and browse. Field Book Service, Inc., 1261 Broadway, New York City.

DULAU & CO., LTD., 32 Old Bond Street, London, England, will send these catalogues post free: (a) Old coloured aquatints of English scenes. (b) Eighteenth Century Books. (c) Modern First Editions and Autographs.

PRIVATE PRESSES New catalogue, Nonesuch Press, Cuala Press, Bruce Rogers, etc., mailed free. Schulte's Book Stores, Inc., 80 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

PARTICULARS of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing and sample copy of the Writers' Monthly free. Write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 91, Springfield, Mass.

NEW NOVELS—*and other things*

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by *Virginia Woolf* is a very pointed consideration by the author of *Orlando*, of woman's peculiarly ignominious past, rather doubtful present and possibly interesting future,—aided by the author's lunching off partridge in a men's college and dining on prunes and custard in a woman's dormitory,—and finding that whole sections of the British Museum are full of facts about women—written by men. $2.00

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, by *I. Compton-Burnett* is the English literary discovery of the year. HUGH WALPOLE finds in it "conversations among the most remarkable in English literature. As real and vivid as Jane Austen." RAYMOND MORTIMER writes, "I wish everyone interested in fiction would try *Brothers and Sisters*." $2.50

KEPT WOMAN is the new novel by *Viña Delmar,* author of *Bad Girl* and *Loose Ladies*, and fulfills the New York Herald Tribune's prediction that "*Bad Girl* introduces a talent mature, vigorous and probably significant." $2.50

THE HOUSE OF GOLD is *Liam O'Flaherty's* most powerful novel and is described by the Philadelphia Ledger as "flawless. Its convincing characters, credible plot, smooth style and power, place it high among the best novels of the year." $2.50

THE CRADLE OF
is a frank and moving st
the birth of Christia
Though startlingly fresh
manner of rediscovering
representing ancient truths,
deeply religious book. Wi
heart and mind of a p
Llewelyn Powys evokes th
terious spirit that broods o
immemorial acres of Palestin

Cradle of God,
Abraham, ste
lusty partner
newly begotte
—to the cruc
on Calvary.

SEVEN IRON MEN is *Paul de Kruif's* nev
about the seven iron hunting Merritts and how the
—and lost—the greatest iron mines ever discove
our country. The first great romance of the Age of
—by the author of *Microbe Hunters.*

A HOUSE IS BUILT, by *M. Barnard Elde*
is the Australian $5,000 prize novel. ARNOLD BE
"finds it hard to discover faults with this extraor
book. Its quality is epical. Time marches through it
grand manner. It is a phenomenon of modern fiction.

SCHLUMP: THE STORY OF A GERMAN SOLDIER. Here is a war hero without a neurosis. Schlump just lives along from day to day, taking his comedy with his tragedy. The consensus of the German press is "what *Schlump* has experienced is what every front soldier has suffered. It is the folk song of the war." $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue, NEW YO

The American
MERCURY

November 1929

TALES FROM OKLAHOMA

BY GEORGE MILBURN

The Contortionist's Wife

ONE Winter a contortionist who had got out of work at the end of the tent-show season came to our town. alled himself King Zerko. No one knew t his real name was. That was the win- Conny Ryan was running the Louvre ce Hall up in North Broadway.

nny put up a platform at one end of dance hall and engaged the contor- st to give exhibitions every night. front windows of the hall were plas- with colored posters showing a man, orted to be King Zerko himself, in us interesting postures.

ng Zerko had his wife and child with His wife was small and pretty, with ed brown eyes and an indiscriminate . The little girl was named Betty. She so lovely in her short, stiffstarched that everyone exclaimed, "What a child!" and immediately wanted to le her.

e contortionist's act got pretty stale a week. He had two costumes: green gled tights with a papier-mâché frog's and sateen tights made of red and diamond-shaped patches. King Zerko that people were getting fed up on g him flip his legs up back of his ears ick up a handkerchief with his teeth, collected his money one Saturday night and lit out with a girl named Nora Combs, who was dancing there and making a bit of money on the side.

That left Mrs. King Zerko stranded in our town, and all the men felt sorry for her, for she seemed such a nice little woman. All the women agreed that hanging was too good for King Zerko, but they didn't want to have anything to do with that show woman.

Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Norden, an old couple who ran a grocery store, came to her. The Nordens' son, Victor, had been drafted. It was wartime. Victor had gone off to training camp, leaving his cleaning and pressing shop shut up. The Nordens told Mrs. Zerko that if she wanted to run Vic's cleaning and pressing shop, she could make a good living with it. She and her little girl could live in the back of the shop. So Mrs. King Zerko took over the pressing shop and ran it very successfully for about six months.

Meantime, it got around town that Mrs. Zerko was chasing in to the Economy Drug Store and buying a pack of Camels nearly every day. Everyone was pretty sure that she was a woman who smoked. Everyone was pretty sure that she was going to play fast and loose in our town. A number of the men felt especially sure.

Remembering "'Ostler Joe," they decided that the surest and swiftest route to

Mrs. King Zerko's favors would be through her little girl, Betty. So all the older men began to be nice to the child, giving her dimes and feeding her stick candy, and telling her not to forget to tell her mamma who gave her that. Some of the young men tried it out, too. They gave Betty chewing gum and treated her to ice cream sodas. After a while all that truck began to make the little girl sick. When Mrs. King Zerko found out what was happening, she kept Betty close in the back of the shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Norden, having got better acquainted with Mrs. King Zerko in their dealings with her, began to take up for her. They had found her honest and human. But you couldn't believe a German in those days.

One night Hart Summers, who owned the De Luxe Barber Shop and was quite a roué, drove his Dodge up the back alley. He got out and rapped on the back door of the pressing shop. It was about half-past ten.

When Mrs. Zerko opened the back door, Hart took off his hat, smiled, and said, "I thought perhaps you'd like to go for a little ride tonight, Mrs. Zerko."

Mrs. Zerko pulled a .44 automatic out of her kimono and began prodding Hart in the belly with it.

"You drive away from here pronto," she said, "or I'll fill you so full of holes you'll look like a Swiss cheese! You goddam rube, you!"

She stood there in the back-door cussing him while Hart knocked down two outhouses driving out of the alley.

The Summer passed and then one day in September a telegram came for Mrs. King Zerko.

COME AT ONCE AM AT ARCADIA HOTEL
ST LOUIS LOVE
KING

Mrs. King Zerko began to make preparations to leave on the evening train. The Nordens had a handsome cowhide suitcase with solid brass fittings that they had got by turning in profit-sharing soap coupons. Mrs. King Zerko asked them if she might borrow it, promising faithf to return it by parcel post as soon as got to St. Louis.

The Nordens and Mrs. King Zerko become close friends. She and Betty a room in the Norden home by this t The Nordens were glad to lend her suitcase.

Mr. and Mrs. Norden always said that no-account husband of Mrs. Z murdered her soon after she got to St. Lo They never heard from her, and they n got their suitcase back. The Nordens alw said that if Mrs. King Zerko had lived would have got it back to them someh

II

Bill Hartshorn

Bill Hartshorn was a man with whom one could get along. He was the pharma in the Economy Drug Store and he wa ways goodtiming. He played the s drum in Stepper's Dance Orchestra. It a wonder to watch the way Bill could those drum sticks around. He was alw grinning as though he had just thoug a good joke, but he didn't talk much cause he stuttered and he was self-scious about it.

One day Glenn Rampey talked Bill buying some life insurance. When Bill w up to Doc Boatright's office to get his amination the doc told him that he T. B. Doc Boatright took some *x*-rays found that Bill had two spots on his lu

"There's nothing serious now," Doc, "but if I were in your place, Bi would get away to Arizona and get o up before many days pass."

Bill went back to the drug store and Doc Bascombe about it. He asked D he couldn't lend him $500 to get awa Arizona on.

"I tell you what I'll do, Bill," Doc combe said. "You've been working fo a long time, and if I had $500 I'd let have it in a minute. But I ain't got it. I tell you what I will do. I'll set you u

tle drug store over on the other side of
square and we'll both make some
ey. You can take over my Jamaica
er business. They've been getting on
or selling it lately, and the sheriff said
have to close me up if the W. C. T. U.
e another complaint. But everyone
s you. You got a lot of influential
ds, and you could get by with it easy
six months. Let's see, you're making
a week here. I tell you what I'll do.
louble your wages. Within six months'
you can have enough money to go to
ona and live high."

ll agreed to the proposition.

maica ginger was the favorite intoxi-
in our town. Corn whiskey was
per, but some of it was so raw that it
ld make you cough up little rolls of
. People who could afford it bought
ica ginger. A two-ounce bottle sold
ifty cents, and it was about 95% al-
l. There was enough ginger in it to
r it and to give it a hot taste after it
diluted.

ll did a land office business with his
ica ginger line. He had been in his
store about four months when Mrs.
found a bunch of ginger bottles up
room of Cobb's Kentucky Colonel
l. Some of them had Bill Hartshorn's
ription labels on them. Mrs. Cobb was
leader in the W. C. T. U. She called
of the other officers of the organiza-
together and these women marched
the sheriff's office and camped there
the sheriff made the raid.

e ladies of the W. C. T. U. saw to it
no one in the office tipped Bill off.
of them stayed there while the others
with the sheriff. They found sixty-
ottles of Jamaica ginger in the safe
the wrapping counter and a five-
n tin of it in the back.

sure hate to do this, Bill," the sheriff
when he arrested Bill.

-that's all r-r-right sus-s-shir-uff,"
Bill, grinning as though the sheriff
ust played a joke on him.

lozen men followed the party up to
the courthouse to go on Bill's bond. Some of Bill's friends told him to beat it before the case came up, but Doc Bascombe said to stay and fight it, because Lawyer Weatherby could clear him.

The case came up within two months. Judge Brigham heard it. He sentenced Bill to six months in the county jail.

Lawyer Weatherby jumped up and said: "Your honor, sentencing this man to six months in the county jail is worse than sending him to the electric chair. This man has got tuberculosis. And you know what a nasty, stinking hole that county jail is."

Judge Brigham fined Lawyer Weatherby $50 for contempt of court.

The county jail was always damp on the inside. No sunlight ever got to the cells. The sheriff let Bill stay in the run-around during the two hours a day that the sunlight struck in there. Within three months Bill was spitting up pieces of lung.

They finally moved him over to the guest room in the sheriff's house and got a trained nurse for him.

Lawyer Weatherby came to see Bill a few days before he died.

"Ain't this j-j-jist l-luh-like me, Mr. Weatherby?" Bill said, grinning up.

"How's that, Bill?" said Lawyer Weatherby.

"I alw-wuh-ways huh-have s-s-suh-such a huh-h-hard time f-f-fuf-finishin' my s-s-ss-sentences," Bill said.

III

The Nigger Doctor

Most white people in our town felt uneasy about the nigger doctor. In that community a doctor was a man whom nearly everyone looked up to. The general feeling was that a doctor was beyond good and evil. He could be a drunkard, a hop head, or an atheist and people would still treat him with deference. But a nigger doctor—well, there was something wrong about a nigger being a doctor.

There wasn't anything people could do about Nigger Doctor Johnston, however. He came to town from a Northern university and he went about his practice quietly. The nigger patients he had there were poor, but they were numerous. Nigger Doctor Johnston drove a Buick roadster and wore suits as well cut as those of Dr. Boyd.

He was a tall, slender mulatto. There was something in the way he carried himself and in his steady glance that hinted at defiance. Before long people were saying that something was going to happen to that uppity nigger some of these days. There was still some uncertainty, though, whether anything could be done with a nigger if he was a doctor. Nigger Doctor Johnston never got out of his car on the main streets of the white section, except to take in prescriptions at the White Owl Pharmacy, or to get his mail at the postoffice.

There was a white doctor named Johnson in town, and this similarity of names sometimes caused confusion at the postoffice. It caused more than ordinary trouble, because old Dr. Johnson was an Arkansas Democrat and it riled him to find a letter for the nigger doctor among his mail.

A few days after the Republicans had got back into power and D. R. Elder got the postoffice he saw Nigger Doctor Johnston come in and open his mail box. He called him over to the parcel post window.

"We're new in here," he told the nigger doctor, "and at first we may make some mistakes with names that look alike. Now the other doctor spells his name J-o-h-n-s-o-n and you spell yours J-o-h-n-s-t-o-n. So when you see a Dr. Johnson's mail in your box, I'd appreciate it if you'd just slip it back in the drop."

"Yes, Mr. Elder, I have been aware for some time that the other physician was spelling his name J-o-h-n-s-o-n," the nigger doctor said, "but there really isn't any such name as that."

"No such name as that!" said the new postmaster. "Of course there's such a n as that. Johnson. Johnson. Why every has heard of the name of Johnson."

"Well, no contradiction is intended, Elder, but I've been acquainted wit large number of individuals in my life I've never known a Johnson. They're Johnston, spelled J-o-h-n-s-t-o-n. One my relatives was Albert Sidney Johns the Confederate general, and that was way he spelled his name. That's an Southern name, Mr. Elder. You won't anyone in the South named Johnston w out the *t*. No, Mr. Elder, there never been any such name as Johnson. Th merely a misspelling. Johnston should ways be spelled with a *t*."

One Winter there was an influenza demic and Nigger Doctor Johnston saving so many of his black patients some of the white people, who were badly frightened to realize what they v doing, called him in. When old Dr. Jo son, the white man, heard of this, marched the main streets of town cal down maledictions on the nigger do and his white patients. For several y after that he ran a weekly notice in *Recorder:*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It has come to my notice that some white peo in this community have cast off the bonds common decency and have forgotten their d to Society to such an extent they availed the selves of the medical services of a nigger. T guilty parties need never call upon the und signed for medical treatment, because the und signed believes that he would be acting as traitor to a pure Caucasian Society in perpetuati the lives of people who can so demean the rac pride of the white race, and such people will politely refused medical attention by the und signed.

(*Signed*) A. B. JOHNSON, M.D.

Old Dr. Johnson's entire practice among cotton farmers and Southern whites, so he didn't lose anything by ultimatum.

The only friction the nigger doctor had with the whites in our town was second year he came, when he tried to v He knew that niggers weren't allowe vote in Oklahoma, but he was boun

te anyway. The Republicans let him gister and the election board knew that was going to appear at the polls. The ction board was all set for him.

Mrs. Jim Caraway was the only Republan member of the election board. She s the secretary. The other two mems, Old Man Chalmers and A. P. Smith, re Democrats. A. P. Smith was called ple Pie Smith to distinguish him from the other Smiths. Apple Pie Smith was nost illiterate. He had learned only to by his signature.

One of the requirements for eligibility vote in Oklahoma is that the voter be e to read and interpret the preamble of Constitution of the United States *to the isfaction* of the election board. The elecn board was all set for Nigger Doctor nston before he showed up to vote.

Along in the afternoon he came in the rthouse where the polling place was. walked up to the election board's table get his ballot. Apple Pie Smith handed a copy of the preamble to the Constiion and said:

'Before you can have a ballot you'll e to read and interpurt this to the satision of the election board."

Nigger Doctor Johnston read the preble in his rich voice, enunciating carey, and then gave a concise and intelli- t interpretation of what he had read.

Well, you read it all right," said A. P. th, a little awed by the performance, t you ain't interpurted it to *my* satision."

he nigger doctor looked at old Apple steadily a moment and then said: at's a better interpretation than you give, Mr. Smith."

hat made Apple Pie Smith so mad he ot himself. He yelled: "You're talking white man, you black son of a ——," hurled the ink-well at the nigger's l.

he ink-well missed the nigger. He 't dodge. He kept standing there with- moving for a little while. His lips twisted in a smile and contempt was in his eyes. After a little he turned around and walked out of the courthouse.

As he was going out the door Mrs. Jim Caraway jumped up and screeched, "A. P. Smith, you make me ashamed of being white!"

"You ought to be ashamed of being white, you nigger-loving Republican, you!" said Apple Pie Smith.

IV

Hate

Everyone wondered how Jeff Binkley could keep on going. He had an ulcer. It had eaten off all his nose. When he didn't wear his black velvet blind you could see far back into his head.

Jeff ran the stucco filling station at the corner of Elm and Broadway, across from the courthouse square. He was the first man to put in a filling station separate from a garage, and he had the best location in town, but his business wasn't very good, because Jeff was always leaving his blind off. People didn't want to drive up for gas and have to look back in a man's head before they could get it.

On Saturdays all the farmers come to town. The sidewalks around the square would be jammed with people and it was a hard matter to get through the crowd. Jeff never had any trouble getting through. The country people weren't very sensitive, but when they saw Jeff coming they would leave a broad swath far ahead.

No one could understand how Jeff was able to go on living in his condition, year after year. People always averted their heads when they saw him coming. When he talked he sounded as though he had a cold in the head. That was remarkable. He didn't have any nose to get stopped up.

Jeff would sit there with his chair tilted back in the shade of his filling station, gazing out down the street all day long. The first thing in the morning he would read the newspapers, following closely all the murder cases and impending execu-

tions. Then he would sit there all day long thinking about them. People knew what he was thinking about, because he always started a conversation on such subjects with anyone who would listen.

"Hey, Ed!" he would call, hailing some passerby. And when that person would stop and turn, Jeff would say in his deadened tones, "Say, Ed, what do you think about this nigger that raped that white girl up in Telsy right in an elevator of one of the biggest buildings up there?"

"Well, Jeff, I don't know. I ain't been followin' the Tulsa papers."

"Well, Ed, I tell you what I think they ought to do with that black hound, and I wisht I had some way of doing it myself. They ought to take him and slit his belly and nail one end of his guts to a tree. Then they ought to make him walk around and around until his guts 're all wropped out on that tree trunk. That would teach them niggers who white women are for."

One morning it was in the paper that a scheduled electrocution wasn't going to take place, because the warden had been unable to find anyone to act as executioner. The fee paid for executions in Oklahoma at that time was $100 for each man killed. As soon as Jeff read the news story he wrote to the warden at McAlester, offering to pull the switches for nothing. On his way to the postoffice he showed the letter to everyone he met.

Jeff always referred to executions as murders, not because he thought they were wrong, but because he thought they were right.

"Well, I see they're going to have another big murderin' down to the pen tomorrow midnight," he would say. "I sure wisht I had the money to go to it."

All newspaper reports of such things excited Jeff's interest, but the monkey trial in Tennessee wrought him up more than any previous event had. He said: "If I was on the jury I'd recommend horsewhipping that Scopes. He's just a little smart-aleck school-teacher. I don't know what I'd do with that Darrer, but I'd murder him some way. Hanging is too good for him. Darrer is a dangerous man. If I'd of anything to done with it I'd of had murdered afore now. I wisht they'd le fix up a proper punishment for him."

The Summer the Sacco-Vanzetti came into prominence Jeff Binkley down in bed. His illness was finishing at last. It was a mystery how he had as long as he had.

The afternoon before the night Sacc Vanzetti were executed everyone was prised to see Jeff Binkley up on the st He was tottering along with a cane, he was there. He had on his black v nose blind. He came up to a group of in front of the Brunswick Pool Hall.

"Well, what do you all think of here Sack-o and Vanazitski business?"

"I think it's all a lot of newspaper ta Buford Scammon said. "They got to something to print ever' day and if ain't no news, well they got to mak some."

"Well, I'm right here to tell you th I'd of been in that there judge's plac of murdered them two dagos seven ago," Jeff said in those ghastly, mu tones of his.

"Yes, but for a long time there never was sure they was guilty," Sh Fletcher said.

"That don't make me no differer Jeff Binkley said, licking his upper "If I'd of had the saying of it, I'd of dered the sons of —— seven year ago

V

Iron Filigree

Vince Blanc wasn't any ordinary b smith. He was more than a horseshoe seemed to get a lot of pleasure out of v ing with iron. He made a wrought sign to hang in front of his blacks shop—a big stallion rampant on a horseshoe, with "Blanc's Blacks Shop" spelled out in iron block lette inches high.

Vince was a scrawny little Frenchman
th a sallow complexion. He had a little
t of hair growing out from his lower
. He walked to and from work naked to
e waist. He was so stooped and thin no
e would have taken him for a black-
ith.

Vince got the contract to build the steel
ls for the new county jail. He lost money
the job, because he had to underbid the
contractor in Cincinnati, but the work
did on these steel cages made the county
a show place for years. He decorated
e of the cages with lacey, wrought-iron
oll work. He wanted to finish them all
t way, but the county commissioners
re in a hurry for the job.

Vince's wife, Martha Blanc, was a fat
man. He was a Catholic, but she had
n converted to the Campbellite faith.
ery Sunday morning Vince would hitch
the surrey for Martha and she would
ve around to get the two neighboring
ilies, the Stufflebeans and the Riggses,
take them to church. Mrs. Blanc had a
le reputation for being neighborly.

The meals at the Blancs' never varied.
nth in and month out they ate fried
ık, bakery bread. flour gravy and drank
led black coffee. Steak for breakfast,
ık for dinner, steak for supper. Every
at eleven o'clock the neighbors would
r Mrs. Blanc pounding the steak for
ce's dinner. In about an hour he would
ne along, his bare back covered with
l dust, carrying two pounds of steak
the evening meal and the next day's
ıkfast. Mrs. Blanc always said that
ce was puny anyway and that he needed
t to give him strength.

s he grew thinner and more wizened
wife prospered in flesh. The blacksmith
iness wasn't so much any more, since
omobiles came in, and Vince always re-
d to put in a line of automobile repairs.
horseshoeing and wheelwright work
ily paid. But the Blancs had been
gal, and they had a comfortable sum
wing interest at the First National Bank.
ne afternoon Vince came home com-
plaining about his side. He was dead the next morning when Martha tried to awaken him. At that time Mrs. Blanc had grown so large that she rubbed against the door jambs when she went from one room to another. Soon she took to her bed too.

The Blancs had no known relatives. Both had been Orphans' Home children and they had grown up together alone. It was just as well, however, because the Stufflebeans and the Riggses, to whom Mrs. Blanc had been such a good neighbor, came in and attended to her and did the housework.

When Martha Blanc got down in her bed and couldn't get up she and the Stufflebeans and the Riggses were the closest friends in the world. But her illness made her cross and pettish. Sometimes she would favor one family and then the other. One day she wouldn't permit anyone but Mrs. Riggs to enter the bedroom and the next day she wouldn't eat any food except that which had been prepared by Mrs. Stufflebean. Instead of making the two families lose patience with her, Mrs. Blanc's petulance began to make them distrust each other, and slowly this feeling turned to hatred. When the two families began to speculate on whom Mrs. Blanc was going to favor in her will the enmity burst forth in all its bitterness.

On days when the Riggses were in the sick woman's favor they would run down the Stufflebeans to her for all they were worth. And when the Stufflebeans attained the privacy of the sickroom they would revile the Riggses.

All this time, instead of making her thin, Mrs. Blanc's strange malady caused her to grow larger and larger. It took the combined forces of one family to lift her while they changed the bedclothing.

Martha Blanc died one night. The next morning the Riggses and the Stufflebeans were out in the Blanc kitchen blackguarding one another. Up in the front part of the house the carpenters were hammering with cold chisels, trying to cut off the wrought iron hinges Vince Blanc had put on his front door. They had to get the door

off before they could bring in Mrs. Blanc's great coffin.

Out in the front yard Earl Abernathy, the leading town mortician, and Ed Luckenbill, from the Green Front Furniture Store, were arguing about whose coffin was going to be used for the ceremony. The Riggses had gone to Abernathy's Funeral Home and made funeral arrangements a month before Mrs. Blanc died. Earl Abernathy had ordered a special-built coffin. Two weeks later the Stufflebeans had gone to the Green Front Furniture Store and given Ed Luckenbill Mrs. Blanc's measurements, so that he could have a coffin made for her.

For a while it looked as if there would have to be two funerals for the great sheeted pile that had been Martha Blanc. Then Earl Abernathy thought to go in and take the cadaver's measurements. He found that the Riggses had ordered the coffin from him two weeks too early. It was far too small.

Martha Blanc left her money to the county, specifying that it be used to finish the iron scroll work on the cells in the county jail.

VI

Willie Chalmers

Willie Chalmers went around town on a wooden platform with rollers. His legs were cut off at the hips. He scooted himself along with a couple of wooden blocks he held in his hands. His father was Old Man Chalmers, the wealthiest cotton buyer in the neighborhood.

Chalmers' cotton gin was a clump of sheet iron sheds built on the flats down near the Swinging Bridge. The Chalmers gin had four buildings: the scale house, the engine room, the suction house and the ginning rooms.

Old Man Chalmers made a sight of money short-weighing the farmers on their cotton. One day a farmer named Clem Sheets drove up with a double-decked load of cotton. When he got his wagon on the scales a big mongrel hound of his, w ing about seventy-five pounds, cra under the wagon. Old Man Chalmers in the scale house and he didn't say thing. Clem Sheets didn't say any either. The cotton was weighed in the dog got weighed along with it. Clem drove back from the suction hou get the weight of his wagon deducted dog started to crawl back under the w again. Clem began to yell at it and cu It was getting out, but Old Man Cha was too sharp to let Clem get away anything like that. He said, very co "Let that dog get under there, Clem!" they spent about half an hour coaxin dog back under the wagon.

At that, Old Man Chalmers prol short-weighed Clem Sheets a-plenty. was the way he made his big money scale men all knew what they wer pected to do.

He was so tight he wouldn't money for equipment that the gin n badly. All the pulley belts were pa and laced until they would scarcely together.

The State inspector kept telling Old Chalmers he'd better get a railing around that big fly wheel in the e room.

Willie was the old man's middle All of Old Man Chalmers' boys, e Willie, had turned out bad. The o Dick, was always getting into some of a scrape. Finally the old man got of spending money to get him out never would have done it anyway if Chalmers hadn't prevailed on him. H tired of it finally, though, and he let get sent down to McAlester to the tentiary for a ten-year stretch. The y est boy, Kaye, started getting drunk going down to the Hotel La France in kogee before he was sixteen.

Everyone agreed that Willie was a boy. He was a hard worker. He s around the gin season in and season ou the old man kept him at a salary he cou have hired a good suction feeder for.

One afternoon Willie was working ound the engine room. As he stooped er to pick up a bit of waste, something the big fly wheel, where the factory spector had recommended the railing, ught in his overall suspenders. The big heel whirled him around and around, ttering his legs against a steel beam.

By the time they could get the engine pped Willie's legs were beaten to a lp. Old Man Chalmers was off some- here in his car. There was a nigger farmer the gin yard with a big load of cotton. ey loaded Willie on it and carried him to Dr. Boyd's office. Dr. Boyd gave him narcotic and fixed his legs up as best he uld. They put him back on the load of tton and carried him over to the M. K. T. station to send him to the hospital Muskogee. That was before Earl Aber- thy bought his convertible ambulance- arse.

After the nigger farmer had hauled Willie er to the 5:45 passenger, he drove back wn to the Chalmers gin to sell his cotton. d Man Chalmers was there when he ve up on the scales.

"Why, man, I can't buy that cotton. s all bloody," Old Man Chalmers said.

"That's blood from your own son, Mr. almers," said the nigger farmer quietly.

"I don't care if it's blood from Jesus rist," said Old Man Chalmers. "It's ne ruint your load of cotton. Drive on them scales. There's another wagon iting to get weighed."

VII

Shorty Kilgore

rty Kilgore came to our town at the e of the oil boom, and after it was over stayed on. He was a mechanic, and he l a good job at the Ford Garage.

horty was about five feet tall. He was ng, but he had a wizened face. He n't have any beard. His face was fuzzy en he didn't shave, and when he did ve his shoebutton eyes would glitter of two patches of heavy down. His hair was always clipped to the scalp, but he usually wore a felt skull-cap. He wore a pair of black, greasy unionalls all the time. Shorty always had such an expression around his mouth that you were surprised when words came out of it instead of shrill monkey whistles. When he stood out in front of the Ford Garage with one hand on the gasoline pump he seemed ready to scurry with apish celerity up the tall red pump and perch chattering on the round light at the top.

He never bathed and he used to sleep in an old Ford sedan that was stored in the back of the garage. But he was quite a hand with the women.

One night a driller named Emmet Green drove up to the Ford Garage and asked Shorty to adjust his timer. Emmet had a girl named Alvera in his coupé with him.

Shorty was kind of drunk.

"What have you got on for tomorra night, sister?" he said to the girl.

The girl smiled and said, "I don't know. What you?"

Emmet got out of the coupé and slapped Shorty with his open hand. He slapped Shorty so hard that it popped like a paper bag full of air.

Shorty hunched his head down between his arms and started whimpering.

Emmet came up to him with his arm out ready to slap his jaws again as soon as he raised his head. As he got up close to Shorty, the little one jerked his head up and bumped into Emmet.

Emmet went, "Ah-h-h-h," very softly and terribly. He clasped his belly with both his hands and turned around and stalked out of the garage. He walked like his legs were being moved with strings.

He walked all the way up the stairs to Dr. Boyd's office over the First National Bank. The doctor found that Shorty's razor had caught Emmet right between the belt and the lower points of his vest.

Shorty got in Emmet's Ford coupé with the girl named Alvera and drove away, and nobody in our town has heard of either of them from that day to this.

THE PROGRESSIVE HOLY LAND

BY BENNINGTON ORTH

Most Americans, asked to name the most radical American State, would undoubtedly nominate Wisconsin. For years, thanks to the ideas associated with the fame of Robert M. LaFollette the elder and Victor L. Berger, both now dead, it has appeared to stand in the very forefront of the Progressive movement. To the average Babbitt, indeed, it has come to signify everything extreme and subversive in politics, and he thinks of it only to shudder. Yet the plain fact is that Wisconsin is one of the most conservative States in the Union. It may talk radicalism in loud and alarming tones, but when it comes to practise it lags behind many other States, including even some of the great Tory States of the East. But before I present the evidence let me describe briefly the local political line-up.

There are four major political parties in Wisconsin. Arranged in the order of their strength they are: first, the LaFollette Progressives; second, the Stalwart Republicans; third, the Socialists; and fourth, the Democrats. The Democrats really don't count. Were it not for their national affiliations, they would be negligible. Occasionally they land one or two assemblymen, but never a State senator. When Democrats from other States, on moving to Milwaukee, offer their services to the local organization, they get the cold shoulder, and the reason is obvious: the party bosses despair of ever rising above fourth place, and accordingly want to keep the ranks as small as possible, so that the offices will be sure to go round when the party wins nationally—without any help from Wisconsin. Even during the Smith boom, they kept this strangle-hold on the organ tion. Walsh men and independent Sm men were given short shrift in the prim

Thus we may disregard the Democra This leaves three real parties: the I gressives, the Republican Stalwarts, the Socialists. By an anomaly caref fostered by the LaFollette machine, Progressives and the Stalwarts vote in same primary, which is called Republic But the Progressives are in no sense a n faction of Republicans, for the Stalw are the real Republicans in the State, the Progressives are a distinct polit party. Each of these parties has its c factions, as in the case of other partie other States. The only thing unusual in situation is that Wisconsin is the c State in the Union, so far as I know which two absolutely distinct polit parties habitually participate in one the same primary.

Numerically, the rank and file mem ship of the Stalwart party is proba slightly larger than that of the Progres party. Why then, you will ask, have Progressives, up to this year, always c trolled the State Assembly overwhe ingly, and the Senate safely, and v have they always elected their candi for Governor by a wide margin? The rea lies in two things. First, there is the ecrable management of Ex-Senator I root, boss of the Stalwarts. To give one example of his incompetence, cons the substitution, in the middle of the atorial campaign of 1925, of a repu Klansman for a Catholic! No wonder his political enemies turned to and boo him for a Federal judgeship last Spr

judges have to keep out of politics. at was the only way, short of death, it the Stalwart politicians could find to their organization of this Old Man of Sea.

The second reason for the Progressive endancy is that the Socialist primaries a farce. The one thing that the Social- will absolutely not tolerate in their ganization is any independence of thought action. Their candidates are hand- ked by their machine. It is *lèse majesté* run for office without permission. Ac- dingly, nearly all the Socialists vote as gressives in the Republican primaries, in return for their help the Progressives ve the Socialist candidates unopposed in ny districts, and see that a sufficiency Socialists is appointed to lucrative te offices, including judgeships, by gressive Governors. But such is the gic of the Republican party name, that Progressive minority, having stolen primary with the aid of Socialists vot- where they don't belong, is nearly al- ys able to carry the succeeding election r the numerically stronger Stalwarts, ning independently.

Three years ago, following the death of elder LaFollette, the Progressives split two factions, but the Stalwarts were demoralized that even though the Pro- ssive vote had to be divided between candidates, one of them (Zimmerman) mphed over the single Stalwart. The ence of a fourth candidate, running in- endently in the Republican primary, bably contributed to this result.

ast year, due to Lenroot's interference, ver wasn't a candidate in the primaries. Progressive, Senator Norris, was thus pposed. With no candidate to rally nd, the Stalwarts lost control of the gation to the Republican National Con- ion, and thus we saw the usual quad- ial anomaly: a delegation of non- ublicans duly elected to a Republican vention.

the gubernatorial primary there were n two Progressives, Governor Zimmer- man and Congressman Beck. Opposed to them were a Stalwart and an independent. But this time the Stalwart, Kohler, a millionaire plumbing manufacturer and personal friend of Hoover, was nominated, largely through the sulking of a disgruntled Progressive, Attorney General Ekern, who thought that one of the factions of the Progressive machine ought to have run him as its candidate instead of Congressman Beck. In the election, one Progressive faction (the Zimmerman) supported Hoover, and the other (the Beck-Blaine-LaFollette, Jr.) supported Smith. Intelligent management by National Committeeman Vits, the Progressive disorganization, and the Democratic lack of any organization at all pulled Hoover and Kohler through.

Yet, up to the present session, the La-Follette machine had been for years in absolute and unquestioned control of the Governor's office, and of both branches of the Legislature. What was its record of accomplishment?

II

For answer, let us compare Wisconsin with that citadel of reaction, Massachusetts.

Massachusetts adopted the Australian ballot before Wisconsin had even been admitted to Statehood. Massachusetts has had a non-partisan ballot for years, with all the candidates for each office grouped together. It is impossible in that State to vote a straight ticket. But Wisconsin, no doubt to facilitate the minority control above described, is still laboring under the obsolete straight-ticket system.

Massachusetts adopted one of the first corrupt-practices acts in America, far back in 1892; Wisconsin did not follow until 1911.

Workmen's compensation? Massachusetts and Wisconsin adopted it simultaneously in 1911.

Jury trial in contempt cases? Massachusetts adopted it in 1911; Wisconsin did not follow until 1923.

Now for the trinity worshipped by all

true followers of the great LaFollette, namely, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Where does LaFollette's own State, held in the hollow of his hand for years, stand on these, his pet measures?

Massachusetts adopted the initiative and referendum back in 1917, as a result of the Constitutional Convention of that year. Wisconsin has been trying ever since to get the amendment, and hasn't yet succeeded. They haven't even been able to get a Constitutional Convention. The I. and R. carried the Assembly in 1919, only to be rejected in the Senate, 25 to 4. In 1921 it was killed in the Senate by 14 to 14, 17 votes being required for its adoption. (Mind you, the Progressives controlled that Senate!) In 1923 it barely passed the Senate, 17 to 13, and was concurred in by the Assembly. And now we come to the fundamental secret of Wisconsin Progressivism.

Here was a serious situation. For years the LaFollettites had been howling for the initiative and referendum, and making it the basic issue of Progressivism. And now they were about to lose that issue! It has been truly said that "hope ends in fruition." And it is no less true that a popular issue loses its vote-getting appeal as soon as it is enacted into law. Here was their pet issue going on the rocks of fruition! What was to be done about it?

The Progressives were too firmly in control of the Legislature in 1925 to be able to count on the opposition to kill the bill for them, and they didn't dare kill it themselves. So some master of political strategy drew the amendment (it had to be passed twice) slightly different from the one which had passed in 1923. Then they passed it with a whoop, by 55 to 34 in the Assembly and by 21 to 9 in the Senate. And of course the courts promptly declared it at variance with the amendment of 1923 and hence ineffective.

Thus the whole procedure—two passages through the Legislature and then submission to the electorate—had to be begun all over again. So the issue was saved for three more elections at least.

In 1927 the Progressives let the Stalw
kill the initiative and referendum bill
the narrow margin of one vote in the S
ate, and it never reached the Assem
This year the Progressives were so
organized that they forgot to introduc
at all. So the precious issue is safe thro
the election of 1934.

Thus Wisconsin, the citadel of P
gressivism, hasn't yet got even one leg o
the most fundamental of all the LaFoll
reforms—which the rock-ribbed Repu
can State of Massachusetts quietly adop
'way back in 1917.

It is true that Wisconsin has the rec
while Massachusetts has not, but I beli
that the chief reason for the success of t
measure was an overwhelming popular
mand for some check on politicians v
cared more for issues than for accompl
ments.

III

Progressives, as everyone knows, are
friends of Labor. For years, in Wiscon
unemployment insurance and the eig
hour day have been very effective v
getting issues.

Unemployment insurance was defea
by 10 to 19 in the Senate in 1921, the y
of its first appearance. It nearly passed
16 to 17, in 1923, with the Progressive
control. How often Progressive meas
nearly pass! But always it seems to be e
for the machine to let one or two of its c
men duck a vote, or even backslide
vote against it, in order that a valu
issue may be preserved.

In 1925 unemployment insurance fa
in the Senate by 12 to 20. But by 1927
Senate had begun to tire of shouldering
the odium for the defeat of the measure
that year it was killed by an Assem
overwhelmingly controlled by the p
sponsoring it! The Assembly again sh
dered the blame in 1929.

Another way to kill a popular meas
and thus preserve it as an issue, is for b
houses to pass it overwhelmingly, but

e to adopt amendments which the other ıses to accept. This has the advantage giving a large number of members of ch branches the record of having voted a popular bill, which nevertheless fails become a law. For example, take the ht-hour law in 1919. The bill was intro-ed in the Senate by a rank Stalwart. ıereupon the Progressives, not to be done, made it much more radical by king out all the exemptions. This made altogether too raw to pass even the ical Assembly, which insisted on re-ring the exemptions. Thus the measure ed between the two houses.

n 1921 the Senate killed it. In 1923 it rwhelmingly passed the Assembly, and Senate, after several futile attempts to end it to death, finally became fearful t the Assembly was so much in favor it that it might swallow the amend-ıts. So the Senate took the bull by the ns and killed it. In 1925 the Senate ed it again. Popular interest then be-to lag, and it wasn't even introduced 927.

ut the most remarkable bit of evidence ich I have to present is the fate of the -age pension bill of 1923. It was intro-ed in the Senate and received a unani-ısly adverse committee report. This ed to sleep both the Stalwarts who were erely opposed to it, and the Progres-s who wished to preserve it as an issue. it so happened that certain members he Fraternal Order of Eagles, finding time hanging heavily on their hands use of the Eighteenth Amendment—for y of the Eagles were distinguished enders before January 16, 1920—con-ed the idea of gaining a little agreeable riety for their order by backing old-pensions. So they worked quietly on Senators, and actually jammed the bill ugh in three days, by a vote of 14 to By the time everyone woke up to what going on, it was too late to stop it. ıen the Eagles went to sleep, and the consin Manufacturers' Association and Milwaukee Association of Commerce began bringing pressure to bear on the Governor, a Progressive, to veto the nefarious measure when it should reach him. But it never reached him. While the Eagles slept and the Stalwarts wrung their hands, the Progressive machine quietly killed the bill by 23 to 45 on an off day in the lower house. Thus the issue was saved for another campaign.

In this case the Progressives were not only concerned with preserving a popular issue. They also were a bit fearful that the estimates of the conservatives might be correct, and that the measure really might cost the State $5,000,000, a year, as alleged by its opponents. This would have caused such an uprising among the tax-payers that the Progressives might have been turned completely out of power.

In the next session, 1925, the Eagles cut loose and paddled their own canoe. A test vote in the Senate showed 17 to 13 in favor of the measure, so everyone climbed on to the bandwagon and old-age pensions passed by 16 to 5, with eight pairs. Then came an attempt to kill it again in the Assembly, but this time the Eagles were not asleep. So thereupon the Progressives tried to amend the measure to death. If you don't believe it, examine the Progressive names attached to the amendments.

The attempt to kill the bill failed, but as usual the machine managed to accomplish, by indirection, precisely what it wanted. One of the amendments converted the measure from the State-wide to the county-option plan, and required a two-thirds vote of all the members of the county board to put it into operation in any county. As a result, in the four years which have followed, old-age pensions have been adopted by only five small and unimportant counties. The county board of Milwaukee county, although composed almost unanimously of Progressives and Socialists, has been able to muster enough noes and enough absentees to kill the measure every time it has come up.

Thus the pocketbooks of the voters have been spared and a popular issue has

been preserved. But unfortunately the Eagles are not politicians. They want more than mere advertising; they are looking for actual accomplishment. So, by cutting loose from all party entanglements, the order has been able this year, after a long struggle, to get the law amended to require only a *majority* vote in each county board. It now looks as if the county taxes of Milwaukee were soon to be doubled, in which event the Progressives on the county board will have a lot to explain. As one prominent Progressive assemblyman said to me, "I guess our crowd were asleep to let that get through. Our party leadership is all shot to hell since Old Bob died."

IV

The Socialists, for years in control of the city government of Milwaukee, have never put a single tenet of Socialism into effect there. The LaFollettites, after years of strangle-hold on the State governm have yet to show any sound and solid gressive accomplishments. They have ply gone on leading lost causes— when in the majority. They have picturesque. They have shouted from housetops. They have spread Progre principles to the four corners of the c try, and alarmed all the Chambers of C merce. They have erected a really beau statue of Fighting Bob in the chamb horrors of the national Capitol. They spread the belief that Wisconsin is But all the while a scrutiny of its Com Statutes will show it to be one of the conservative States in the Union.

The Wisconsin Legislature, I believ the cleanest and least venial in Ame The State officials, in the main, are hc and capable. But Wisconsin is not, never was, Progressive. Least of all is LaFollette machine. The really Progre voters of the State, I suspect, are jus ginning to find it out.

MIDAS ON A GOATSKIN

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

"He's the second sorriest white man in Viznaga," my host said. "The sorriest white man keeps a Mexican man without marrying her, but Dee is lawfully wedded his *pelada*. He's the on scavenger, works at night, and sleeps t of the day. He'll probably be awake g about four o'clock this evening and e than ready to tell you the kind of is you want to hear."

Viznaga is a hundred miles or so west of Antonio, Texas. We found Dee Davis awaking from his siesta. He occupied e-room shack and sat on a goatskin in doorway, on the shady side of the se.

I'm a great hand for goatskins," he . "They make good settin' and they e good pallets."

sat in a rawhide-bottomed chair out on hard, swept ground, shaded by an um-la-China tree as well as by the wall. re was a wooden bench for my friend. shack was set back in a yard fenced palings that had never been painted. oss the yard from the shack and farther ard the front was a little frame house pied by Dee Davis's Mexican wife and three or four half-breed children. yard, or patio, was gay with red and ge zinnias and blue morning-glories. in a ramshackle picket corral to the a boy was playing with a burro.

No, Mister," went on Dee Davis, who got strung out in no time, "I don't on anything ever would have come of lad's picking up those silver bars if it 't of been for a surveyor in Del Rio.

You see, Dad and my uncle Ben were iersmen of the old style and while they'd had a lot of experiences—yes, Mister, a lot of experiences—they didn't know a thing about minerals. Well, along back in the eighties they took up some State land on Mud creek and begun trying to farm a little. Mud creek's east of Del Rio. The old Spanish crossing on Mud was worn deep and always washed, but it was still used a little. One day, not long after an awful rain, a reg'lar gulley-washer and fence-lifter, Dad and Uncle Ben started to town. As they were going down into the creek, by heifers, what should show up right square in the old trail but the corner of some sort of metal bar. They got down out of their buggy and pried the bar out and then three other bars. The stuff was so heavy that after they put it in the buggy they had to walk and lead the horse. Instead of going on into town with it, they went back home. Well, they turned it over to Ma and then more or less forgot all about it, I guess—just went on struggling for a living.

"At that time I was just a kid and was away from home working for the San Antonio Land and Cattle Company, the 7 D outfit, but I happened to ride in just a few days after the find. The Old Man and Uncle Ben never mentioned it, but Ma was so proud she was nearly busting, and as soon as I got inside the house she said she wanted to show me something. In one of the rooms was a bed with an old-timey covering on it that came down to the floor. She carried me to this bed, pulled up the part of the cover that draped over to the floor, and told me to look. I looked, and, by heifers, there was bars as big as hogs. Yes, Mister, as big as hogs.

"Nothing was done, however. We were a long ways from any kind of buying center and never saw anybody. As I said in the beginning, I don't know how long those bars might have stayed right there under that bed if it hadn't of been for the surveyor. I won't call his name, because he's still alive and enjoying the fruits of his visit. My dad was a mighty interesting talker, and this surveyor used to come to see him just to hear him talk. Well, on one of these visits he stayed all night and slept on the bed that hid the bars. One of his shoes got under the bed, and next morning in stooping down to get it he saw the bars. At least that's the explanation he gave. Then, of course, he got the whole story as to how the bars come to be there and where they were dug up.

"'What you going to do with 'em?' he asked Dad.

"'Oh, I don't know,' Dad says to him. 'Nothing much, I guess. Ma here figgers the stuff might be silver, but I don't know what it is. More'n likely it's not anything worth having.'

"'Well,' says the surveyor, 'you'd better let me get it assayed. I'm going down to Piedras Negras in my wagin next week and can take it along as well as not.'

"The upshot was that he took all the bars. Two or three months later when Dad saw him and asked him how the assay turned out, he kinder laughed and says, 'Aw pshaw, 'twan't nothing but babbitting.' Then he went on to explain how he'd left the whole caboodle down there to Piedras Negras because it wasn't worth hauling back.

"Well, it wasn't but a short time before we noticed that this surveyor, who had been dog poor, begun to build a good house and bought a good-sized tract of land. He always seemed to have money and went right up. Also, he quit coming round to visit his old friend. Yes, Mister, quit coming round.

"Some years went by and Dad died. The country had been consider'bly fenced up, though it's nothing but a ranch country yet, and the roads were changed. I still follering cows, over in Old Mexi good part of the time. Nobody was out on Mud creek. Uncle Ben had m to Del Rio. One day when I was in th asked him if he could go back to the trail crossing on Mud. The idea of t bars and of there being more where come from seemed to stick in my head

"'Sure, I can go to the crossing,' Uncle Ben. 'It's right on the old Spa Trail. Furthermore, it's plainly marke the ruins of an old house on the east ba

"'Well,' says I, 'we'll go over t sometime when we have a little tim spare.'

"Finally, two or three years later got off. First we went up to the ruins o house. About all left of it was a tun down stick-and-mud chimney and burned mesquite stumps of what had the foundation to a room about twelv fourteen square, I guess.

"Uncle Ben and Dad had found the right down the bank from this place. across, on the west side of the creek side next to Del Rio, was a *motte* of *blanco* [hackberry] trees. The day was fully hot and we crossed back over t to eat our dinner under the shade and up a little before we dug any. About time we got our horses staked I noti little cloud in the northwest. In less half an hour it was raining pitchforks bob-tailed heifer yearlings and Mud c was tearing down with water enoug swim a steamboat. There was nothin us to do but go back to Del Rio.

"I've never been back to hunt those again. That was close to forty years I've had to raise a family since then, my youngest boy—the one out there ing with the burro—is nine years old As soon as he is twelve and able to for himself a little I'm going back into country and make several investigatio

Old Dee shifted his position on the g skin.

"My eyes won't stand much light, explained. "I have worked so long at n

I can see better in the darkness than
ıe daylight."
noticed that his eyes were weak, but
had a strange light in them—the light
e by dreams. It was very pleasant as
at there in the shade, by the bright
ias and the soft morning-glories. Pretty
Dee Davis would have to milk his
and then in the dark do his work as
enger for the town. Viznaga has no
r system. Still there was no hurry.
Davis's mind was far away. He went

II

u see the old Spanish Trail crossed
into Texas from Mexico at the mouth
ıe Pecos river, came on east, circling
nole hill just west of Devil's river, on
ıeast across Mud creek, across Pinto
, and on finally to San Antonio. From
it went to New Orleans. It was the
used by the *antiguas* for carrying their
and silver out of Mexico to New Or-
. The country was full of Indians; it's
full of dead Spaniards and of bullion
bags of money that the Indians cap-
and buried or caused the original
ers to bury.
eminole hill hides a lot of that treas-
It's a long, rough hill west of where
ed Cave canyon runs into Devil's
. They say that a big jag of Quant-
loot is located about Seminole too,
never took much stock in this guerrilla
ure. But listen, Mister, and I'll tell
ıbout something that I do take stock
es, sir, take consider'ble stock in.
ast Winter an old Mexican *pastor*
d Santiago was staying here in Viz-
with some of his *parientes*. He's a
bit kin to my wife. Now, about nine-
s of the time an old Mexican sheep
r don't have a thing to do but explore
cave and examine every rock his
get close to. Old Santiago had a dog
did most of the actual herding. Well,
thing like two years ago now he was
ng sheep about Seminole hill.
ccording to his story—and I don't doubt his word—he went pie-rooting into a cave and stepped right on top of more money than he'd ever seen before all put together. It was just laying there on the floor, some of it stacked up and some of it scattered around in every which way. He begun to gather some of it up and had put three pieces in his *hato*—a kind of wallet, that is, that *pastores* carry their provisions in—when he heard the ungodliest noise behind him that he had ever heard in all his born days. He said it was like the sounds of rattling trace-chains and of dried cowhides being drug at the end of a rope, and panther yells, and the groans of a dying man all mixed up. He was scared half out of his skin. He got out of the cave as fast as his legs would carry him and he never went back.

"But he got out with the three coins still in his *hato*. They were old square 'dobe dollars like the Spanish used to make. As soon as he got a chance, he took them to Villa Acuna across the river from Del Rio, and there a barkeeper traded him three bottles of beer and three silver dollars, American, for them.

"Well, you know how superstitious Mexicans are. Wild horses could not drag old Santiago back inside that cave, but he promised to take me out there and show me the mouth of it. We were just waiting for milder weather when John McKnight from Sonora sent in here and got him to herd sheep. Santiago has an invalid wife and they taken her along too. Maybe he'll be back this Winter. If he is, we'll go out to the cave. It won't take but a day."

Dee Davis rolled another cigarette from his supply of Black Horse leaf tobacco and corn shucks. His Mexican wife, plump and easy-going, came out into the yard and began watering the flowers from a tin can. He hardly noticed her, though, glancing in her direction, he seemed to inhale a whiff of tobacco and shuck with a trifle more of deliberation. He was a spare man, and his gray moustaches that drooped in Western sheriff style hid only partly a certain nervousness of the facial muscles, but

his few gestures and low voice were as deliberate—and as natural—as the flop of a burro's ears.

"What I'd rather get at than Santiago's cave, though," Dee Davis resumed, "is that old smelter across the Rio Grande in Mexico just below the mouth of the Pecos. That smelter was not put there to grind corn on, or to boil *frijoles* in, or to roast goat ribs over, or anything like that. No, Mister, not for anything like that.

"It's kinder under a bluff that fronts the river. I know one ranchman who had an expert mining engineer with him and they spent a whole week exploring up and down the bluff and back in the mountains beyond. I could of told them in a minute that the mine was not above the mouth of the Pecos. If it had of been above, the trails made by miners carrying *pantahuelas* could still be seen. I've peered over every foot of that ground and not a *pantahuela* trail is to be seen. You don't know what a *pantahuela* is? Well, it's a kind of hod, shaped like a stretcher, with a pair of handles in front and a pair behind so that two men can carry it. That's what the slave Indians carried ore on.

"No, sir, the mine that supplied that smelter—and it was a big mine—was below the mouth of the Pecos. It's covered up now by a bed of gravel that has probably washed in there during the last eighty or ninety years. All a man has to do to uncover the shaft is to take a few teams and scrapers and clear out the gravel. The mouth of the shaft will then be as plain as daylight. That will take a little capital. You ought to do this. I wish you would. All I want is a third for my information.

"Now, there is an old lost mine away back in the Santa Rosa Mountains that the Mexicans call El Lipano. The story goes that the Lipan Indians used to work it. It was gold and as rich as twenty-dollar gold pieces. El Lipano didn't have no smelter. The Lipans didn't need one.

"That long bluff overlooking the smelter and the lost mine in the gravel is worth looking into itself. I guess maybe you never met old Uncle Dick Sanders. He to live up in the Fort Sill country, v he died. He was government interpret the Comanche Indians and a great *h* among them. He knew a good part o world when it belonged to nobody bu Comanches—but he didn't know the Grande country. I first got acquainted him when I was going up the trail thr the Indian Territory to Dodge City. twenty-five years later he came down exploring. About the time he got rea go back he told me why he had come

"It seems that not long before Sa made this trip a very, very old Coma warrior who was dying sent for him.

"'I'm dying,' the Comanche said. 'I nothing more on this earth. You ca nothing for me. But you have been a friend to me and my people. Before I I want to do you a favor.

"'Many Winters ago,' the old I went on, as Uncle Dick Sanders rep the story to me, 'when I was young the Comanches were many and active the deer on the hills, a band of us horse-raiding down on the Rio Gran hard day's ride west of San Antonio.

"'We were on a long bluff south o river and still farther off to the sout saw a Spanish train winding amon mountains. The soldier guard was in and some *carretas* pulled by oxen car behind. We were hid so that the iards couldn't see us, and we saw tha certain place the soldiers would go into a deep, narrow canyon out of sig the *carretas*. We made a dash, cut off *carretas*, and killed the drivers. But was nothing in the *carretas* but coi silver and gold. They were in cowhid —*maletas*, the Mexicans call them loaded these *maletas* on our horses an back toward the river.

"'But what use had we in those da gold and silver? Some of the coins good for ornaments, it is true, but w not know how to trade with them traded with buffalo robes and horses. were some deep cracks in the rock

we poured handfuls of the shining
es into these cracks. The rest we
ght across the Rio Grande and hid in
le over which we piled rocks. This
was between two forks, one a run-
river walled with rock and the other a
dry canyon. Not far below where
forks come together the water emp-
nto the Rio Grande. It is all a rough
ıtain country.

Go to those rocks piled up over a hole
een the two forks and you will find
and silver enough to make you rich
ng as you live. I alone am left as a wit-
For a long while two other Co-
hes who were with me on that raid
here, but they are dead.'

fter the Comanche got through tell-
ld Uncle Dick Sanders his tale, he
for a lump of charcoal and a dressed
kin. Then he drew on the skin a
h of the Rio Grande, the bluffs to the
, a stream with a west prong to the
, and the place of the buried coins.
urse he put no names on the map.
nly name he knew was Rio Grande
Norte. Sanders showed me the buck-
nap. I tell only of what I know. The
oal lines had splotched until you
hardly trace them, but Sanders had
n Indian to mark down the original
with a kind of greenish paint or what-
t is that Indians use for paint. And
rs had been circulating out west from
ntonio sixty or seventy-five miles—
rd day's ride,' as the Indian said—
to fit his map to the ground. He had
sort of theory that the Comanche had
ok the Frio river for the Rio Grande.
ally he hadn't got very far in locat-
e ground, much less the money. He
lisgusted with the whole business.
me I could use his information and
whatever I found.

ow, to put the matter in a nutshell,
l Comanche was right as to the direc-
om San Antonio—west, but he was
as to the distance. From San An-
due west to where Painted Cave can-
ns into Devil's river, under Seminole
hill, is nigh two hundred miles and is a good four days' ride on a good grass horse. But I am satisfied that Devil's river and Painted Cave canyon are the forks that the Indians hid the *maletas* of gold between and that the long bluff on the south side of the Rio Grande, over the gravel mine, is where they poured coins into the chinks."

III

Dee Davis got up, reached for a stick, squatted on the ground, and outlined the deerskin map that Uncle Dick Sanders had shown him. Then he sat down again and while he studied the map he had made was silent. I did not want the tales to stop.

It was wonderfully pleasant sitting there in the shade by the flowers, the shadows growing longer and the evening—as we call afternoon—growing cooler. I remarked that I had just been out in the Big Bend country and had camped with a pack outfit on Reagan canyon. Now Reagan canyon, as everybody who belongs to the soil of the Southwest knows, is where the Reagan boys were ranching in the late eighties when a Negro cowhand of theirs found what has ever since been famed as the Lost Nigger Mine—best known of all legendary mines pertaining to the Rio Grande world. I expected that Dee Davis would know something about this. He did.

"Listen, son," he interposed in his soft voice, "I don't expect you to tell me all you know about the Lost Nigger Mine, and I know some things that I can't tell you. You'll understand that. You see I hunted cows on both sides of the Rio Grande in that very country and got a good deal farther into the mountains, I guess, than any of the Reagans ever got. You may not believe me, but I will swear on a stack of Bibles that I can lead you straight to the Reagan nigger, Ben Kelly, who found the mine. Of course I can't tell you where he is. You'll understand that, though it wouldn't do anybody much good to talk to him, for he's half crazy. You see, it was this away.

"One morning the Reagans sent this nigger out to find a very valuable horse that had got away with a saddle on. A few hours later Jim Reagan rode up on the nigger and asked him if he had found the horse.

"'No, sah,' the nigger says, 'but just looky here, Mr. Jim, I's found a gold mine.'

"'Damn your soul,' says Jim Reagan, 'we're not paying you to hunt gold mines. Pull your freight and bring in that horse.'

"Yes, Mister, that's the way Jim Reagan took the news of the greatest gold mine that's ever been found in the Southwest—but he repented a million times afterward.

"Well, the nigger didn't show up in camp for supper, and after the Reagan boys had et and talked a while they decided that after all maybe the nigger *had* struck gold. They didn't know any more about mining than a hog does about Sunday, but once they got interested in the subject they went wild. It seems that one of them suggested that they get Ben Kelly to show them the mine and then kill him so as to have a clear field to work in. Now they had a Mexican cook. This cook could hear them talking there in camp. He had not been with them long and, unbeknownst to them, he could understand English. Of course they always talked to him in Mexican.

"Along about midnight, after the Reagans had gone to bed, the nigger came in—and came in mighty quiet. He was a Seminole nigger from down in Mexico below Eagle Pass and stood in well with the Mexican cook. The cook told him what he had heard the Reagans planning. The nigger never waited to get a cup of coffee. He took a fresh horse off the picket line and lit a shuck. Some says that he went north and some says that he went south. Of course I'm giving you pretty much the version that the nigger gave me. There are other versions, and the Reagans themselves have a very different story to tell.

"Anyway, the nigger took some ore with him, and a chunk of that ore got into the hands of Lock Campbell, who was conductor on the S. P. Railroad between Sanderson and San Antonio. Campbell had it assayed and it run $78,000 to the ton. Now, as everybody knows, Campbell and the Reagans then began searching the country for nigger Ben Kelly. They spent thousands of dollars in the search and offered big rewards. Meantime they grubstaked every prospector after prospector to look for the mine that only the nigger had seen.

"As I said before, I'm not a-telling you what the nigger is. I've tried to get him to go with me out into the Big Bend, but he won't budge. He had a kind of scare on him, a man, especially one as ignorant as he is, never gets over. Yes, Mister, never gets over.

"I've knowed a lot of the men that have looked for the Lost Nigger Mine. None of them has gone to the right place. I'll say this much: the right place is not on the Texas side of the Rio Grande at all and not below the mouth of Reagan Canyon on the Mexican side.

IV

"One other thing I'll tell you. Go to the round mountain down in the *veg* on the Mexican side just opposite the Reagan headquarters camp. They call the mountain El Diablo, also Nigger Head; some calls it El Capitan. Well, about halfway up it is a kind of shelf, or mesa, about two acres wide. On this shelf close against the mountain wall is a [Mexican persimmon] bush. Look behind that *chapote* and you'll see a hole about the size of an old-timey dug well. Look down this hole and you'll see an old ladder, the kind made without nails, rungs being on the poles with rawhide and the ends Spanish dagger. Well, right by that back a little and sorter hid behind *chapote*, I once upon a time found a *m* I guess you want me to tell you what is. It's a kind of carrier in which Mexican miners used to bring ore up ladders fastened on the head and shoulders.

"Now, I never heard of a *macapal* used to haul water up in. And I did

water in that hole. No, Mister, I didn't
ny water.
As I said, as soon as my boy gets to be
ve years old—he's nine now—I'm go-
out in that country and use some of the
vledge I've been accumulating."
ee Davis leaned over and began lacing
brogan shoes on his stockingless feet.
as about time for him to begin work.
I was loath to leave. How pleasant it
there! Maybe Dee Davis is "the second
est white man in Viznaga." I don't
v, but it seemed to me then, and it
s to me still, that there are many ways
ving worse than the way of this vil-
scavenger with a soft goatskin to sit
and aromatic Black Horse tobacco
rely inhaled through a clean white
k, and bright zinnias and blue morn-
glories in the door-yard, and long siestas while the shadows of evening lengthen to soften the light of day, and an easy-going Mexican wife, and, playing around a patient burro out in the corral, a bright little half-breed urchin of nine who will be twelve *mañana*, as it were, and then——.

Then silver bars as big as hogs out of Mud creek, and heaps of old square adobe dollars in Santiago's cave on Seminole hill, and Uncle Dick Sanders' gold in the chinks of the long bluff across the Rio Grande, and somewhere in the gravel down under the bluff a fine old mine that a few mules and scrapers might uncover in a day, and, maybe so, the golden Lipano out in the Santa Rosas beyond, and certainly and above all the great Lost Nigger Mine of wire gold far up the Rio Bravo in the solitude of the Big Bend.

EDITORIAL

It is a thousand pities that Bishop James Cannon, Jr.'s pastoral epistle of August 3 last, by title "Unspotted from the World" (*Immaculatum ab hoc sæculo*), has not had universal circulation in the Republic, for it is one of the most searching and illuminating moral documents of the modern era, and, moreover, it has behind it the impeccable authority of the ranking American ecclesiastic, *primus inter pares* in the Established Church. Whether or not Monsignor Cannon, by Methodist canon law, is actually infallible when he speaks from the chair I do not know, but certainly no patriotic American would venture to question him on a matter of faith or morals. If he is good enough to advise Dr. Hoover about such high concerns of state as Law Enforcement in the Bible Belt and the trapping and training of Christian jurisconsults for the Federal bench, then he is certainly good enough to advise the rest of us about such lowly things as games of chance.

This is precisely what he does in the bull *Immaculatum*. Does the Holy Ghost frown upon draw-poker? Is it in contempt of Scripture to buy fifty shares of First National on a 5% margin, hoping for a continuance of miracles? Are the gates of Hell ajar for patrons of hand-books and the *pari-mutuel*? These and many like questions the learned bishop answers, and to the answering of them he brings not only his singular gifts as a specialist in moral science and the natural certitudes of one close to Omniscience, but also a long and gaudy career as a practical speculator in "houses and lots, timber stumpage, coal, cotton, bank stock, and stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange"—sometimes, to be sure, painfully nicked and even stung, but most engenerally, as they say in his own Southland, getting away it. In brief, he speaks not alone *ex cath* like his colleague of Rome, but also insider. There is in him no hollow the ing. He has slid down the ticker-ta woe and lamentation and he has shi up its fascinating coils to triumph hosannas.

Unfortunately, his ideas on the su run to 17,500 words, and so they reached but a small minority of the A can people. Dr. Hoover, Charlie C Speaker Longworth and Mr. Chief Ju Taft, one may assume plausibly, have his bull in full, for they are his assoc in the government and the ministers c divinations, but not a single newspap the land has printed his whole text, most of their summaries have shown influence of the Beer Trust. Even th nominational journals have done better, though here, of course, the Trust cannot be blamed. The bishop self struck off 50,000 copies for free d bution, but they were gone before eve of the clergy had been reached, and s great bulk of the laity continue to for light and leading. Cash customer be sure, are still accommodated wit prints at the rate of ten cents for copies, thirty cents for ten, and $ forty—but cash customers, as ever knows, are not numerous at moral cour if, indeed, they were not so tight Cannon would never have run sho money, and thus his instructive exper would have been lost to the world. is, the greatest American state paper Harding's Inaugural is almost as ob as a novel by Henry James, and multi of Americans seem doomed to live an without hearing anything more tha vaguest reports of it.

II

vould be a pleasure to print the com-
e text in this place, but the pressure of
ary matter forbids, and so I must con-
myself, like the various *Christian Ad-
tes*, with a brief summary. After re-
sing at length his adventures as a
er for twenty years, including a laud-
and altruistic fling at speculation in
during the late war, the bishop pre-
s it as his conclusion that there is "very
h latent hypocrisy in the attitude of
many [Christian] people on this sub-
" and that "the time has come to brush
e much muddled thinking" about it.
is absurd, he contends, to hold that the
e element of chance makes any given
saction a gamble. There is such an ele-
t in practically every imaginable affair
usiness. Even the most cagey deacon,
nose close to the board, may fall into
lty judgment of persons holding posi-
s of trust," or of "circumstances which
arise," or of "actual values," and so
e to grief, both his native pawkiness
his prayers to God to the contrary not-
standing. "Elements of chance, there-
do not necessarily indicate gambling."
ut what, then, is the test? The test,
ously, is the extent to which those ele-
ts dominate all others. When they have
plete sway, as in "the throwing of
the shooting of craps and the pur-
e of lottery tickets," then the trans-
on is a gamble pure and simple, and
be plausibly condemned as subversive
und morals, and hence in contempt of
ne revelation. But the instant "an ele-
of skill or intelligence" enters in, the
is lifted, and the professing Christian
take advantage of his luck quite as
cently as the damned and miserable
vinian.

onsignor Cannon, as everyone knows,
frank and courageous man, and so it is
surprising to see him face boldly the
ications of his doctrine. What of play-
oker: would it be seemly in a Method-
What of taking a chance on the
horses: would it shake a bishop's franchise to bind and loose? His answer is candid and crystal-clear: "Chance *and skill* enter into card-playing; chance *and knowledge* into horse-racing." And Wall Street, that hell-hole? It, too, gets a bath in milk, maybe even in Coca-Cola:

> The purchase and quick re-sale of stocks is not any more gambling than the purchase and quick resale of [building] lots, and the length of time a man may hold stock or lots depends largely upon the temperament and ability of the man. Some men are quick, active, able traders, and some slow, conservative and able, but the element of gambling may be present or absent in each. Furthermore, the amount of margin upon which a man trades does not determine the gambling element. If a man can buy a lot which he wishes to resell at a profit with a very small cash payment . . ., there is no reason to call him a gambler because he . . . sells it very shortly after for a profit. And in the same way a man can buy stock for a very small cash payment . . . and there is no reason to call him a gambler because he sells the stock shortly after at a profit.

In all this, as specialists in moral theology are well aware, Monsignor Cannon is supported by the most esteemed experts of the age. I turn, for example, to the eminent Dr. Kenneth E. Kirk of Oxford, examining chaplain to the Bishops of St. Alban's and Sheffield, and find him, in his well-known treatise on "Conscience and Its Problems," saying almost precisely the same thing. What is more, Dr. Kirk's great learning enables him to show that all the accepted authorities of Christendom, running back to the Council of Toledo in the year 653, have been unanimously of the same opinion. Even when it is carried to excess, he argues, gambling cannot be a mortal sin; what is evil in it is simply the excess, not the act itself. That fact differentiates it sharply from all the categories of true wickedness. "A thing which is inherently sinful . . . can never be 'abused.' . . . We do not speak of an 'abuse' of, or of 'over-indulgence' in adultery. . . ." One act of adultery is as offensive to God as a long and complicated series, and may bring the same appalling retribution—as many a poor sinner has discovered to his surprise. But not even the most implacable moralist would argue seriously that wagering a cent on the fall

of a die could justify boiling the culprit in brimstone and asphalt for 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 years.

What Dr. Kirk thus dismisses as plainly absurd has been dismissed likewise by a magnificent procession of doctors of both laws, stretching back to Apostolic times and including such impeccable canonists as Suárez, Grotius, Pufendorf, Ballerini, Billuart, Coninck, Gotti, Busenbaum, and the holy saints, Alphonsus Liguori, Thomas Aquinas, Gregory of Nyssa, John Chrysostom, Basil of Cappadocia, and the incomparable Augustine. The casting of lots, indeed, has the countenance of Scripture itself, as we learn from Acts 1, 26.

III

So it appears that the Holy Spirit guided the hand of Monsignor Cannon when he composed his great bull *Immaculatum*, just as it guided him when he scotched the Pope's conspiracy to insinuate Al Smith into the White House. His reasoning is cogent, his theology is sound, and if secular proofs were needed to support him they could be found in his own life, for he has speculated copiously for twenty years, sometimes winning and sometimes losing, and yet he remains *immaculatum ab hoc sæculo*—unspotted from the world. Unfortunately, this is not enough: there is still something that his lordship must take into consideration. That something, in a word, is the Civil Law. Suppose it to be true that "chance *and skill* enter into card-playing" for stakes: the laws of half the States make playing a misdemeanor. Again, suppose it to be true that "chance *and knowledge* enter into horse-racing": the laws of three-fourths of them make engaging in it a felony. More, those laws are all supported by the great body of Christians which Dr. Cannon leads and adorns. They are all intrinsically Methodistic. They have all been put upon the lawbooks by Methodist influence, and whenever a culprit is jailed under them it is to the tune of Methodist hallelujahs.

Here, I suspect, the learned bishop into deep waters. He is up to his mi nay, up to his neck. If he argues that the duty of every good citizen to obe laws, even when they prohibit acts moral theology countenances, then whole elaborate defense of games of ch goes to pieces, and he becomes by his confession an encourager of lawless And if, on the other hand, he argues it is no one's duty to obey a law w goes beyond the ordnances of God, he becomes a scofflaw open and un gated, and by his own theology has Hell to look forward to. The dilemn venture, is one that has already w some sweat from him, and more will his brow hereafter. For the nearer he back to Acts 1, 26, in defending his spe tions in "houses and lots, timber stump coal, cotton, bank stock, and stocks bonds listed on the New York Stock change," the nearer the rest of us wil to John 11, 1–11, in defending our dall with wines and liquors. How is he g to wriggle out of that difficulty? Ho he going to maintain his thesis that gambling *without* "skill" and "kn edge" is really gambling, and escap inevitable corollary that drinking "skill" and "knowledge," *i.e.*, wit getting drunk, is virtuous also?

My question, of course, is purely torical. The bishop may sweat a bit, b will somehow manage it. More, he satisfy his Methodist lieges. Yet mor will hear no challenge from Dr. Ho nor from Mr. Chief Justice Taft. There come some protests from the gamblers now rot in a thousand jails, but that far as it will go. His lordship has no in common with such vulgar fellow has kept strictly within the letter o law. He remains the head of the E lished Church, and the fount of auth in matters of moral theology. He cont to issue his bulls and ukases, and the at both ends of Pennsylvania avenu for the rest of us, we may be damned.

H. L.

FEAR, FREEDOM, AND MASSACHUSETTS

BY H. M. KALLEN

The history of freedom is the history of prohibitions. A bill of rights is defined, not by what it acknowledges, t by what it forbids. Political or ecclestical power imposes itself by *force jeure*. In a constitution, the functions of vernment are the institutional aspects the privileges of governors; government s powers, the people only duties: the hts of the people are limitations upon e powers of government and the privileges governors. In the Constitution of the ited States these rights are established amendment; they are in their turn imsitions by *force majeure;* the important rase is, *Congress shall make no laws. . . .* That their import was and remains revoionary and has been recognized as such y be gathered from the fact that in the ly years of the Republic a man could be ed for sedition on the charge that he had olished statements "intending to conn the principle of revolution," while these latter days men can be charged h sedition or disorderly conduct if they d the Bill of Rights aloud in a public ce. Political freedom is thus a nullify- of political power; the liberties of one up or class of a society are defined by a riction upon the activities of another; re is no freedom without a correspond- bondage; no bondage without a rocal liberty.

The philosophical insight into liberty is less paradoxical than its political blishment. Philosophers who endeavor et forth freedom as a positive quality of erience like colors or tastes or smells or nds, find themselves defeated. They can- exhibit it as they can exhibit or demonstrate, say, the color blue, the president of Harvard University, a hippopotamus, baked beans or a dodecahedron. The most they can do is to argue what freedom is not; even Bergson, the subtlest and profoundest of contemporary philosophers of freedom, ends by demonstrating it in a negation.

Yet both history and experience testify that in spite of its negative definition, freedom has a positive character. It may be that this character lies beyond all definition, and is independent of attendant circumstances, social, intellectual or other. It is a definite and concrete quality of feeling which may come to anybody on occasion and which almost nobody can identify and point to.

This feeling is not to be confused with the feeling of release from confinement or with the relaxation of restrictions of whatever kind. Nor is it the same as the feeling of security. Both release and security refer to an environment; each requires the presence of some other. You are secure when you sense in this presence the existence of external guarantees of your safety from it. You are released when a bond, physical or intellectual or emotional, is broken or removed or otherwise nullified. But you are free when you feel free; and you can feel free in jail or in church, in the Army or in the shop, in the wide open spaces or in a subway rush.

Feeling of this kind, however, does not make political history. It does not set up or pull down social institutions. It is still, effortless, quietist, like the passing of a lazy hour. The freedom of social aspiration and political idealism is conditioned upon

an environment; it is a function of both release and security, an aspect of the conflicts and conciliations of the daily life. Political and social philosophies, revolutionary doctrines, Fascist or communist or democratic revelations are merely inventions for extending or suppressing this freedom. It is something which accompanies every aspect of the common round, and is no less an eventuation of the subway rush than of legislation, tax-collecting and policing.

Indeed, the trivial episodes of the daily life manifest the sequences which lead to it far more clearly than the overlaid complexes of our institutional organization. Liberty may appear as a more self-evident truth and a more inalienable right during a single subway ride from the Battery to the Bronx than during a whole session of the Legislature. . . . Review such a ride, anyone who has taken it. At the start, down at South Ferry, the cars are relatively empty. You enter briskly, pause, look around, comfortably choose the one place out of the many open to you to sit down in, and sit there at ease. You unfold your paper, stretch your legs, and spread your elbows. . . . The stations are a diversion. You are glad to look up, to observe the new passengers. You feel kindly toward them and welcome them. You notice the pretty girls and remark the remarkable men. You share the common joke of a loquacious drunk or a babbling baby. A spirit of community develops in your car. A friendly contagion spreads among the passengers, a sense of belonging together.

But soon the process changes. At the third or fourth station you find yourself feeling differently, irritable, not kindly, and you don't know why. As station succeeds station and more people take places in the car, your irritability grows to something like anxiety. First you have to draw in your legs, then you have to squeeze your elbows to your side and give up trying to read your paper. Soon you can't take a deep breath or stir in your seat. Your eyes can see only half a dozen inches in front of you, up and down the billowing façade of a shopgirl, reeking sweat and cheap perfu You discover that you have been feel crowded; that you want to kick out, can't; that you want to elbow and p and can't; that you want to swear, and doing so, only silently. At each stati with the additional load, you feel m disturbed, more apprehensive. The n comers call out your ill-will. With knowing it, you wriggle, and shove t way and that, all to no avail, except awaken the ill-will of your neighb They are too many, and alone in t crowd, you are afraid to express your openly. You think hateful things, murmur them—but get no relief.

On all sides, in all directions, you cabin'd, cribbed, confined, compressed. your impulses are blocked; and block they turn to rage, and also the rage bottled up, deepening that feeling of a iety feeding your apprehension. Your e tions become confused: rage and fear in mingle and cannot be separated from another. You are all of a tremble. Fina you reach your station. You hurry ho with quick, jerky steps. You find fa with the dinner, you slap the little b you give the little woman hell. She w ders why and you wonder why. You qu rel. Then you are awfully sorry and ma you take them to the movies to make for it. But having slapped the baby, helled its mother, you feel better. have blown off steam.

But suppose that you could not blow steam, not this day, nor any other d Suppose that nevertheless you must go travelling, as New Yorkers do in those ways of theirs, and that there is no or child, no kith or kin to take the j neys out on; nobody weaker, not even alley cat, on whom you can vent those cumulating pent-up feelings. What h pens then? Stored up in you, they becom permanent and explosive item of character; they define how you react to the world around you—on your job, at theatre, wherever you may be and w

er you may be doing. They make of you anxious, irritable, intolerant dyspeptic, odds with the universe. People begin to k of you as being rude (as New Yorkers nspicuously are), bad-tempered, a little eer, a little off. Later they begin to call u eccentric. Your posture has become ıse and you are seen talking to yourself, ıking strange pugnacious little gestures, tting your teeth, pushing, crowding, ırling and scowling. You are always ving a fight or on the verge of it.

If the metropolitan social structure did t provide innumerable outlets, by way speakeasies, prizefights, baseball games d other sinful amusements, for such pent- feelings, the condition just described ould be far more general. Even with such tlets, the people of New York show a sion, a high-pitched nervousness which ries ominous implications. . . . For the ction against crowding is not an ac- red trait of human nature, not a pecu- rity and accident of some form of ilized association. The reaction is prim- ve, instinctive, unconditional, and seems mmon to all mammals. Its opposite, the eptance of crowding, is acquired. Even d-animals react against crowding, and wding is acquiesced in, accepted, habit- only under the stress of great hunger a greater fear of the open. Pawlow aks of a reflex of freedom. He tells how ook three months of hunger and feeding break down a dog's intolerance of being ined; how the intolerance re-appeared hin six weeks when the chaining was ccompanied by food. Watson and other chologists have found that human in- ts are infallibly thrown into a rage by ding them so as to prevent movement. Out of these facts springs the notion that rty is an inalienable right. Because of n, liberties are invariably indicated by ns of prohibitions—all, prohibitions crowding. Living beings constitution- require a certain amount of room for smooth, self-initiated, self-governed vements of the organism. Room is free- n, freedom is room.

II

In a world like ours, however, room is not an inexhaustible commodity. It has a competitive value proportional to the number, the range and the variety of the interests which strive to fill it. Each imposes a limitation upon the others; each compels a mode of action or adjustment which would not otherwise ensue. When other people are near, even servants, even slaves, even the best-beloved, none of us does precisely what he feels like doing. Automatically their nearness works as a limitation. An ideal of liberty in a society, hence, would be the mutuality and equivalence of such limitations; freedom would be the equality of all men in their limitations. But our world no more enables such an equality than it provides inexhaustible room. Limitations vary in degree and scope and intensity. Who cannot point out this individual or that who is freer than his fellows? And who, as a rule, is freer than any of his fellows for any other reason than that he crowds them more effectively than they crowd him? On most levels of social life, the difference between license and liberty is simply the fact that license is the liberty which the other fellow takes. What we do ourselves is liberty; what the neighbor does is license, or, as our statutes call it, criminal anarchy.

This rule holds with ironic force in the relations between one society and another. No single person, save perhaps a unitarian god,—certainly no trinitarian one—is an individuality of, for and by himself. For practical purposes, every man is a place of overlapping and coincidence for all sorts of groups. A man is at once a son, a brother, a husband, a father, an immigrant or a native, a laborer or a capitalist, a baseball player, an Irishman, a Catholic, a plumber, a Knight of Columbus, a Republican, a Rotarian, a Bostonian, a citizen of the United States, of Massachusetts, and endlessly so forth. Every one of such expressions classifies the poor fellow by locating him in a certain group, definable by certain

ways of behaving. You do not expect a plumber to behave like an undertaker, nor a doctor like a Christian Science healer, nor a Klansman like an adult, nor a college president like a man of courage and candor, nor a trades unionist like an open-shopper. Each of these terms names a system of interests which lay claim on an individual's loyalty; and the expectation is that he will realize himself in each and all of them equally and harmoniously at the same time.

Of course this expectation is itself never realized. Not only is there crowding within the same group, there is ever more crowding among the different groups. Conflicts go on in a man's heart between his interests as a husband and a son, as a churchman and a citizen, a party-member and a patriot—endlessly. He is always more or less choosing between groups which crowd one another in him. His loyalties are by no means rigid and set. He may avoid the crowding in one group by joining another: the Catholic may turn Methodist, the plumber lawyer, the patriot internationalist, the citizen of the United States citizen of England, and the like. But except by suicide he cannot find a space empty of all groups, or escape crowding from some.

Groups may congest a culture as individuals congest a subway during the rush hour. Safeguarding our precious liberties, drawing bills of rights, are the recognition of this fact. In effect, they are a prohibition of unhealthy crowding, an endeavor after an equal distribution of social room, a sort of tenement law for the national life.

To what degree a bill of rights is effective depends in a large measure upon the intrinsic nature of the classes and groups to whose mutual relations it gives an order. Some groups are comparatively homogeneous. The forces of their cohesion operate directly on the individual from infancy. They are the attitudes of spirit, the technique and rhythm of speech and conduct which together make up the dynamics of family and nationality. They imply a c tinuous racial and religious tradition wh assimilates the newborn by an unconsci contagion, suffusing him with practica ineradicable attitudes and ideals. homogeneity of a group of this type n be so great—as until recently it was China, and until early in the Ninetee Century, among the Jews—as to be t tamount to arrested development. Gro may, on the other hand, become so he rogeneous as to have only a nominal un like any accidental crowd or mob. The gree of integration ranges all the way fr absolutism to anarchy. To be a unity, live and to grow, a group must find own optimum ratio between solidarity a diversification. Change, variety and n elty, manifoldness of contact and imp are indispensable to its power and devel ment. Growth and excellence appear require a modicum of conflict for their foldment. Crowding vitalizes where does not repress.

The recognition of this fact under the prevailing conception of sportsm ship, the ideals of fair play, the vision social justice with its various freedo and securities. When, in a country as pr perous and powerful as the United Sta this fact is forgotten or ignored by so classes or groups, a pathological state the social mind is to be inferred.

III

Inwardly, the cause of a pathological st of the social mind may be a kind of rigid due to social old age, a sort of gr arterio-sclerosis in which thought and havior are characterized by tradition wi out adaptability, and hence by anxiety the face of anything in the environm different, unaccustomed or unexpect Or the cause may be a multiplicity groups so intense in their allegiance wit and in their conflicts without as to all for only the weakest kind of unity of whole.

In either case the history of the soc

oroduces the phenomena of the journey the subway. Emotional tension appears, cumulates, and finally discharges in ıds, in gang, civil and class wars, and, the end, in revolution. Between the be-ınnings of the tension and its relaxation ere appear all the stages of class wish-inking—programmes of ameliorative re-rm, new compensating religions and ilosophies, utopian reconstructions, all rporting somehow to negate the social owding and to relax the tension. Each oup elaborates a social vision involving e subjection or nullification of the others, d a social philosophy rationalizing this. hen these fail, the tension relaxes itself breaking out as action. The group which ls too crowded declares its liberties as a stem of restraint upon those who crowd an old order is reënforced or a new one set up.

What is usually called the American volution was an event of the first type. e crowding which preceded it was ıuous and at long distance; today it is e easiest commonplace of any free policy. t, *via* the Declaration of Independence d the Bill of Rights it erected the nega-n of crowding into a principle which s used, as in the case of Joseph Dennie, crowd those who opposed it; and omas Jefferson could write amid the ıeral approval: "A little rebellion now d then is a good thing. Pray God we y never be twenty years without a re-lion." His prayer cannot be said to have en either answered or unanswered. The tion has known only one great civil war. t in the different States, apart and to-ther, there have occurred warfares of nsiderable dimensions in which crowded sses have endeavored to vindicate the nciple of the American Revolution ainst the crowding classes—religious rs, industrial conflicts, battles for perty and privilege. Nevertheless, since e Civil War there has been nothing re-mbling a rebellion. Not even the judicial rders by the Federal courts in the Hay-rket case in Chicago, which arrayed the authority of a State against the power of the nation, led to rebellion. Indeed, the Eighteenth Amendment has brought us closer to rebellion than far more serious encroachments upon the rights of the people. The essential story of American liberty is rather a story of growing civil obedience, of a nullification of rights, of a diversion of the reflex of freedom from the political field. Already before Lincoln's day Ellery Channing could say: "We have lived to hear the strange doctrine that to expose the measures of rulers is treason." And during his candidacy, the most usurping of Presidents who ever held executive power could declare: "We have forgotten the principles of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices if necessary."

Mr. Wilson was, of course, mistaken as usual. We have not forgotten; we have offset and redirected. Tyranny in industry and intolerance in religion work their easy way through corruption in politics. Liberty has ceased to matter in the United States. As the embattled farmer has been succeeded by the picketed laborer, and the great landlord or merchant by the investment banker, so liberty has been replaced by security—some say, securities—as the American ideal. The Eighteenth Amendment is an aspect of the aspiration toward security. It is a symbol of the interest in property and of the anxiety about possessions, of the fear which the employer feels toward his hands, the rich toward the poor, which the *parvenu*, the plutocrat, feels toward everybody. Liquor, which is an instrument of at least subjective liberty, is a menace to security, to profits on earth and rewards in Heaven. The Constitution that prohibits its use by amendment has become a palladium, not of liberty but of security. The duty of blind obedience to law becomes, in the mouth of the current President, the chiefest of commandments. "Loyalty to the Constitution," now a rule of security, becomes the religion of the

possessing classes. They regard this document drawn up by lawyers and merchants as members of lesser sects regard the Bible, the Book of Mormon, or "Science and Health." It is a revelation which safeguards the established order, which justifies the groups whose liberty is the more successful crowding of other groups in the possessions and privileges their anarchy has won them.

The outcry about the inviolability and the sanctity of their justification is a measure of the doubt they actually, if perhaps subconsciously, feel about it. The resistance to non-conformity, variation and novelty is a measure of the inward feeling of insecurity, of the fear and anxiety, ungrounded in social or economic actualities, from which these classes suffer: a millionaire Massachusetts ex-Governor will prosecute a pauper boy professing communism for calling him during a time of public excitement, a murderer; and a no less neurotic court will sentence the youth to a year in jail.

The social state of mind under such circumstances may be described as paranoiac. Delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution fuse in it. A person is held to be paranoiac when he regards himself as of signal power, dignity and worth and is profoundly convinced that the world is somehow conspiring to destroy that worth, dignity and power. He is especially driven by the persecution complex. In the same way groups, classes, societies, manifest paranoia. Before the war, the ruling classes of Germany enjoyed a considerable degree of this excitement. Jews as a nationality show on occasion more than a trace of it, and the privileged classes of the United States have hardly recovered from the violent phase which came on with the war. "Privileged" describes equally poor Southern whites keeping Negroes under, and richer Northern ones enjoying the advantages of "nativity" and wealth. The Ku Klux Klan and the "American" plan of anti-union organizations are alike instances of it.

IV

Among the local manifestations of t
state of mind—which has a range fr
Maine to California and from the Canad
border to the Gulf of Mexico—one of
most persistent and interesting is that
Massachusetts. It has been argued th
there is an ancestral taint in her nat
sons, whose sign and index is the New E
land conscience; that Puritanism, with
doctrine of divine election, with its repr
sions, intolerances and witch-burnings,
a syndrome of pathological rages and
prehensions, without a ground in the ac
alities of existence. That may or may
be so, but it doesn't matter. For the Mas
chusetts which signifies in the making
the United States was not Puritan but po
Puritan. It was, if you prefer, a Massach
setts which had been sick and had beco
well again—the Massachusetts of Ben
min Franklin and the Adamses, of
Boston Tea Party and the Abolition Mo
ment, of Unitarianism and free public e
cation. The capital of this Massachuse
used to be called the Athens of Ameri
It was the Massachusetts of the period
tween 1830 and 1900, of the period wh
very little that was spiritually signific
in the national life failed to have its st
ing-point or its development and caree
Massachusetts. Emerson, Longfellow
Lowell, Theodore Parker and Channi
Thoreau and Howells and Hawthorne w
Massachusetts men. The New Engl
School was a Massachusetts flowering.

The fertile soil of this flowering
first shipping and overseas trade, a co
merce that reached to the far ends of
world; then the textile and the shoe
dustries, with their factory developm
in such towns as Lawrence and Lowell
New Bedford, Braintree and Brockton
Haverhill; then interest and rents fr
capital investment in the exploitation
the West, of its railroads and copper
coal and iron mines. Income from th
sources enabled, between 1840 and 190
wide and spirited contact with the

es of the whole world. The arts of China
l Japan, German philosophy, the litera-
e of the Latins, the tastes of the British,
re spread upon the intellectual tables of
ssachusetts. Life took on a spaciousness,
olerance, an ease that manifested them-
ves in a humanitarianism which made
ssachusetts famous among the States.
ntemporary sentimentalists refer to the
iod as the Golden Day.

But by 1900 the Golden Day had dimmed
a somehow ominous red nightfall. There
re signs—Barrett Wendell's "Literary
tory of America" was an outstanding
—that in Massachusetts the forward
k had been replaced by retrospect, an-
pation by regret, the creative imagina-
n by scholastic reflection. Boston, once
centre of intellectual activity, had be-
ne a seat of regretful recollection. Her
rary and artistic life had changed from
eager making of the future to a genteel
ling over of the past and a far from
teel anxiety about the present.

The causes of this change were many,
not a few are continuing. Some of them
in the abandoned farms of New Eng-
l, with their testimony to the decay of
economy of the independent farmer and
urban wage-worker before the lure of
western frontier. One was the tendency
the sons of investors to follow their
ers' investments as the flag follows the
ar and the Bible. The West draws away
y of the unpossessing native-born. The
es of the farm cease to be done by the
d girl who is the neighbor's daughter
the farm hand who is the neighbor's
both the master's peers, children at
able; the drudgery of the factory ceases
e done by the farm women of the
ntry round. A caste of hewers of wood
drawers of water of another race and
n take up their lives in Massachusetts.
y are Irish Roman Catholics. Distrusted
often persecuted for their faith—the
Puritan breaking out—they are wel-
ed for their meniality. Boston's shanty
n were to the Boston of a generation
objects at once of contempt and pity.

Miserable in Ireland, the Irish naturally brought the habits of their misery to Massachusetts. Homeborn misery was a shining prosperity beside that imported kind. The latter gave the natives, particularly the employing natives, a fine chance to practice charity and formal loving kindness, and so to feel superior. This sentiment helped to redress the balance against "that certain condescension in foreigners" under which the native feeling of inferiority chafed. Charity, generosity, even of the "scientific" type, are widespread modes of social self-assurance; they reënforce the givers' own sense of self-sufficiency; they perpetuate the takers' dependence, putting them under obligation and keeping them inferior. . . .

The immigrant population did not, however, submit entirely to this inferiority. As it grew in numbers, it grew in political power. The Catholic Irish were reënforced by Catholic French-Canadians and by Catholic Italians and Poles and Lithuanians. They spread in and around Boston, down into the mill towns. They took up abandoned farms and made a living where the Yankee native no longer could. Very soon politicians became cognizant of a Catholic vote, and a Catholic political power to which they naturally deferred, and whose leaders they were forced to recognize. Neither in the municipal councils nor in the State Legislature did the Yankee any longer have a free hand. In politics he was being crowded, and by "aliens." He got what he wanted, but no longer freely. He had to pay—and to "aliens."

The immigrants at the same time ceased to stay content as a caste of unskilled and menial workers. Municipal day laborers, street cleaners, policemen and clerks became municipal contractors, builders and engineers. The daughters of cooks and maids and charwomen became nurses, store clerks, stenographers and schoolmarms. Their sons became aldermen and priests, Congressmen and merchants, lawyers and doctors and bankers. Meetings which had begun as contacts between magnanimous

masters and grateful servants became confrontations of competitors. Their sign and portent was especially the multiplication of churches, whose size and decorations outdid anything the Congregational and Unitarian meeting-houses and even the Episcopalian cathedrals could boast of.

V

Not even the kindest and most democratic will can welcome freely and endure easily the transformation of an accepted inferiority into a claim to equality, and into a competitive claim at that. And native Massachusetts, especially native Boston, was far from the superlative of kindness and democracy. In all directions it felt itself crowded. It found itself compelled to give way, in politics, in business, in the public school system. It became embittered, suspicious and anxious.

Fear replaced courage in business. Corruption dislodged what remained of candor in politics. Deep in the post-Puritan heart, to hold undiminished what was at hand became more necessary than to seek new gains. Newspapers began to print advertisements: "Protestants only." Repeating old mistakes got preference over making new experiments. Thus the automotive industry, which might have developed in New England, was forced to seek, and found, a centre westward; the looting of the New Haven Railroad became a financial classic; the deterioration of the local textile and boot and shoe industries, is something the Bay State chambers of commerce still yawp over.

The whole picture today is one of economic stagnation turning toward decay. Of course scapegoats are sought for it; some blame freight discriminations against New England; others inadequate advertising and the like. But these are mere rationalizations. The fundamental fact is a certain failure of nerve under the impact of squatter crowding—a panicky defensive, as contrasted with a confident progressive, posture of the mind in a roomy field.

This can be seen even more clearly fashionable society. Here the self-exa of low degree cannot reach. Statutes require Harvard College to celebrate annual commencement in the presenc a Roman Catholic mayor or even Gover Policy, with an eye on taxation, may hibit the publication, in the Harv catalogue, of the terms of the Dudl bequest for a series of lectures, of wh the third is to be "for the detecting conviction and exposing the idolatry the Romish Church, their tyranny, usu tions, damnable heresies, fatal err abominable superstitions, and other cry wickednesses in their high places: finally that the Church of Rome is t mystical Babylon, that man of sin, t apostate church, spoken of in the N Testament." But nothing can con Colonial Dames or Daughters of the Am ican Revolution to meet scions of A. O. H. at hops and teas—unless they *monsignori* or titled travellers just o Social snobbery was sharpened in the gree that political and economic bars w forced down. Its contagion to other fi spread most effectively in the colleges, they are, in the current American ec omy, fashionable by first intent and e cational only incidentally.

To these snobberies, born of anxiety fear, the parvenu competitors replied w a counter snobbery. They belittled things they were excluded from. So l as a quarter of a century ago Harva one great president, Charles William El observed that Massachusetts was a Ro Catholic Commonwealth. And Bost with its children of Covenanters f Beacon Hill all the way to Brookline, with its Irish Catholics in South Bos and Dorchester and Roxbury, and all t this implies, is, he might have added, Ulster in this commonwealth. Significan the political lines and the sectarian d do not coincide. Although the local C dinal is a Republican, the Irish Catho of Boston are Democrats. The Catholic other origins through the rest of the S

Republican when a Catholic is not a idate for office on the other ticket. Republican or Democrat, the Catholics ne whole State met, as was natural, bery with snobbery. They built their colleges, and nothing gave them er satisfaction than to get a football e with Harvard and win it. They mul- ed parochial schools, and every so demand a portion of the public school s for their upkeep. To offset the Y. M. .'s, they set up Young Men's Catholic ciations. To meet the challenge of raternal orders they set up the Knights olumbus. To establish, if not their iority, at least their equality to the ring of the American Revolution (both), and to the Colonial Dames (one they sought, and secured, in ever- ing numbers, papal orders and papal , setting up a theocratic aristocracy heir own. Cardinal O'Connell, the wealthy prince of the Church and nent of the child labor amendment, is the head of Massachusetts Catholi, is said to hold that in Massachusetts Church takes precedence of the State, o have insisted on sitting above the ernor at public functions where both resent.

ainst this growing Catholic system Protestant order was crowded into a able Ulster, anxious, wary, harsh, un- y, louder and louder in its claims on iority and excellence, weaker and er in its ability to make them good; ituting more and more deviousness courage, repression for fair fight, logy for achievement.

on the progressive anxiety neurosis h characterized the mind of Massa- tts between 1900 and 1917 came the ct of the Great War. Between 1914 917 the social conflict fell into new The Irish, passionate Hibernian na- lists, were against the British and for an independent Ireland; the post- ans were of course, pro-British to the owager. Both, thus, could be all the anti-one-another. With Mr. Wilson's going over to the Allies, however, this intensified antagonism was driven underground. Its symbolic objects became, in successive ever-widening circles, the Germans, the Russians, the radicals, all aliens and immigrants. Emotion broke into dramatic action at two critical points. One was the Boston police strike. In this, an Irish Catholic police force appointed and paid by the city came into conflict with a Yankee Protestant commissioner, appointed and paid by the State, much to Mr. Calvin Coolidge's subsequent advantage. The other was the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In this, freethinking immigrant radicals of Catholic origin became the victims of a gigantic persecution complex involving in its prejudices and indecencies not only the Tory machinery of Massachusetts justice, but the presidents of Harvard College and of the M. I. T. and the whilom Governor of the State.

A lesser peak was the anti-Jewish movement in Harvard College, initiated by the authorities. Another was the cabal of blackmail and political corruption involving Daniel Coakley, a politician of influence, and Pelletier, the district attorney of Suffolk county, a veritable prince of Catholic society. This cabal worked by compromising men of family and collecting fees for silence; it came into the public eye when it entangled motion-picture magnates: the attorney general who prosecuted it received an honorary degree from Harvard, being characterized by Mr. Lowell as "our Hercules who cleaned out the Augean stables." To offset this victory of post-Puritanism were the Ponzi affair, the corruption of Mr. Tufts, district attorney for the neighboring county of Middlesex, and the corruption of Mr. Reading, attorney general for Massachusetts. A gayer item is the picture of Alvan T. Fuller, who has motored to his immortality upon his rôle in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, being sued for libel by his opponent in his first campaign for Governor, being found guilty and condemned to pay damages of one dollar, and then in his turn suing a boy

radical of alien origin who called him a murderer, and getting Massachusetts justice for himself in the shape of a sentence of one year in jail for the youth. A hardly less brilliant one is the picture of the Massachusetts Legislature twice ignoring the recommendation of its own judicial council to so revise judicial procedure that the higher courts could review every action of the lower. To adopt this recommendation would reflect on Webster Thayer. . . . In a word, the ten years since the end of the Great War exhibit an unequalled disintegration of the legal, the industrial, and the social morality of the State.

VI

The compensation for this demoralization of conduct is automatically a concentration upon principle. What can be done must not be said or written. If it is written, it may not be read. Human nature is weak, especially in Massachusetts, and who knows to what crimes and laxnesses it might not be induced to by what it reads in books—except the Bible—and by what it sees on the stage and in the motion-pictures? For years the Puritan conscience and the fears of the upper classes kept guard against the contagion of ideas through the instrumentality of the precious Watch and Ward Society, which counts members of the Harvard faculty as well as uneducated clergymen among its supporters. For years there existed, parallel to its censorship, a Catholic censorship which succeeded in keeping out of the public libraries books on the Inquisition and others uncomplimentary to the cult. As the cult grew richer and more powerful, it grew bolder, and the range of censorship wider. Fighting for its monopoly upon the minds and emotions of its adherents, it found in censorship a basis for harmony and coöperation with what survived of Puritanism.

Though this remark sounds like a paradox, it is none. Roman Catholicism is perhaps the most powerful Puritanic single force in the United States today. It c
by its Puritanism honestly. Thinkin
Catholicism, we think of the ostens
immutable "deposit of faith" of the
man Church, of its institutional age,
its enduring power. We cannot remer
what a difference time and place and
cumstance make, what a profound di
ence the American scene. Americanism
heresy condemned in the encyclical
cendi Gregis, but persisting and grov
none the less. Its latest accretion i
Smith's assertion, unchallenged by a si
Catholic in the country, of the com
separation of Church and State. The P
it is true, has made the remarks of the
perious Mussolini an occasion to reject
heresy, but that is an irrelevancy.

Independently of the Americanist
tagion, American Catholicism comes
estly by its Puritanism. It is Puritan
its beginnings. For there are two typ
Catholicism. One is of the essence o
Catholicism which prevailed prior to
Protestant Reformation. This kind
vives in no small degree in Italy, in S
in Bavaria and in France. Although
not as humane as it used to be, it has
nothing of that urbane and worldly
acceptance of the human weakness wh
the chief prop of ecclesiastical power
other type of Catholicism is the Cat
cism of the counter-Reformation. Thi
purged and puritanized Catholicism, w
takes sin almost as seriously as the
vinists and lives for salvation as asceti
Its priesthood is more completely sepa
and more professional than the Calv
You find that kind of Catholicism a
the Poles, and you find it among the
Both the Irish and the Poles were su
nationalities, political inferiors to v
nationalism was a compensatory visi
which religion played a predominant
accentuated by oppression.

Now, the institutional upkeep o
tholicism rests on the notion that li
yond this world is something far
important and far more precious tha
in this world, that it matters far, far

you live when you are dead than how live while you are alive. Your be- or in the flesh must hence be such as ssure you a desirable life out of it: for *facto* neither Purgatory nor Hell is de- le. The ecclesiastical hierarchy are professional keepers, interpreters and inistrators of the "deposit of faith," revealed rule of life and belief which, uted, must lead straight to the man- in the sky. This deposit is uniquely and its professional keepers and in- eters are infallible. They speak as ng authority on all matters of moral- nd doctrine. What they condemn is what they approve is good. Their ment falls on items ranging from rela- y in physics to fashions in female gar- s, but the items they appear to stress chiefly sexual. Vocationally com- ed to the repression of sex in them- s, they speak with greatest authority he human relations founded in sex- y. Their habit is to forbid the reading hat is opposed to their teaching.

us it comes about that through the ence of puritanical Catholicism upon urviving Puritanism of the Massachu- tradition, Boston maintains an *Index rgatorius* which has made it the laugh- stock of the civilized world. The al Irish-Catholic censor of plays, the ct attorney's office and the municipal e add the weight of civil authority to rivate efforts of the Watch and Ward ty, and have the unofficial intent of Church behind them. Works by such rs as Bertrand Russell, Sherwood rson, Theodore Dreiser, H. G. Wells inclair Lewis cannot be sold in Bos- A play such as Maxwell Anderson's of the Lightnings" could not be ced because, being based on the -Vanzetti case, it was guilty both of *ajestatis* and blasphemy. A poor play Michael Gold's "Fiesta," dealing a Catholic community in Mexico, with all the correct academic sanc- by the Harvard Dramatic Society, orbidden in Boston and its production in Cambridge was suppressed by the police. Poor President Lowell was much disturbed that Harvard men could even attempt such a production. The censor was bombarded with anonymous letters denouncing it. The dramatic critic of the Boston *Transcript* received inquiries asking whether "Fiesta" attacked the Constitution of the United States. And one embattled lady-errant wrote to the *Transcript* that the "real motives" of such a person as the author were "propaganda for communism and atheism, . . . wrecking Christian civilization."

A recent symptom is the resurrection and revamping of the blasphemy law of 1637. When in August 1928, I said at the first Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting that if those men were anarchists, then Jesus Christ was an anarchist, a warrant was issued to arrest me for blasphemy. The consequent publicity compelled the withdrawing of the warrant. Anthony Bimba, on the other hand, a year before, was charged with blasphemy in Brockton and found guilty of sedition, with which he was not charged. While his case was pending Mayor Nichols of Boston would permit no protest meetings or collections on his behalf. Poor Bimba lacked my advantages!

VII

Such is the clinical history of Massachusetts. If it does not set forth the stigmata of a paranoiac condition, then no social group can be paranoiac. Here are the delusions of grandeur, the delusions of persecution, economic, social, political, and a consequent homicidal attitude toward men and ideas, expressed especially in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the revival of the blasphemy law, the range and virulence of the censorship.

The root of this condition is a profound and silent conflict in the inner nature and outer character of the Commonwealth. It is the crowding and the repression of old privilege by old inferiority come to new power. It is the refusal of both openly to acknowledge that the conflict exists and

to bring it into the open. It is the lack of will to integrate and coördinate the conflicting interests on the level of social realism. Such an integration would be freedom. But Massachusetts, torn between a formerly repressed cult now emboldened by plenty and power, and a privileged aristocracy reduced to nervous anxiety about its status, prefers to live in fear and to project its fears upon men and letters of liberal spirit and progressive ideals.

Only the other day there appeared new manifestations of the sickness of Massachusetts which should be added to the record. One set bears upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This atrocity, the beneficiaries and defenders of Massachusetts justice insist, must and shall be forgotten. They can endure to face it so little that their behavior makes a *prima facie* exhibition of what is known, in the words of that so righteous and honorable judge, Webster Thayer, as "consciousness of guilt." Thus, first of all, they prevented the Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee from holding the second annual memorial meeting in Boston.

The committee could not secure a hall. Public officials would not allow Faneuil Hall to be used for such a purpose; the trustees of the Old South Meeting House were equally averse to having that forum of freedom desecrated by an exercise of free speech. Owners of commercial halls were frank to say that they did not dare hire their halls to the committee because they knew that they would be hounded by the municipal authorities afterward. An appeal, through paid advertisements in the daily press, met with no response. One paper, the Boston *Globe*, refused to print the advertisement.

The memorial meeting thus had to be held in the Town Hall, New York City. But in Boston the repression did not fail to bring exactly the consequences it was designed to prevent. Announcement was made that tribute would be paid to the memories of Sacco and Vanzetti on the Common, Sunday, August 25. The police declared they would break up any mee at which Sacco and Vanzetti shoul mentioned. They appeared, one hun strong, headed by that prince of Bo intellectuals, Superintendent Michae Crowley. He took away the permits the speakers and then arrested them speaking without a permit. The re Boston papers carried the names of S and Vanzetti on the front page again, the press of the world rang anew with shame of Massachusetts.

Another set of manifestations bears that deep-lying conflict of which the Sa Vanzetti case is one symptom: the co between rising Catholic and slipping tan power. What started the hopeful pus was the charge, made by a whol druggist prominent in Republican poli that the Republicans had lost Massa setts to Al Smith because of the injec of the religious issue. This was tantam to a charge of blasphemy against or the most vicious and corrupting lies o public life, the lie of the separatio church and state, of the banishmen religion from politics and politics religion. It made Mr. James M. Cu eminent in the Catholic aristocrac Massachusetts, very, very angry. He manded specifications.

Whereupon the tactics and camp methods of the identical James M. C were specified. To which Mr. Curley lowing the new classic tradition of Jo Warner and Alvan T. Fuller, has respo with a threat to sue for criminal libe I write these lines, there is a prospect when the Grand Jury meets the real ca of the sickness of Massachusetts may b to be laid bare to the cleansing open That it is a hopeful prospect I canno lieve. The appearance *must* be kept up pretense of social peace, intellectual t ance and political parity between one the other will not yet be relinquis They will continue for many years to to make freedom of thought and idea of character the victims of their hatre each other.

JEFFERSON: NEW STYLE

BY JOHN DONALD WADE

Tom Watson's people were midde class farmers. Once Quakers but finally Baptists, they moved to Georgia ut 1750, after living for a while in nsylvania and North Carolina.

e was born in a proper time for the l War to do its work for him. It shat- d and impoverished the social system was part of, and killed this one and t one of his relatives. His father, nded twice in body, suffered in spirit ething little short of annihilation. He his newly bepillared house, and gave his hereditary will to plant things for joy of his progeny—apple and grape quince. Thenceforth, he would plant what he could sell. Then he left his , opened a restaurant, gambled, and ed himself as steady dupe for all pers.

is father young Tom thought was one void—but his mother was adorable. vas at school, and he was taking music ns. There were books for him to read; e was a fiddle for him to play, and an ning knife for the menacing of objec- able school-mates. For the rest, he ac- ed freckles to match his hair, walked is sleep, and developed an enduring t of keeping journals. Soon it was time im to go away to college, so that he nt the better advance himself in the d, and to a Baptist college so that his ner might be the better assured of his nce in worlds more considerable.

s time at Mercer University went ly in prodigious reading, and in debate declamation and dispute. But he could rgue away his poverty. People recog- him for a man of promise, but the recognition could not be drawn upon at any bank. It was soon plain that the poor pay he had for a Summer's teaching, augmented by the sale of his sister's gold watch and his grandfather's silver cup and his own books (value: six dollars), would not hold out further than his second year.

The sober fact was that he had to go to work, and in the Georgia of 1874 there was not much work to be had. He looked about here and there, vainly, and at last journeyed to a convention of rural Baptists, hoping that some deacon there, perhaps, would point him jobward. But the deacons' counsel was mainly celestial, and the boon he craved was immediate. Desperate, he went to a place near a little town named Sylvania, and there, after much canvassing, set up a school with himself as master.

It was a wretched land and it had brought to the ruin of the Civil War a population already ground under by economic shifts. The people had found a philosophy for their necessities. They were kindly, loyal, and in their way aspiring; and Watson's association with them taught him that they were worthy. He was a passionate soul, and he resolved then that something must be done to relieve the abuses they were subjected to.

But school teaching and altruistic impulse did not wholly engross him. He studied law, entertained himself desultorily with a Sylvanian nymph or so, wrote poetry, and played busily on his fiddle. Soon he was an out-and-out lawyer. Living with a former school-mate of his who was a candidate for the ministry, he considered applying for a temperance lectureship, but

ended, teetotaling satyr that he was, by acquiring a reputation for immorality.

In November, 1876, he went back to live in Thomson, Ga., where he had been born in 1856. The town itself had changed little since his childhood, but in the State at large much was happening—particularly the movement for the organization of farmers—to give a young lawyer something to think about. As yet Watson thought chiefly of himself. He inaugurated what was to become an extremely successful law practice, married the foster daughter of a seldom-do-well doctor, and assumed more and more, as time went on, the support of any of his relatives, or his relatives' relatives, who found their own support more than they could manage.

Above all, he was pointedly concerned to have it known that he could not be imposed upon. The boy who toted a knife was the father of a man who toted pistols, one of which he at length used to shoot a rival barrister. The victim, Watson said, was trying to destroy him, and he retaliated by wounding him in the hand. To the satisfaction of both prosecutor and defendant, an accommodating judge arranged to have the case dropped.

Then arose a circumstance nobody had anticipated. The farmers of the community muttered that such a shooting match among farmers would never have been silenced so easily. Soon afterward the accommodating judge came up for reëlection by the Legislature. Watson himself, running for that body, was opposed by an acknowledged partisan of the judge. If he would only declare against the judge, he could command almost the entire vote of the farmers. But that declaration against a man who had so recently befriended him was a little more than he could achieve. So he said that he was not against his benefactor at all, but promised that if elected he would exert his influence in the matter of the judgeship, precisely as directed by his constituents.

Another phase of his candidacy had to do with his winning the support of the Negroes. Hard put by his opponent, also sought this prize, he so far commi himself as to be generally, if falsely, cused of having compromised with publicanism.

Already master of an exceedingly tical brand of politics, he won the rac a satisfactory margin. And he took him two things that lasted. One w definite respect for the political powe organized farmers, and the other, a rep tion of being ready for his own end endanger the sacred Democratic unanim

II

In the Legislature he exerted himself effectually, it proved, in the interes temperance, tenant farmers, tenanted victs, and Confederate veterans. The erans had already the blanket righ peddle anything whatever, but they co tuted a formidable political group, an thought they should have specific granted to them the right to peddle ing-machines.

During the session he worked to that body elect to the United States Se J. C. C. Black, a resident of Augusta, metropolis of his congressional dist and incidentally one of the lawyers had volunteered to defend him whe was arraigned for shooting. Black's o nent was thought of as a kind of sec degree renegade. As Governor, he granted high political favor to a Geor who was believed to have sold out to Yankees. But for all Black's being id fied with the Old Order, and for all son's likening him to the "redoubtable chivalrous Henry of Navarre," he wa feated. He could not prevail against magnanimous—or submissive—progra of Henry Grady, which demanded tha bloody shirts be put under ground wi much speed as was consistent with p ceremony.

Between Watson and Grady perso there was no bloody shirt whatever. lowing Black's defeat, they celebrat

dy's house, with several other gentle-
, the victory of Grady's candidate. It
a mighty meeting. There was much
and much drink. Grady graced it all
his customary all-enveloping genial-
, and Watson, responding with a pro-
ed playing of his fiddle, was awarded,
gift for his wife, the lovely table dec-
ion, a violin made of tuberoses.

here was no doubt by now that he was
n to be reckoned with. He was dimin-
e and scrawny, and his voice was often
nctly treble, but all this, he knew,
hed little against him in a State that
lately deified the shrill dwarf, Alex
hens. Speaking, he was irresistible,
ging his audiences delightedly down
dizzy transitions he made from im-
able illusion, to stories of a man who
d smell the gravy and know the sex
he hog—and then back up again to
t seemed the final citadel of erudition.
he day his plea might be for temper-
; the next for the acquittal of a crony
had regrettably shot down and killed
n; the next, before his *alma mater*, for a
al of the ancient faith which had
acterized Southern youth before they
ed up smeared with cynicism. There
a plea to be made also for Grover
eland, and one for a low tariff, and
and again and again a plea for the
ncement of Tom Watson, who would
et himself be imposed upon.

t he was inescapably a Southerner,
by all his associations, a farmer, and
Southerners and farmers were imposed
. And he was also a father who had
robbed lately of a child whom death
in spite of all his weapons and all
antic bribes. Fathers, also, it seemed,
imposed upon—by Someone whose
ity he could never be quite sure about.
ly some Power not to be held friendly,
wer whom thinking of somehow set
ch in one's trigger-finger. It was not,
ntly, the Person so extravagantly es-
ed by churchmen. But who that Per-
night be was also a mystery—appar-
quite beyond pistol-reach.

Other enemies were more tangible. The same North which oppressed the South was identical with the industrialism which oppressed the farmer. The West, daily more powerful, was, as fate had it, as much the natural enemy of industrialism as ever the South was. He burned to effect a treaty between those sections against their common tyrant. The defunct Granger movement, reborn as the Farmers' Alliance, had already done something toward accomplishing that purpose. Even in Georgia politics, complicated by racial and sectional animosities, it had shown itself potent.

The specific move for him individually to make was to go to Congress. The expedient thing for him to do in order to be elected was to affiliate himself, locally, with the cause which he wished truly, in his heart, to see triumph nationally. His campaign, then, was made in all sincerity, and with no touch of personal antagonism for his rival. He was hardly arrayed *against* anybody. The negative aspects of his outlook yielded to his advocacy of principles historically associated with agrarian interests. Everything, in his mind, went down before that advocacy, including the sacred Democratic unanimity. After all, he told the Georgia Legislature in the Summer of 1891, he would give a prize to anybody who could point to any real distinction between orthodox Democrats and orthodox Republicans. For his part, he was a Democrat still, but a Farmers' Alliance man in addition. He was running, in short, it seemed to stanch party men, with the hare and the hounds. They lost no time in declaring him fraudulent.

But he was elected in spite of them. The Farmers' Alliance had already named a Governor, and in the Fall of 1891 Watson established in Atlanta the *People's Party Paper*, a weekly calculated for the needs of his rural followers.

In Congress he worked valiantly, and actually accomplished the legislation which established the rural free delivery of mail. The House, largely untrustworthy, he announced, and too frequently drunk (a

charge not sustained), could never, he told his fellow members, make him into a scapegoat. He wanted them to understand that never while he lived would he, a Georgian, be bulldozed by any representative from New York, nor forget the usages which had immemorially obtained among gentlemen.

All of that undeniably sounded grand in Georgia ears, but it could not placate the Democratic organization for his acknowledgedly writing propaganda for another organization than their own. The author of the People's Party Campaign Book, 1892, seemed to all good Democrats to be imperatively in need of extermination.

They gerrymandered his district, summoned J. C. C. Black, the redoubtable and chivalrous, to run against him, and at length defeated him, after a campaign of unprecedented tumultuousness, marked most memorably by Watson's protecting against a mob one of his Negro wardheelers, and by the bright voice of Watson's lady supporters, piping, to the tune of "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Young Wife's Song," lately composed by their most versatile captain—in a mood more fiscal than connubial. Watson held always, with a force that time promises to accentuate, that the election was unfairly manœuvred against him. He remained, however, in politics, issuing a daily paper in supplement to his already existing weekly, appealing to Methodist cohesiveness in behalf of one of his candidates, and stumping all Georgia as a sort of messiah of Populism, more Luther, he told himself—and thanked God—than Erasmus.

He ran again for Congress in 1894, and was again defeated—again, he said, dishonestly. But a run-over election held soon afterward, on his demand, gave the same result.

In 1896, against his will, he was the Populist candidate for Vice-President of the United States on a ticket headed by Bryan of the Democratic ticket, but substituting Watson for Bryan's Democratic runningmate. This candidacy involved arduous campaigning in many parts of the cou and when it failed Watson apparently stock of himself and decided to aba Luther a while, and try Erasmus, to little less Jackson and a little more Jeffe

He retired from public life and sanctuary in his home in Thomson. T using as a nucleus a "Story of Fra which had appeared first in his weekl determined to write a more volum story which should make evident for e one the force of his doctrines. This v running well over 2000 pages, was lished by the Macmillans, after much had been deleted as too radical, in 18 was received with great favor in Euro well as America, and it holds some force to this day.

III

While he was writing it, he set hi to do next a popular history of the U States, and after that perhaps a life o but the wide endorsement of the "Fra influenced him to undertake a life of N leon. This work, running over 700 p appeared in 1902. The product of a s what slackened exhaustiveness of pre tion, it was nevertheless a commen piece of work.

"The Life and Times of Thomas J son" (1903) and "Bethany" (1904), timental, structureless novel of Civil Georgia, deal with subjects nearer author than ever Corsica was, or Rh They exhibit an author immeasurabl detached than the author of the "Fra and less able to put down his old iras ness, which too often, in Thomson the Augusta Fair, armed itself, and menacing.

In 1904, the Populists made him candidate for the Presidency. Watson self had advocated Hearst for that but he accepted the nomination and ducted a vigorous and able campaign

During the Summer he went to York upon the summons of Arthur bane, who wished him to become a

for the Hearst papers. The proposal ehow did not suit him, but the trip lted in his meeting the promoter of magazines, the *Smart Set* and *Town cs*, and in his determination to edit a York magazine himself. This publica-, a monthly, *Tom Watson's Magazine*, rom March, 1905, to September, 1906. a while Watson himself lived in New k, but soon, in consideration of "his ests and local attachments," he went to Thomson. From that fastness he inued to edit the magazine, assisted by ditorial board, among whom was his ty-four year old son. Maxim Gorky, odore Dreiser and Edgar Lee Masters among his contributors. He himself, le his regular editorials, began in the number his "Life and Times of An-Jackson," a work more irascible than Jefferson" by as much as his house in nson, "Hickory Hill," followed the pousness of "The Hermitage" more the dignity of "Monticello."

on he decided that in connection with New York magazine he had been taken a promoter whom he should have gnized from the first as a Yankee per. The breaking off of their relation-accompanied by a profuse crackling ncriminatory sparks on both sides, ld never, he determined, deprive him s pulpit as editor. The *People's Party* had been abandoned since about 1900. t was necessary to begin anew. The *sonian*, a weekly published first in sta and later in Atlanta, appeared in per, 1906, and *Watson's Jeffersonian zine*, a monthly published in Atlanta, red in January, 1907. The editor him-emained at his home in Thomson.

was in connection with this absentee rship that he formed a relation with xecutive lieutenant, Mrs. Lytle. An ached woman some ten years his r, her physical massiveness and her ssively capable mind put her in pointed ast to the demure frailness of Mrs. on. That lady, now that she was no r bearing children, had subsided into the position of a revered wraith, highly useful as an object of romantic allusion in his speeches, and as one to frighten away from his window the birds that distracted him at his writing.

Under Mrs. Lytle's régime the entire publishing activities of her master were transferred to Thomson. She too moved down as part of the equipment, first to a residence near the master's, and soon—past the concrete fountains reminiscent of Versailles—into the elysium of "Hickory Hill" itself. Watson's publications were rarely carried on by sufficiently business-like methods. If money due was collected, and if a proper amount of advertising was secured, it was Mrs. Lytle who was to thank. Her uses to him became yearly more indispensable, and personal. When he died, it was she and not Mrs. Watson who attended him, and he made provision for her support.

She could talk in such a fashion as not to set men snoring when they came down from Atlanta to "Hickory Hill" to learn from the sage who ruled it the things they must do if they really wished to be Governor. She knew also, consummately well, how to mix the drinks which the sage found more and more necessary for his happiness and the happiness of his guests.

In the Fall of 1904 Watson officially started his campaign for the disfranchisement of the Negro, to the end, he said, that white voters, freed of a Negro balance of power, might safely exercise individual independence in their politics. When Hoke Smith, aspiring for the governorship, endorsed this programme, he gained Watson's vigorous support. Elected, Smith brought about the promised change, as well as a regulation of both railways and liquor, by measures Watson had long advocated. The two of them were then for a long time hand in glove. But finally, because Smith would not, out of friendship for him, commute the sentence of a criminal whom he had unsuccessfully defended, Watson turned violently against him. His desertion of Smith, he maintained, could

not be explained on such a basis. But the conviction that it was mainly personal was not diminished when in Smith's campaign to succeed himself, he was defeated, largely through Watson's efforts, by a politician whose philosophy was vastly more remote from Watson's than Smith's was.

Again the Populist candidate for President in 1908, he had brought home to him a knowledge that the party was moribund —that its one-time members had repudiated the only agency likely to offer them relief. What served as an even more damaging commentary upon the wisdom of his followers was his delivery of their vote, in the recent Governor's race in Georgia, to a man whom he instinctively believed a Tory. The exigencies of politics could scarcely have held up before him a more nauseous irony. The whole world, he concluded, and publicly advised, often and fervidly, was plunging hell-ward.

And as with the other angels he went hurtling headlong to perdition, he could think of no occupation possible under the circumstances better than that of pinching and tweaking the most refulgent of his fellows—they, it seemed to him, had evidently in the past been most predatory. These galling inflictions he brought about chiefly through his weekly newspaper, which had largely superseded his monthly. Among the brightest of these spirits, doomed with him, were various ecclesiastics, particularly Catholics, and those Protestants who busied themselves with foreign missions. He would not give any of those brethren any rest. His Catholic animosities, indeed, soon blazed into an obsession, the prosecution of which cost him, before all was done, some $200,000. Tried for alleged indecency in his lampoons against Holy Church, he was acquitted. Upon being threatened with a change of venue to some place out of Georgia, he sent word succinctly to the authorities in Washington that he would await upon his doorstep, with pistols, any extraditionary officer sent for him.

He also swept violently into a celebrated law case of 1913–15. A Jew convict murder in the Georgia courts was aided in his efforts for a reversal of ve by some rich Jews resident in New The circumstance seemed to Watson another instance of Yankee intrusion Southern affairs, and he was furious. he not often warned those Philistines he would brook no impertinence them? The fact that a fusillade agains Yankees in the affair would inescap set loose an unreasoning racial hatred that it would in great likelihood resu a violation of Georgia sovereignty g than any Yankee violation, did not him. He took that risk unblenchingly the hatred he released, along with a hemp rope, did the rest. And he lo upon his work and—for all he ever to the contrary—found it good.

Anybody who opposed his undertak especially any Georgian, brought dow himself a swirling cyclone of denuncia made up not only of what Watson tho of him, but of any damaging rumor son had heard of him—from a friend had it for his part also from a friend, had it, if one's recollection could be tru from a Tennessee lady visiting frien his last Summer. One most flagrant of this sort was publicly exposed b opponent of Watson's in Atlanta. Watson's followers felt, with him, th was always in danger of being persec and the net result of such episodes wa a remitted loyalty for their chief but a tensified dislike for his foes.

Except among these followers, w virtues, however numerous, were be contest homely, the world everywher less and less to his desire. The electi Wilson to the Presidency was espec bitter to him. The man seemed to clearly a traitor to the South—as he repeatedly pointed out on many o pages while Wilson was still at Princ For the South to endorse Wilson rather than its sons who had proved f ful, was quite unthinkable.

Then the War came—a bad war, he w

ır—and did swear; and then the draft —a bad law, an indefensible law, he ld swear—and did. And that, for a , was the end of all his testifying. His r was quashed, and the fact that he inued publishing indirectly was small fort to him. It was as if he had been culated.

IV

vas racked by asthma. In the Summer 917 his daughter died; and in the ıg of 1918 his son, his sole remaining l, slipped actually from his arms, be- l life, with dazing unexpectedness. the dark world which was left had ly topping it, the one man whom he ıed most unreservedly. Torpor seemed ınly thing left for him.

e had come, he said, to the end, and as a sorry mess of mockery that was ed to one who had set out from a ist college with such lofty notions. ınd any question he had sincerely ed for his farmers everywhere, and is South, and particularly for Georgia. ıat was why long ago he had opposed y Grady's man for the Senate. It had ed to him that Grady, with his blan- nents, was imposing upon Southern ers, and through them upon Southern re at large, a more drastic defeat than t had done with a bludgeon. It was possible to attack Grady personally; ror was clearly one of judgment only; as true and lovable—and what was important—he was dead. But as sure er gun was iron the thing Grady fur- d was calculated to impose upon the ı that final defeat which is a defeat ewpoint.

beat the North at its own game, as y's logic seemed to counsel, involved ıd any escape a necessity that the ı become a party to that game. It ed to Watson a bad game from start ıish, industrialism, and he believed it would entail consequences subver- o the development of such men as he l admirable. That was to him a fact, and no amount of reservation on the part of bland new-Southists could prevent an industrial society from breeding industrial men to run it. As for him, if a choice were necessary, he preferred poverty, which patently is within endurance, to a prosperity founded on assumptions he thought fatal to all dignity and completeness of living.

His aim had been to save the conditions that had made possible such a man as Lee. But all the scores were marked against him, and most of the men one could look to as potential Lees were by plasmic provision sharp enough to read the scores, and to adjust their games accordingly, even at the sacrifice of potential Leedom.

He had set himself to check the entire current of the Nineteenth Century, and he had been forsaken in his effort by the very men whom he was most anxious to keep inviolate from that stream. Those men were with that current now, floating blithely and making money briskly as they floated, and denouncing him—when they could snatch from their enterprises a poor moment for public matters—as a very grave menace indeed.

Against the large force of their current he was not very gravely dangerous after all. In the eagerness of his opposition he received as allies persons whose sole qualification was their like-mindedness with him in this one regard. The result was that his army took on the appearance of a mob generalled by an autocrat, who, to retain his power, was capable of expedient concession to the mood of his supporters. Rather than be linked with such an organization, many valid men who were essentially with him in his fear of industrialism were led to disavow all his works. It seemed better to them, on the whole, to endorse the opportunism of their own kind than to endorse alien men whose identity with them in this one matter could not compensate for their general reputation in other matters.

What Watson wanted, along with many others, was a South that should be prosperous without being mechanized. It prob-

ably did not occur to him that he was ordering out the moon for a pancake. He must have known that his wish was incalculably more difficult of achievement unless he could have wise men to help him. They would not help. At last many of them proceeded from a passive resistance to the new order to something that could not be distinguished from acquiescence in it. Very well, then, he would do the best he could without them. That best, arrived at with so little worthy coöperation, is what much of the South learned to think most richly delectable.

Undoubtedly, some admirable people, whose antagonism to the new order overshadowed all other considerations, continued to follow him. The rank-and-file of his forces, when not governed by the narrowest self-interest, were controlled chiefly by the impulse which brands as evil anything that is unfamiliar.

With such aid, he in fact threw up here and there some firm dykes. But dykes must be maintained, and only skillful engineers were equal to that task. The inducements offered such labor by agencies concerned to have the dykes broken were continually more irresistible. And who could think that common workmen, unguided, or maliciously guided by spies, would not go about their business in such a way as actually to hasten the crumbling of their defenses? Things having run on in that fashion so long, was it sensible, anyway, by 1900, to hope for an agrarian party that one might look to for any good—to expect intelligent action from a group whose natural leaders kept always deserting to the enemy?

Who were those dastards, that he might read them his anathema? Rich men, generally urbane and urban—in short, most men he would in general most have delighted to have as friends. But who really cared for his anathemas? At last he must have recognized, with his discernment, that in parts of the South other than Georgia, where he had not been present, the current of industrialism flowed on.

The final result of all his labor had only to annul the primacy which Geo long occupied in the South. A nimble constant widow, that State had appe earliest at the grand ball of Reconciliat on the arm of Mr. Grady. Forced at by Watson to repudiate the party, she not by her less enthusiastic attendance the twanging of the fiddles. That wa deed contrary to one's expectations.

Somehow, inexplicably, he had beer posed upon all along—perhaps to the c cosmic extent of having all his de purposes thwarted by the very concess he had himself admitted into his gramme, as regrettable but unimpor corollaries. Had the food he had been ing out been really no more than m cake, fit in a world like ours not to r ish but to impair his people? Had the r vulgar devices he had resorted to to r them eat it, forever demolished in his heart the gusty largeness and the cl dignity he had hoped to make jealo regnant there? He would not suffer things to be. But what can terroriz exorableness, or whip it into discip Such thoughts, moving straight to madness, constituted an insolent intru more than he could endure—or wou even as a bewildered man in a world b at large straight hell-ward.

V

Suddenly he entered the race for Cong Defeated, he as usual contested the tion—vainly.

Next, he put himself up to be nam the person Georgia Democrats would r the nominee of their party in the pres tial race of 1920. He was unequivo against the League of Nations. Af heated campaign he obtained a plur of votes, but his attempt to seat his gation in the Democratic Convention not effective.

He had spun about so long and so or tically in political affairs that he coul be still. There was a place in the Sena

ccupied, and he had as well run for too. So there was another campaign, ltuous as always, carried on by means aseless tours over the State, always ; with the man who was then his e of the candidates for Governor—a whom he had loved long since, but belligerently opposed a while, before g him again to his heart. These ora- al pilgrimages were most taxing to Weighted with grief, broken with s, he went everywhere, storming, un- vedly worshipped by his supporters, unreservedly decried by nearly all e to whom he was truly kin.

e night when he was tired, and dizzy little sleep, some youngsters in a where he was stopping maintained boisterous hilarity in spite of all his . At length, into the midst of those gsters' card-game, came crashing a book, and huger imprecations, hurled deft aim from an overhanging bal- by a scrawny old man in under- es. It was a symbolic deed—proving id cavil the ancient taunt of his ene- that he would stop at nothing to about his desire. For the Revelation irled with such impious hand was a ry of the United Daughters of the ederacy.

t wickedness may for a moment flour- and the apostate in this matter was red up into the Senate which he d.

ere he spoke stringently, as afore- , of banks and bankers, demanded the d of taxes collected on cotton during disapproved of making reparations olombia for America's activities in Panama, and denounced, among other things, the American Legion, Prohibition, and Coca-Cola. And most sensationally, in charges not sustained in any part—like former charges of his in Washington—he declared that American officers in France were often vindictively barbarous toward American enlisted men.

During all of this time he was unwell, and in the latter part of September, 1922, it came to him that he had preferred his last charge, that with no chance of doubt he had reached his finish. He remembered, perhaps, that a dead hero of his, lying in Washington, like him far from his interests and local attachments, had also recognized that he must be gone. Like him, then, to those about him he gave assurance: I am not, he said, afraid to die.

But the sure meaning of those words is beyond anybody's ever laying hold of it. Whether piety or nihilism would do better to cherish them is a thing that only pietists or nihilists may decide with any degree of certitude. Never in words did he question ultimate divinity, but he was under an impression, apparently, that it was extremely ultimate—hardly conscious of preposterous clerics mumbling its name as a talisman—hardly aware of the thousand yarns spun to chronicle its alleged preposterous activities.

There was one thing, he said once, he wanted written on his grave—that he was the enemy of tyrants, priests, and trucklers. The request has not been honored, and it begins to seem that his most enduring monument is the truly excellent watermelon hawked by his name through the revolving Summers.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

CULTURAL note by the editor of the eminent *Alabama Christian Advocate:*

> Genuine culture sits becomingly on the brow of the Christian, and where it may be acquired without hurt to character, it is unstintedly recommended. The Christian, clad in the robes of culture and refinement, may be used of God to win some of the noble and the rich and the mighty to Him. . . .
>
> A principal feature of worship is hymn singing. Great old hymns, written by God-called and God-inspired men, will, if sung in the spirit of reverence, touch the hardest heart and help the neediest soul. Such hymns, however, sung in the midst of frivolous conversations, the chewing of gum, the writing of notes, the listless glancing around, cannot do their best.
>
> Once more, prayer is one of the most important features of public worship. There are different postures for one engaged in prayer. One is with bowed head and closed eyes; one is "meekly kneeling upon your knees;" still another is standing. But, nowhere and by no denomination is upright sitting commended as a posture of prayer. All too frequently people may be seen sitting straight up during prayer, gazing around, and sometimes carrying on a conversation. Such is the height of irreverence. The Holy Spirit, unless it is His custom to push Himself on people, cannot find lodgment in such irreverent hearts.

ARKANSAS

PROPHECY by Brother Ben M. Bogard, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner*, published in Little Rock:

> Mussolini is likely the fellow who will get power over Europe and he may be the one to destroy the Pope. Woe be to the world when he does, for then he will drive all of God's children to the caves of the earth. After that Jesus will come.

THE science of Law Enforcement in this great State, as expounded in an official opinion by the Hon. John H. Caldwell, LL.B., Assistant Attorney General:

> Initiated Act No. 1 prohibits the teaching, in effect, that mankind ascended or descended from an order of animals lower than a man. Reduced to its finality, the law simply prohibits the atheistical teaching that man was ever, at any time, under any circumstance, anything else but a man. As I interpret this act, teachers may
> day teach the theory that mankind ascended
> descended from a lower order of mankind
> are prohibited from teaching the theory th
> mankind ascended or descended from a lov
> order of animals. Some want to teach the the
> that mankind was, in the remote past, an a
> mal of some species or class lower than m
> whereas this law prohibits such teaching in
> tax supported schools of this State.
>
> As I understand this book, the author de
> with the woman as a woman all the w
> through and never treats her as anything e
> but a woman. As to the other forms of li
> whether in the animal, vegetable or mine
> kingdom, makes no difference. No Arkan
> law attempts to prohibit the teacher fr
> teaching the child that the giant oak ascend
> from an acorn or that the butterfly ascend
> from the caterpillar through a process
> evolution.
>
> Initiated Act No. 1 is confined to only one
> the millions of species of creation, *i.e.* m
> kind. This is very unsatisfactory to a cert
> class of people apparently anxious to destr
> faith in the story of creation as set forth in G
> esis, to prevent which this act was wisely
> acted by the people.
>
> Therefore, so long as the book submit
> treats the subject matter as a woman all
> way through and never as having at any ti
> existed in the form of some animal lower th
> mankind, I do not think the teaching thereo
> a violation of the law, and you are so advis

CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY news from the eminent Los An
Times:

> The Polo (Ill.) Society will hold its semi-
> nual picnic on Sunday at Echo Park, Presid
> M. W. Myers announced yesterday. It
> begin at 1 P.M. Ice cream will be served th
> who take a dish and spoon.

GEORGIA

CIRCULAR broadcast among the co
Christians of this great State:

> Papers throughout the South are printing w
> is alleged to be a letter written by Jesus Chr
>
> In this letter is an injunction that it shal
> published to the world by whoever finds it,
> gether with the statement that misfortune
> bad luck will follow the persons having
> session of it, in the event that it is not gi
> publicity. There is likewise a promise that w

has a copy of it in his possession will pros-

e letter was written by Jesus Christ after Crucifixion and signed by the angel Gabriel, y-nine years after the Saviour's birth, and sited by him under a stone at the foot of Cross. On the stone appeared the legend, ssed is he who shalt turn me over." No one what the inscription meant, or seemed to sufficient curiosity to investigate until the was turned over by a little child and the discovered.

e little child passed it on to one who be- a convert to the Christian faith. He failed ve the letter published. He kept it, how- as a sacred memento of Christ, and it d down to different generations of his y for more than one thousand years. Dur- his period the family suffered misfortunes, ted to different countries, and finally came merica, bringing the letter with them. settled in Virginia, and then moved er South, followed by misfortune. At last nly surviving member called a neighbor, . Thompson, to her deathbed, and, giving he letter, related its history for more than usand years.

e Thompson woman began the attempt to it published, and it first appeared in the , Ga., *Tribune*, on October 31, 1891. It appeared in the Dalton, Ga., *Citizen*, and a Wortman clipped it out and kept it in her ssion without making an effort to have it shed. She was followed by misfortune, is attributed to her neglect to have it shed. Miss Ruby Cricified, of Trexavant, , is also said to have had a copy and failed ve it published for three years. She was ved by lots of misfortune, which she at- ed to her neglect. Here is the letter:

Whosoever works on the Sabbath Day shall rsed. I command you to go to church and holy the Lord's Day without any manner rk.

ou shall not idle and misspend your time king yourselves in superfluous or costly el and vain dress, for I have ordered it a f rest. I will have that day kept holy that sins may be forgiven you; you will not My commandments but observe and keep

ou shall cease work every Saturday at 6 k in the afternoon, at which time the rations for the Sabbath shall begin. I ad- ou to fast five days in the year, beginning Friday and continuing the five days fol- g, in remembrance of the five bloody ds I received for you and kind; you shall ne another and cause them that are bap- to come to church and receive the Holy nents, that is to say, baptism and then pper of the Lord, and be made a member f, and I will give you long life and many gs.

e that has a copy of this letter written by d keeps it without publishing it to others not prosper. But they that publish it to shall be blessed by Me, and be their sins ny as the stars at night, if they truly be- lieve they shall be pardoned, and they that believe not this letter and My commandments will have My plagues upon them, and you will be consumed with your children, goods and cattle and all other enjoyments that I have given you. Do but once think what I have suffered for you, and if you do it will be well for you in this world and in the world to come. Whosoever shall have a copy of this letter and keep it in their house, nothing shall hurt them. Neither pestilence, thunder nor lightning, and if any woman be in birth and put her trust in Me, she shall be delivered of her child.

"You shall bear no more news of Me except through the Holy Scriptures until the Day of Judgment. All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter is found."

Want ad in the Atlanta *Journal:*

Wanted—At once, a sick stenographer who is willing to work 3 hours each day for her good board and bed at the most beautiful and healthy summer resort in the world. We are not interested in your present occupation nor your previous condition of servitude. You must come highly recommended and of excellent character and know your onions. Even long dresses will not bar you, nor the color of your eyes or hair. Even false teeth are permissible. No flapper will be considered. My wife don't like it. I had one once, never again. Write Patterson's Boat House, Lakemont, Ga., on Lake Rabun.

"The Dimple in Georgia's Cheek"

ILLINOIS

Business card of a Chicago scientist:

Telephone: Long Beach 0391

K. HERBERT, P.D.

Rheumatism, Cancer, Lumbago, etc., *per-man-ent-ly* eliminated from your system without medicine or knife.

There is an antidote for every ill,
So let us eat, drink, and discretely distil,
That which is provided by free will

4840 N. Hermitage Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

A new crime is invented in the same marvelous town, and the fact is broadcast to the nation by the alert Associated Press:

If the case of Dr. Val Freeman is any precedent, the legal rate for sarcasm in Judge Albert George's court is $25 per sarcasm.

Dr. Freeman, halted by a motorcycle policeman, explained to the officer that he was rushing to the bedside of a patient. The policeman, Franklin Martyn, parleyed with the physician twenty-five minutes before permitting him to proceed, Dr. Freeman said.

Two days after the incident, Officer Martyn received this note from the doctor: "The patient I was rushing to see when you stopped me died

the next day. You are invited to his funeral."

Dr. Freeman appeared before Judge George yesterday. Officer Martyn said he had offered to ride with the physician, but was refused. The court fined Dr. Freeman $25 "for his sarcasm."

INDIANA

FROM the chaste columns of *Our Sunday Visitor*, the celebrated Catholic journal published at Huntington:

ONWARD CHRISTIAN MAIDENS

BY ANNA F. DORING

Onward, Christian Maidens, marching on before,
We belong to the Crusaders, leading, as of yore.
Though with all modesty we do dress,
Yet plenty of style do we possess,
Although back and chest be covered well,
And our arms so draped that you can tell,
We belong to the Crusaders.

Onward, Christian Maidens, forward with the strife,
We belong to the Crusaders, keeping clean our life.
Though standing or sitting, if you please,
With skirts we have well-covered knees.
Our lines and our curves we don't reveal
To strangers' stare; but modestly conceal,—
We belong to the Crusaders.

Onward, Christian Maidens, this our battle cry;
We are brave Crusaders, let it resound to the sky.
To this our loyal promise, we'll ever more be true;
Never shall we falter, whatever others may do,
Showing by our example and good deportment express
That we are Christian Maidens by word and deed and dress,—
For we belong to the Crusaders.

KANSAS

A CHAMPION of Lyons goes to his reward, as reported by the Chicago *Defender:*

John Horton, who followed the profession of eating, fell dead here from heart disease shortly after he lunched lightly on a pound of frankfurters, swallowed whole. Horton, making his living at eating stunts, was mentioned in a "believe it or not" cartoon for measuring off a stack of wheat cakes two feet high and consuming them all at one sitting. A half case of eggs, shell and all, were called a light assignment for the eater, who customarily washed them down with a case of soda pop.

KENTUCKY

A FREE American citizen of Uniontown feels favorably disposed toward the candidacy of another for county jailer and writes about it in the *Telegram*, the paper:

In regard to the kind treatment Mr. B. M. ars gave me while I was in the Union co jail I want to say: I was there 125 days could not ask for any better treatment don't think we could find any man in U county who would make a better jailer Mr. Sellars. He feeds good and plenty of it treats the boys nice. I think he is an extra jailer. He does his best to keep the jail and clean. Don't forget, kind friends, he poor crippled man and needs our help and I he has friends enough to reëlect him. He certainly get my vote and my wife says s going to vote for him for her sympathy goe for the crippled and afflicted. Mr. Sellars good enough to treat the boys in jail to a bu of apples at a time, also a stalk of bananas when he bought fish extra for himself he w see that the boys in jail got their part. how much better man would you want for j than he is? He would buy cigarettes by the ton and give the boys. He did this more once.

I also want to say a good word for Mr. Markham. He is a nice man. Us boys in never asked him for a favor but what he gra it. I don't think we could beat him for de sheriff.

ELDON HENDERSO

THE troubles of Baptist pastors in the country, as set forth by one of them *Western Recorder* of Louisville:

There is another unpleasant fact that mus faced sooner or later in every man's minist that the law of supply and demand operat all realms of life. The writer knows a ch that became pastorless recently, in which pulpit committee received eighty applicat and recommendations. Recently I went nearby church in the interest of a churc brother and was talking to the chairman o committee. After we got acquainted, I a him how many names he had. He replied, teen. While he and I were talking his busi partner came from the postoffice with a l for him. When he opened it and handed it t to read, I said, "Well, Brother, you can n it seventeen." The church had been pasto but about two weeks. So far as I know, the still without a pastor and I am reasonably that they have a half hundred more or names by now.

One thing that takes some of the joy ou attending our Conventions is the large nu of brethren there who are hoping and loo for something to turn up—Micawber fash But a few brethren are exempt, if all the could be known. Every pastorless church, large or small, is swamped with mail known and unknown brethren, number them from without the State.

The preacher does not have the positio prestige in his community he once had. Th

hanging world. The school teacher likewise es not have the position that he once had. r prestige, for the lack of a better term, is sing. How soon the people begin saying, Ve need a new preacher, don't you think?" d so it goes, soon or later the brother is led to another field. The sad part of it is that st of the time it is later.

LOUISIANA

DR E. P. ALLDREDGE, in the *Baptist age* of Shreveport, adds another count e damning indictment of the Pope:

man Catholics do not build hospitals in tholic lands, except for priests and nuns. . . . ey build hospitals . . . in the United States order to make Catholics.

MARYLAND

Prince George's Enquirer-Gazette of Up-Marlboro gives a worthy dominie a dly hand:

e lady member of St. John's Church, Broad ek, while attending church service last Sun-, wore the back of her dress in front and *versa*, and nobody noticed it except herself en evening came. That shows that the Rev. W. H. Heigham, who will conduct services St. John's on Sunday at 11 A.M. always gets undivided attention of his flock.

HON. PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH, ., Senator of the United States, re- s to a gaping reporter for the Balti- *Sunpaper* his observations in foreign

landed at Plymouth, being taken to the ks from the *President Harding* in lighters. ing the night train we reached London at M. The Park Lane Hotel, where we stopped, quite popular with Americans, we found next day, when we encountered two Balti- eans whom we knew, likewise stopping e.

While in London I called around at the Em- sy to pay my respects to Ambassador Dawes. was just driving away as I drew up, so I t inside and had a chat with Mr. Atherton, *gé d'affaires*. Later Mr. Dawes' secretary ed around to see me at my hotel and invited to dine with the Ambassador the next day. s pleasure was denied me, however, as I was ing for Paris at the time.

ural England is very attractive, with the utiful lawns and the vivid coloring of the s, shrubs and flowers. I went to Sulgrave nor, birthplace of George Washington's an- ors, and it was very well kept. The house f was in an excellent state of preservation, erican aid, I believe, having had much to vith this condition.

he happiest moment of my life was when I saw the Statue of Liberty looming in New York harbor. It was sundown as we approached it and mists were rising from the water. It was a most inspiring sight indeed.

MICHIGAN

NOTE on the state of human thought in Kalamazoo, broadcast to the four corners of the world by the Associated Press:

Eugene Burgess, 53-year-old taxicab driver, sat in the Kalamazoo County Jail last night and told officers why he beat Mrs. Etta L. Fairchilds, 75-year-old inmate of an old ladies' home, to death.

"I have done the right thing," he said. "That woman could make you have any kind of a disease."

Burgess' wife sat beside him and corroborated his statements. "The woman is dead and I'm glad of it," she said.

According to their story, told to the county prosecutor, Burgess and his wife believed Mrs. Fairchilds was a witch and could kill people merely by the power of her will. They said she bragged she had killed 100 people a year for the past twenty-five years, including her husband in her list of victims. So, they said, they invited the aged woman to supper Thursday evening and killed her while she ate.

Burgess said he beat Mrs. Fairchilds' head with a lead pipe and a hammer, tied cement blocks to the body and dropped it into a well at the rear of their home. He said:

"I stagger lots of times—can't see at times, have aches and pains in my head and arms and have trouble to breathe. If you men felt like me, you wouldn't be sorry. It was either Mrs. Fairchilds' life or ours."

He said Mrs. Fairchilds had bewitched his 17-year-old daughter, Eugenie, and intended to cause the girl's death by witchcraft.

MISSISSIPPI

PETITION addressed to Jahveh by the Rev. Dr. T. D. Bateman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, at the annual convention of the Mississippi Press Association:

Eternal God, our Heavenly Father, we ask thy blessings upon these newspaper people who are wont to communicate with the ends of the earth. They are people who can smell a revolution in China, people who have a license to enter the gates of princes and potentates, but who will have a mighty hard time getting inside the gates of Paradise.

Have mercy on these people who are tempted by every devil, from the printer's devil to the devils of newspaper headlines, and these same who are so busy listening to the songs of the wires and the songs of women that ofttimes the voice of God finds no listener among them and no place in their hearts.

Have mercy, O God, upon these people who

have to carry all kinds of things in the cause of their newspaper. Have mercy, O Lord, on these people who are invited to so many luncheons and banquets that they must sacrifice their digestion on the altar of free advertising.

Have mercy, O Lord, upon people who are chased by the Colonial Dames, W. C. T. U., Kiwanis, and Chamber of Commerce. Have mercy on these people who have to hobnob alike with Jew and Gentile, white and black, Democrat and Republican, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopalians, those who came over on the *Mayflower*, those who came over in the *Cauliflower*.

Have mercy, O Lord, on these people and help them in their dash from ballroom to church social and back to rum-runners, and who have to associate with anybody from Andy Mellon to Andy Gump. Any of them would walk two miles for a good story.

Make this a good convention in the Friendly City. It's an easy matter to break into the *Commercial-Dispatch*. But how will some of them break into the Pearly Gates? We pray Thy blessings upon them. When they have done with newspapers and stories and their cares are finished here, may they have a finer story for St. Peter than they ever had in newspapers here. And though it is so hard for newspaper men to get into the Kingdom, may they receive a warmer welcome in Jerusalem than they do in Columbus today. Amen.

NEW JERSEY

FIERY protest by a 100% American in the Atlantic City *Daily Press:*

Your paper is primarily a commercial enterprise, but even business propositions are governed by ethics that protect the public. You would hardly publish a letter in your columns from a Russian advocating anarchy or from any European professing Communism or Socialism as they know it there, and yet you print . . . the letter of an Oriental heathen, and I say it respectfully as a fact, advocating the most diabolical of crimes called birth control.

Hebrew and Christian readers of your paper know that this crime is beyond murder or rebellion or war in gravity. The Bible shows it, and in Tobias we have further reference to its heinousness, and common sense and reason, if not religion, point to it as the most vicious of all sins, the destroyer of homes, the feeder for insane asylums and jails and indirectly the road to the electric chair or gallows.

It is inconceivable you should open your column to such a letter by a Chinese because some innocent children laughed at him. I am going to take it up with Washington, because such a man with such ideas has no right in the United States and should be deported, like anarchists are. If he has anything more to say on the subject let him write in his own language.

What we Americans need and what God gave us is self-control and children as we wish th after we consult God in prayer.

AN AMERI

NORTH CAROLINA

A SCIENTIST comes to Lenoir and le people know about himself:

TO THE SICK

Great scientists have been searching for s remedy to restore the sick to normal hea and at last a new health science has been covered. It is a proven a success. It is sir and you are guaranteed to feel better after first treatment; you then continue to imp if taken long enough. If you are sick, you ov to yourself to try this new health scienc guarantee it to help you. Call to see Dr. mond, whose office is over the Bank of Le Your ailments and the cause will be thorou explained without cost to you. Below is on few diseases which this new science restore normal health.

Typhoid fever	Eczema
Pneumonia	Bladder trouble
Small-pox	Proctitis
Pellagry	Hemorrhoids
Measles	Constipation
Heart dropsy	Nervousness
Malarial fever	Stomach trouble
Paralysis	Barber's Itch
High blood pressure	Liver trouble
Sciatica	Mastitis
Gall-stones	Ovaritis
Diabetes	Asthma
Rheumatism	Catarrah of the h
Bright's disease	Diseases of the ey
Epileptic fits	Low blood pressu
Influenza	Dropsy
Hay fever	Pleursy
Female trouble	Tonsilitis
Nasal catarrah	Sinus trouble

OHIO

CONTRIBUTION to the American vocab by an advertiser in the eminent Cinc *Union:*

TO THE PUBLIC

I carry a complete line of proprietary and ented medicines, and sick room supplies. I now *packaging* unpatented medicines at store, instead of buying them *packaged.* enables me to give employment to a la number of clerks. Come in and ask for a lis medicines we ourselves *package*. Use these d and give employment to people living in neighborhood.

ASHTON COLLIER
DRUGGIST
2980 Gilbert Ave., Opposite Buena Vist
Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

PENNSYLVANIA

TER advertisement of a learned tailor iladelphia:

A GOOD MESSAGE

e Lord's board of health wants us to be n and healthy. The Bible prescribes what to and drink, in what houses to live just in er that we may feel well and healthy with ce of God, and again the Lord wants us to e clean clothes, because they may be full of dly germs. Read Leviticus, Chapters xi–xv. nk God for his suggestions. Some readers y send in their work for French cleaning and ssing. David March, the Tailor, at 1320 N. n street, knows best how to get rid of those ns. His workmanship is as high as the sky. prices are lower than grass.

DAVID MARCH
TAILOR
DYER AND CLEANER
e today—Right away 1320 N. 25th St.

WISCONSIN

Flour & Feed, a celebrated trade published in Milwaukee:

A. McLean, of the Quaker Oats Company, cago, while attending a district conference dealers and salesmen at Eau Claire, Wis., hful Kiwanian that he is, attended the ting of the Eau Claire Kiwanis Club. . . . told them this: "Next to Christ, Moses the greatest of all salesmen. He sold a line goods that he could not show to his custo- s, and kept sold himself for thirty-eight rs on a line he had never seen himself." He eved in the manufacturer.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

NCED prose from *transition*, the organ exiles of the Left Bank:

FAULA AND FLONA
by Theo Rutra

lilygushes ring and ting the bilbels in the ley. Lilools sart slingslongdang into the n of sun. The pool dries must. The morlow- oors in the meaves. The sardinewungs flir and meere. A flishflashfling hoohoos and s. Long shill the mellohoolooloos. The gomane clanks jungling flight. The elegoat cmecks and crools. A rabotick ringrangs stam. A plutocrass with throat of steel. n woor of meadowcalif's rout. The hedge- gloos. And matemaids click fer dartalays.

NGELES lends one of its sorcerers to

OK HERE! LOOK HERE!! LOOK HERE!!!
onderful Cure! No Operation!! No Risk!!!
wonderful result of hard study and prayer over thirty-two years has enabled me to effect a complete cure of the following dire diseases by means of Mantras chanted even at a place far remote from the residence of the patients. I can guarantee the complete cure of Abscesses, Boils, Carbuncles, Fistula, Bubos, Diabetic-carbuncles or abscesses, Gum-boils or Tonsil-enlargements and all kinds of abscesses external or internal. There is no more necessity for submitting to the surgical operation or for the application of external medicines. Thousands resort to the latter method of cure, spending hundreds, thousands and even lakhs of Rupees according to the nature of the complaint. In most cases, such treatments are ineffectual and some cases end fatally too. But by the Grace of the Almighty, I am able to cure all these foul diseases without the pain and dangers generally attending upon such other treatments.

If any one communicates to me the nature of his or her complaint within twenty-fours after he or she perceives the first symptoms of any one of the dire diseases enumerated above by urgent wire reply paid, giving me his full address, I assure you that at the very moment of the receipt of the telegraphic message, all the pain will vanish, the poison will be removed from the system, the swelling will subside and by the Grace of God, there will be complete cure. If the communication reaches me twenty-four hours after the first appearance of the attack, either it will vanish or burst and the puss will come out and it could be cured by the application of plaster, without giving any pain or trouble.

The fees I charge for the above cure are as follows:—the calculation of one's income being entirely left to one's own conscience. Those who get an annual income of Rs. 1000 will have to pay Rs. 5 and Rs. 5 for every Rs. 1000 of his additional income. Those whose income exceeds Rs. 10000 will pay Rs. 100 on every Rs. 10000 of their annual income. Those who get an income of over Rs. 100000 per annum will pay Rs. 10000 on every Rs. 100000 of their total income. Those whose income is over Rs. 10000000 in a year will have to pay Rs. 1000000 on every Rs. 10000000 of their income per annum. The calculation of the income is entirely left to the conscience of the persons concerned. Treatment is free for the poor.

Those who require my personal attendance on the patients shall have to send me Rs. 1000 as my fees by telegraphic money order besides defraying the cost of the journey and other incidental expenses. I shall incur afterwards for a distance of from 1 yard to 1000 miles from my residence and the fees also will enhance at the same rate.

In your communication, please state the name of the patient and that of his or her mother and the exact place and nature of the attack.

E. K. KABEEB MOHAMED MARIKAR, *Assessor Mutupet, Tanjore District.*

AN EAST SIDE MOTHER

BY MICHAEL GOLD

My mother never learned to like shoes. In Hungary, in her native village, she had never worn them, and she could see no reason for wearing them here.

"Does one wear shoes on one's hands?" she would ask. "How can one work in shoes? Shoes are only for rich lazy people to show off in."

So she paddled about in bare feet whenever she could. This annoyed my father at those times when he was ambitious. To him not wearing shoes was like confessing to the world that one was poor. But my mother had no such false pride, and she would even walk barefooted in the street.

Once my father bought her a diamond ring on the instalment plan. It was during one of his periods of greatness, when he had earned a big week's pay, and the boss had hinted at a foreman's job for him.

It was on a Saturday night, and he had been drinking beer with his fellow-workmen. He came home flushed and dramatic. With many flourishes and the hocus-pocus of a magician he extracted the ring from his vest pocket and placed it on my mother's finger.

"At last, Katie!" he said, kissing her with great ceremony, "at last you have a diamond ring! At last you can write home to Hungary that you, too, are wearing diamonds in America!"

"Pouf!" said my mother, angrily, pushing him away. She snatched the ring from her finger as if it burned her. "What foolishness!"

"Foolishness!" my father exclaimed, indignantly. "What! it is foolish to wear diamonds?"

"Yes," said my stubborn mother.

"Everyone wears diamonds!" sai
father, "everyone with a little pride

"Let others be proud! I am a
horse," said my mother.

My father spat in disgust, and st
off.

The ring remained in the family. I
our only negotiable capital. It was h
among some towels and sheets in th
reau. In time of need it traveled t
pawnshop, to buy us food and rent.
East Side families aspire to jewelry
for this reason. Money vanishes. Je
remains. This is the crude credit s
of the East Side.

My mother was fond of calling h
a work horse. She was proud of th
that she could work hard. She want
diamond rings, no fancy dresses, no d
tions. She had a strong sense of re
and felt that when one was poor
strength could help one. But my
was a romantic, and dreamed of a b
easy future.

My humble, funny little East
mother! How can I ever forget that
little woman with bright eyes, who
bled about all day in bare feet, curs
Elizabethan Yiddish, using the
ladies do not use, smacking us, beati
fighting with her neighbors, helpin
neighbors, busy from morn to mid
in the tenement struggle for life.

She would have stolen or killed f
She would have let a railroad trai
over her body if it could have help
She loved us all with the fierce painfu
of a mother-wolf, and scolded us
tinually like a magpie.

other! Momma! I am still bound to by the cords of birth. I can't forget I must remain faithful to the poor use I can't be faithless to you. I believe e poor because I have known you. The d must be made gracious for the poor. taught me that.

II

t a hard life she had led! She had vn nothing but work since her tenth . Her father had died then in Hungary, she was the oldest of a family of eight. went to work in a bakery, and then a man's labor on a farm.

hen she was eighteen relatives gath- seventy-five gulden, and sent her to rica as the last hope of her family. was to work here and send for her hers and sisters.

e crossing made a deep mark on her . She spent seventeen agonized days e filthy steerage, eating nothing but ngs and potatoes, because there was *sher* food.

r first night in America was spent groans and confusion on the floor of wded cellar for immigrants. It was d the Nigger-House.

relative found her the next morning. ook her to a job. It was in an East restaurant where she was paid $5 a h, with meals. She slept on a mat- in the kitchen. The working hours from five in the morning to midnight. a year she saved enough money to a ticket to her oldest brother.

es, I have had all kinds of good times merica," she would chuckle grimly, she told us of this time. "Yes, that year in the restaurant I had lots of vith the pots and pans. It's lucky I'm yet. It is a good land, but not for the When the Messiah comes to Amer- e had better come in a fine automo- with a dozen servants. If he comes on ite horse people will think he is just ner poor immigrant, and set him to washing dishes in a restaurant."

She and my father were married in the old Jewish style; that is, they were brought together by a professional matrimonial broker. He charged them a commission for the service. It is as good a method as any. My parents came to love each other with an emotion deeper than romance; I am sure my father would have died for my mother. But she also made his head ache, and he told her so often.

She was a buttinsky. She tried to reform everybody, and fought people because they were "bad." She spoke her mind freely, and told everyone exactly where the path of duty lay. She was always engaged in some complicated ethical brawl, and my father had to listen to all the details.

Also, she was always finding people in trouble who needed her help. She helped them for days, weeks and months, with money, food, advice and the work of her hands. She was a midwife in many hasty births, a nurse in sickness, a peacemaker in family battles. She knew how to make a poultice for boils by chewing bread and mixing it with yellow soap; and how to cure colds with kerosene, and the uses of herbs and other peasant remedies. She was a splendid cook and bread-baker, and shared all her secrets with the neighbors.

When a woman fell sick, the distracted husband appealed to my mother; and for weeks she'd drop in twice a day, to cook the meals, and scrub the floors, and bathe the children, to joke, gossip, scold, love, to scatter her strength and goodness in the dark home. It would have shocked her if anyone had offered to pay for these services. It was simply something that had to be done for a neighbor.

Once there was a woman on our street who was going crazy. Her cigarmaker husband had deserted her and her two children. The woman had crazy spells, and could not sleep. She begged my mother to sleep with her. She was afraid she would kill her children during one of her spells. So my mother slept there every night for more than a month.

How often have I seen her help families

who were evicted because they could not pay their rent. She wrapped herself in her old shawl, and went begging through the tenements for pennies. Puffing with her bronchitis, she dragged herself up and down the steep landings of a hundred tenements, telling the sad tale with new emotion each time. This is an old custom on the East Side; whenever a family is to be evicted, the neighboring mothers put on their shawls and beg from door to door.

My poor father, worrying over his own load of American troubles, had to listen to the tremendous details of all these tragedies. My mother could discover so many sick people. And so many bad people who needed to be fought. No wonder my father drank beer. No wonder he grabbed his head between his hands, and groaned:

"Stop! you give me a headache! I can't listen any more!"

"It is not your head, but your selfishness!" retorted my mother.

"One has to be selfish in America," said my father. "It is dog eat dog over here. But you, you neglect your own family to help every passing stranger."

"*Pfui*, what a lie!" my mother spat. "When have my children been neglected?"

"But for God's sake," pleaded my father, "haven't we enough troubles of our own? You're like a man with consumption. It's not enough for him to have it; he has to go skating so that he can break his leg, too."

"*Nu*, I can stand a broken leg," said my mother. "What is a leg when there is so much misery in the world?"

III

My mother was opposed to the Italians, Irish, Germans and every other variety of Christian with whom we were surrounded.

"May eight and eighty black years fall on these *Goyim!*" she said, her black eyes flashing. "They live like pigs; they have ruined the world. And they hate and kill Jews. They may seem friendly to us to our faces, but behind our backs they laugh at us. I know them well. I have seen in Hungary."

My father sat one evening at the s table, drinking beer and reading a Yi newspaper. In the hot kitchen my m was washing the dishes, and humm Hungarian folk song.

"*Nu, nu!*" my father exclaimed, str the table with his fist, "another rai accident! Katie, I have always saic dangerous to travel on these American roads!"

"What has happened?" my m gasped, appearing from the kitchen steaming hands and face.

"What has happened, you ask?" father repeated in the important tone pedant. "What has happened is that s teen innocent people were killed in a road accident in New Jersey! And w fault was it? The fault of the rich Ame railroads!"

My mother was horrified. She wipe boiling face with her apron and mutt "God help us and shield us! Were any Jews among the dead?"

My father glanced rapidly throug list of names. "No," he said, "only C tians were killed."

My mother sighed with relief. She back into her kitchen. She was no l interested; Christians did not seem people to her. They were an enemy hated, feared and cursed. In Hungary Christian peasant girls had once ta her. Then they had gone in swimming had been drowned. This was God's ishment on them for persecuting a Another peasant had once plucked beard of an old and reverend Jew, and had struck him with lightning a later. My mother was full of such dotes.

The East Side never forgets Europe children heard endless tales of the pogr Joey Cohen, who was born in Russia, himself remember one. The Christian hammered a nail into his uncle's When we passed a Christian churc were careful to spit three times; othe

luck was sure to befall us. We were ssed by wild stories of how the Chris- loved to kidnap Jewish children and a cross on each cheek with a red-hot r. They also cut off children's ears, nade a kind of soup. My friend Nigger once seen Jewish ears for sale in the ow of a Christian butcher-shop.

n the old days," my mother said, Christians hunted the Jews like rab- They would gather thousands in a narketplace, and stuff pork down their ats with swords, and order the Jews baptized. The Jews refused, of course. ey were burnt in great fires, and the tians laughed and danced and made y when they saw the poor Jews burn- p like candles. Such are the Christians. they burn some day, too."

l this sank into my heart, and in my lreams during the hot Summer nights Christian ogres the size of tenements d all around me. They sat on my , and clutched my throat with slimy rseless fingers, shrieking, "Jew! Jew!

would spend the long daylight hours lering why the Christians hated us nd form noble plans of leading valiant h armies when I grew up, in defense e Jews.

t my mother was incapable of real d. She had, in fact, many warm friends g our Italian and Irish neighbors. was somewhat apologetic about it. se are not like other Christians," she d say, "these are good people." How, d, could she resist another human in trouble? How could she be in- ent when another was in pain? Her e was made for universal sympathy, out thought of prejudice. Her hatred nristians was only the outcry of a erly soul against the boundless cruelty e.

sy was an Italian woman who lived e next tenement. She had a long, ema- l face covered with moles, and yellow n old wood carving. Her coffee-col- eyes always seemed to have a veil over them, as if she were hiding a terrible secret. She avoided people. Swathed in her long black scarf she stole down the street fur- tively, as if conscious of the eyes of the world.

Her husband was in jail for murder. One Summer night (I shall never forget it), he burst from the tenement into the street, screaming like a madman. A revolver was in his hand. We were sitting on the stoop, eating ice-cream cones. The spectacle of this wild swarthy Italian in his undershirt, shrieking, and waving a pistol, appalled us. He rushed by us, and dived into a cellar. A crowd gathered. A policeman ran up. He hadn't the nerve to follow the Italian into the cellar, but stood uncer- tainly on the sidewalk, growling: "Get up out of there, before I shoot yuh." At last the Italian stumbled out, sobbing like a child. His bronzed, rocky face was gro- tesquely twisted with grief. He wrung his hands, beat his chest, and clawed at his cheeks until the blood spurted. I have never heard such dreadful animal howls, the ferocious and dangerous agony of a dying wolf. He had just killed his brother in a quarrel over a card game.

This passion-blinded assassin was Betsy's husband. She was left with three children, and no friends, and could speak only Italian. So my mother visited her, and through sheer sympathy, learned, in the course of several visits, a kind of pigeon- Italian. It was marvelous to hear her hold hour-long conversations with this woman in a polyglot jargon that was a mixture of Italian, Yiddish, Hungarian and Eng- lish. But the women understood each other.

My mother helped Betsy find a clothing shop that would give her basting work to do at home. And Betsy worshiped her. In the midst of her dreadful miseries she found time to knit a large beautiful red shawl of wool as a surprise for my mother. She brought it in one night, and cried and jab- bered excitedly in Italian, and kissed my mother's hands. And my mother cried, and kissed her, too. We could not understand

a word of what they were saying, but my mother kept repeating in Yiddish: "*Ach*, what a good woman this is! What a dear woman!" My mother treasured this shawl more than anything she owned, and liked to show it to everyone, and tell the story of how Betsy had made it.

A shawl like that was worth over $10, which was more than Betsy earned in a week. It must have taken weeks to knit, many overtime nights of weary midnight hours under the gaslight after weary sixteen-hour days at basting clothing. Such gifts are worthy of being treasured; they are knitted in love.

IV

There was an Irish family living on the top floor of our tenement. Mr. O'Brien was a truckdriver, a tall gloomy giant with a red face as hard as shark-leather. He came home from work at nine or ten o'clock at night, and powerful and hairy in his blue overalls, stamped ponderously up the stairs. If we children were playing in the halls he brushed through our games, scowling at us.

"Get the hell out of my way! You're thick as bedbugs," he muttered, and we scattered from under the feet of this ferocious great Christian.

His wife was also large and red-faced, a soft, sad mountain of flesh waddling around under perpetual baskets of laundry. All Christian ladies did washing, all except the Italians. Mrs. O'Brien was kinder to children than her husband, but we feared her almost as much.

This couple was one of the scandals of the tenement. Night after night, in the restless sleep of our little commune, we heard as in a coöperative nightmare the anguished screams of the Irish mother down the airshaft. Her husband was drunk and was beating her.

"No, no, Jack, don't!" she screamed. "You'll frighten the boy."

The couple had a mysterious child whom nobody had ever seen. The mother always mentioned him in these brutal midn dramas.

"Tuh hell with the boy!" roared man's voice, formidable and deep as a bull's. "Tuh hell with everything!"

Crash! he had knocked her down o table. Windows flew open; heads po into the airshaft from every side, li shower of curious balloons; the tene was awake and fascinated. We could a child's frightened whimpering, crash! another powerful blow struck soft woman's body.

"Jack, don't! The neighbors will h

"Tuh hell with the kikes! I'll se to the damn house and make the she run like rats!"

Bang, crash, scream! The tenemen tened with horror. These were the C tians again. No Jew was ever as viole that. No Jew ever struck a woman mother, ever an agitator, led a cam against the Irish couple, to force the lord to put them out. "It is worse tha whores," said my mother. "Having C tians in a tenement is worse."

But one quiet afternoon, who sl burst into my mother's kitchen, pal stammering with fright, but the washerlady.

"Quick, my boy is choking to d Help me! Get a doctor, for God's s

My mother, without a word, spec a fireman up the stairs, and helpe child. It had swallowed a fish bone my mother, expert and brave in such gencies, put her finger down his t and dislodged the bone. Then she l long, intimate talk with the Irish mo

That night at the supper table, whi work-weary father was trying to eat burger steak, and read the Yiddish paper, and drink beer, and think abo troubles, and smoke and talk all a same time, my mother irritated hi sighing profoundly.

"*Ach*, Meyer," she said, "that washerlady has so many misfortunes

"*Pfui!*" my father spat impatiently have I!"

She is a good woman," said my mother, en if she is a Christian. Her husband s her, but she is sorry for him. He is a bad man. He is only sad."

Gottenu!" my father groaned in disgust n female logic. "I hope he beats you, "

He was a farmer in Ireland," my mother t on dreamily. "He hates the city life , but they are too poor to move to the ıtry. And their boy has been sick for s, and all their money goes for doctors, nat's why he drinks and beats her, but heart bleeds for him."

Enough!" said my father, clutching hair. "Enough, or I will go mad!"

Ty mother saw that he was really angry, he took the empty plates into the hen. There she stirred something in a and opened the stove to take out the dle pudding. She brought it to the e.

And Meyer," she said pensively, stand- with the steaming pudding in her ds, "that woman used to gather mush- ns in the forest in Ireland. Just the way ved to gather them in Hungary. We ed about that, too."

ext day I was playing with the boys. had been seized with the impulse to v horses in chalk on the pavement. n there was a fight, because Joey Cohen written under his horse, "NIGGER /ES LEAH." He also wrote this on an ess wagon, on the stoop, and on the beer sign standing in front of the on.

igger was about ready to punch Joey he nose when Mrs. O'Brien shambled o us, slow, sad and huge, looming over vith the perpetual basket of laundry r her arm.

Don't fight, boys," she said kindly in clear Christian speech. "Will one of you do something for me? I will give any boy a nickel who will go up and play with my little boy. He is sick."

We were dumfounded with fear. We stared at her and our mouths fell open. Even Nigger was scared.

Mrs. O'Brien looked right at me. "Will you do it?" she pleaded. I blushed, and suddenly ran off as if I had seen a devil. The other boys scattered. Mrs. O'Brien sighed, picked up her heavy basket, and hobbled on her way.

I told my mother that night. What did it all mean? Was the Christian washerlady trying to snare me into her home, where she would burn a cross on my face with a hot poker?

"No," said my mother thoughtfully. "Go up there; it will be a good deed. The Christian child is lonely. Nothing can happen to you."

She took me there herself the next morning. And I found nothing to fear. It was a gray morning. In the yellow gloom of a bedroom, narrow and damp like a coffin, a child with shrunken face lay in bed. His forehead was pale as marble, and streaked with blue veins, and altogether too round and large for his head. His head was also too large for his body, and dangled clumsily, though supported by a steel brace at the neck.

He looked at me with great mournful blue eyes, and his nose wrinkled like a baby's, and he cried.

"Don't be frightened, Johnnie," said his mother, "this boy is a friend who has come to play with you."

I wound my top and spun it on the floor, while he craned his stiff neck to watch. Then I put the top in his hand and tried to teach him to spin it, too. But he was too feeble, so he wept once more, and I was grieved for him.

AN AMERICAN LEISURE CLASS

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

ALONE among the nations known to history, the American, since 1865, has despised leisure. He has confused it with mere idleness, persistently believing that the man who withholds his energies from the task of making money for his wife to spend is a futile and probably a vicious fellow. He has taken a pride in saying how hard he works. Until the other day even wealthy men kept up the motions of doing so; it was an affectation quite as clearly as Disraeli's "Sir, a gentleman is never busy!" Nevertheless, it was an affectation so typically American that it colored even our jests. The American hero of Booth Tarkington's play, "The Man From Home," when asked by a European nobleman whether there were indeed no leisure class in America, answered somewhat as follows: "Why, Duke, I guess you never saw our colored population!"

Now, in itself leisure is simply freedom from the necessity of earning a living, to which necessity most men have always been bound. It is far more than permission to loaf. The man of high energy, who is precisely the man most likely to achieve or to inherit leisure, soon finds loafing a bore. Nothing but his own limitations can then keep him from the exciting discovery that, in permitting him to work at other than money-getting jobs, leisure has put into his hands a tool, perhaps even a weapon, of great power. It is as a tool or weapon that we are here concerned with it.

The idea has always been familiar to the men of European stock. In Greek the very word for leisure, *scholé*, is the ancestor of our word *school* and the same root has at times meant an association or coöperating group. In his "Politics" Aristotle li together the two as follows: "Leisu necessary both for the development o tue and for the performance of poli duties": being a Greek, he would identified virtue with wisdom—tha with philosophy. Again in the same we find: "That, in a well-ordered s the citizens should have leisure and have to provide for their daily wan generally acknowledged." And agai the "Ethics": "The object of busine leisure, as the object of war is the e ment of peace."

There is a pleasant Greek story illu tive of this last point—a story, more not without honor in European letter from it the great Rabelais may well taken his catalogue of the vast conq planned by the unlucky Picrochol seems that a certain king on the Ad borders of the Greek world sat in his g talking with a philosopher. This king actively preparing for a campaign in I where he expected to conquer a bo people known as the Romans.

"And what," said the philoso "will you do when you have conq these Romans?"

"Why then," said the king, "I cross to Africa by way of Sicily and quer the Carthaginians."

"And then?"

"From Carthage I shall march a the Libyan desert, a feat never befor tempted, into Egypt, which I shall quer. From Egypt I shall move into and having reëstablished the Empi Alexander in my own hands, I shall r here by way of Greece."

And when you have returned, what be the crown of your labors?"

Why, then I shall sit in my garden ng my ease and talking with learned "

But," said the philosopher, "that is t you are doing now."

seems impossible to find in history any ized people other than the Americans have failed to agree with the Greeks. Mohammedans of medieval North ca had a proverb much like our "Three rations from shirtsleeves to shirtes," but among them the thing seems ave been caused by general fecklessness Arabic instability, not by preference. , then, did so exceptional a state of appear in America? Why is it now ning and what forces still support it, in its decay? In other words, why has been no American leisure class for at two generations, and why is the nt growth of such a class still resisted?

II

alyzing human societies it seems imble to go behind religion. Not neces- religion in the sense of intimate per- belief, but in the sense of a corporate —in the Latin, *religio*, a binding to- r. From that corporate body spring conventions, decencies and sanctities owledged by society. If anyone doubts unique power of corporate religion social habit he has only to travel a community predominantly Protesto one predominantly Catholic or *vice* in order to see how the texture of life ges between the two. Still better, let go from any province of Christendom any Mohammedan or other non-Chris- country. All other factors—economic mstances, climate and geographical rtunity, even race—appear merely to and condition rather than guide or t human activities.

e predominant religion of the United s has always been that which is com- to the Protestant bodies known in England as non-conformist. We may call it Bible Christianity. In no other country has the Bible Christian had a field so clear of opposition.

Of all the original Bible Christians only the Calvinists had in their founder a man of high speculative intellect capable of a consistent, well thought out, and finished scheme of theology, and therefore of morals. No other among them has ever sought to rival the vast monument built up by that sombre genius. Accordingly, the Calvinists have influenced the other Bible Christians far more than the latter have influenced them; in such matters, the situation is like the familiar one of the man with clear and definite opinions talking to one more indolent and vague. The second man can resist the first at particular points where he has a strong fragment of conviction to cling to; but at other points he is swept away. Thus the other Bible Christians unanimously reject the repulsive Calvinist God (Wesley aptly remarking that a Being who created souls for the express purpose of damning them had the exact attributes, not of God but of the Devil), but in the field of ethics, except for the Lutherans, John Calvin has desolated and laid waste all of Bible Christendom.

Calvin's ethics sprang from his theology as inevitably as prickly cactus springs from the alkali desert. Theologically, his main idea was his notion of Original Sin. Rationalizing away the kindlier Catholic doctrine that man, although fallen, nevertheless retained such traces of his divine origin as enabled him to coöperate with the divine grace in achieving his own salvation, the great heretic held all mankind, including himself, to be so depraved as to have lost every trace of original perfection in the image of God. This made salvation the exclusive work of undeserved grace.

Ethically, it followed of necessity that every natural instinct of so vile a being was damnably wrong. Obviously, in dealing with any criminal or debased creature the thing to do is to keep him out of mischief —as is done to perfection in prisons and

reformatories. Accordingly, the early Bible Christians attacked the degree of leisure accorded the poor by the holy days of the medieval church, for you could not make a holy day for God without a holiday for man. Even in the earlier and less compact Lutheran movement which preceded Calvinism, we find the attack beginning; Luther himself, in his "Address to the German Nobles," proposed the non-observance of "all saints' days with their carousing, except Sundays." This hatred of Calvinism for all festivals needs no further exposition. In dealing with the leisure class at the top, the gentlemen, the matter was, of course, more complex—all the more because such lasting successes as the Bible Christians gained in Europe were but local and partial. Moreover, those successes were achieved within the framework of a traditional society and in alliance with self-interested factions of the very class to whose distinctive spirit Bible Christendom opposed itself.

In America, with no deep-rooted and august pagan and Catholic tradition to cramp him, the Bible Christian reached his full stature. In the matter of the fine arts, those adornments of leisure, the early Puritan, while not yet sufficiently divorced from tradition to tolerate ugliness, nevertheless did his best to make beauty austere. In regard to still another and more universal adornment of leisure, the drinking of wine, the attitude of the Bible Christian is familiar; the shouter Billy Sunday once added to the gaiety of nations by bellowing that if all gentlemen drank wine at dinner then he had no wish to be one. One could go on piling up instances indefinitely. The Bible Christian's reverence for the Jewish folk-lore of the Old Testament—for he professed the hitherto unheard of doctrine that every line in that varied collection was directly and literally inspired—forbade him to take lightly Genesis' curse against Adam that in the sweat of his face he should eat bread. Was not that curse also a command, and if so, was it not impious to escape it? So he delighted in St. Paul's exhortation to his disciples to be "di in business, serving the Lord."

Even in America, however, the Christian long found himself com both by the classical culture and by rel of a sort more urbane and ancient tha own. All the educated men of the Re tionary time were steeped in the pagans whose study Catholicism had tinued. Individuals such as Washin who had no Latin, are nevertheless writing with classical precision, for manner was part of the air they brea Gradually, however, this influence f if compelled to fix a date, one migh that the coming of the frontier to p with Jackson was symbolic of its de But most Southern gentlemen rem Episcopalian, *i.e.*, Anglican in reli and therefore partook of the Catholi dition in ethics. It is true that Calvi fluenced the Anglican body (for that ter, his atmosphere not a little aff Seventeenth Century Roman Cathol as well), but all the same Anglicanis sisted, and so long as the Southern g man helped mold the American nat ideal the ethical tradition of civiliza including an esteem for leisure, wa without force and effect. Not unti fall was the Bible Christian without e ive religious opposition.

III

Among secondary causes a local ci stance came in to reënforce his cont for leisure: that was the necessity for ing forest land. The intensity of effo quired for such a task, together wi power of absorbing the energy and s man, have been little noted in le perhaps because few writers of books ever done such work. Within historic Europe has known no compulsion eq vast; even the considerable reclaimi waste land which marked the tran from the Dark Ages to the high mec time were on a far smaller scale. Fro Atlantic to the prairies the pioneer A

had to hack and burn every step of his . On a front of 1500 miles he penetrated n average depth of nearly a thousand— rgantuan achievement that has deeply ked his descendants.

anyone doubts the unique quality of labor he has only to go out into the try and help clear a brush lot. No er what he may have seen of athletics ldiering, the present writer can prom- im an experience he will not soon for- He will find the trees resisting him a stubbornness he will soon begin to devilish perversity. The felling is the of it; he must then rid himself, not of his cuttings, but also of his roots stumps. He will find oak and hickory ngs little taller than a man with tap- three feet deep in the earth, astonish- tough and protected from direct at- by the circle of upper roots. He will isgusted to learn that the stumps of r trees can hardly be coaxed to burn; them in the sun for months and they smolder and go out as on the day they first painfully grubbed from the earth. oreover, the work is not merely me- ical; no tree stands precisely like her and no root system exactly copies ast. Accordingly, the mind, although training like the body, is nevertheless by successive problems. In the face ch opposition the woodsman finds elf morally altered; he lays on with a concentrated and prolonged by the lling size of the job. Above all, he ses the wretch who cannot or will qual his own labors; to see another before himself makes him angry. Let remember that he is clearing, not the n forest, but only a few acres of brush, he will begin not only to honor his tors, but also to appreciate why they ed everything but their own ferocious try.

ll another force that worked against e among the early Bible Christians he custom of dividing an inheritance ly between the children of the de- d. Morally, this was not alien to the individualism of Bible Christianity; it was from the beginning the custom of the New York Dutch. On the other hand it was and is not identical with Bible Christianity; for instance, it has been characteristic of the French since their Revolution. Societies which consider chiefly ideal justice, together with the general tone of liberty found where many if not most men own property, prefer such an arrangement. Those eager for trained leaders and continuity in leadership prefer primogeniture, the custom by which estates are inherited intact by the eldest son. The history of primogeniture versus equal partage would repay study; for instance, in New York State the British custom never morally took root, whereas in South Carolina it remained law until 1781. Let it here suffice to say that the moral prestige behind equal partage is today so strong that there seems no prospect of change.

Nevertheless, the forces thus making against a leisure class have not prevented the appearance in America of a large group which, whatever it may pretend, really lives on inherited money; and from this group the beginnings of a leisure class are everywhere sprouting vigorously. That this is a desirable development needs little argument; sensible men will agree that our politics, arts and letters stand to benefit by the mere existence of such a class and those who dissent are probably inaccessible to reason.

A single point is perhaps worth mentioning—that a leisure class might do something to lessen the dullness of a commercial society. As to this the writer will content himself with calling witnesses. The first is Charles Francis Adams, the second of that name, whose father was Minister to England during the Civil War and whose son is today Secretary of the Navy. Adams, whose experience of multi-millionaires was not small, has testified thus: "Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or in the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought or

refinement. Mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting." The second witness is Theodore Roosevelt, whose worst enemies admitted his high ability and freedom from dullness. Charles Willis Thompson wrote in the *Commonweal* of January 16, 1928, that when in the White House Roosevelt once said to him: "I have to talk to millionaires but I wish I didn't. They bore me. You'd suppose the master of a great industry would be full of interesting things to say. But th y're not. They know their own businesses, but the moment they stop talking shop they haven't an idea. Outside of money-making they're dumb. I don't mean that as a unanimous condemnation," and here he named three millionaires who in his opinion had ideas outside their business, "but it applies to nearly all of them." If Adams and Roosevelt were right, such dullness among Americans of great wealth indicates a serious vital and intellectual deficiency in American leadership and one requiring correction.

But above all argument as to the desirability of the growing American leisure class is the stubborn fact that the very success of the business man has destroyed his dominance. As the success of the medieval landowner in assuring public order destroyed the necessity for a wealthy class concentrated upon fighting, just so the colossal achievement of the American business man in piling up wealth has destroyed the necessity for a leadership concentrated upon making money. Even if we grant the truth of the American proverb that it takes a smarter man to keep money than to make it, it remains true that keeping, unlike making, is seldom a full-time job.

IV

How then is the emerging American leisure class likely to organize itself? First, as to the preliminary point of economic organization; second, as to morals and manners.

Its economic basis can hardly be other than the ownership of land. The alternatives, bonds and mortgages—that is c or shares in businesses represented by —are alike disadvantageous. The prin of a debt cannot increase of itself; c quently, loss through the failure debtor to pay cannot be made good b increase in the capital value of other owned by the creditor. Also, in nc times the income from debts in the s of interest will be less than the in derived in dividends from an equal ca sum invested in stocks of which the f earnings are uncertain, or in land whi less immediately salable at its true than securities. In turn, the ownersh stocks is unsuited to a leisure class in their values fluctuate more and ther require closer attention than either la debts.

Land, on the contrary, would almost ideally suited to leisured ov ship. The rapidity with which Amer trade in it nevertheless leaves it hard liquidate than bonds or stock and in s as it is non-liquid it gives a man local and attachments. "Landed fortunes ar only responsible ones," as Maurras h often written. Land values tend to inc as communities grow more prosperou to decline when their general prosp declines; the landed man has therefore incentive to true patriotism than any o since his interests coincide so closely those of the commonwealth. Land v can hardly be destroyed altogether; i property has been well chosen in the place, then the title can be wiped out by adverse political developments which no type of property is imn Hence while individuals may prefer b and stock, land must be the sheet an of a future American leisure class, as i been that of all corresponding class the past.

At the same time, the economic ba that landed class must apparently from that of its forerunners in that th come producing property of the latter chiefly agricultural and other rural whereas today city land is more profi

old. Furthermore, American farming usually been wasteful at best, so that ncrease in tenant farming would be trous even from the narrowly eco- c point of view. It has been suggested large owners may prove more skilful small independent men in the use of inery, chemical fertilizers, and mar- g methods, so that American agri- re may become a concentrated industry manufacturing; but so far it seems ly probable that farming by small rs—perhaps combined in coöperative iations—will persist. Therefore, the d leisure class seems likely to draw its ne chiefly in rents on city land, but of its members will probably live in ountry; the present tendency in that tion is strong and increasing.

th regard to the sort of manners and ls our leisure class may build on its lation of landed wealth, a single con- ous instance is too striking to be passed it is to be found in the correspond- between the city strongholds of the eval and Renaissance Italian nobles he town-house of John D. Rockefeller West 54th street, New York City. ng it desirable to have footholds in turbulent cities, the Italian nobles ied. Tourists will remember the Flor- e palaces built of great blocks of stone he surviving forest of towers at San gnano. Precisely as if he was some resque and detested prince of the issance, Mr. Rockefeller has likewise himself a private fortress.

reasons for so doing are unknown; s been said that he feared assassina- At all events, he has taken great to protect himself. That his construc- s of massive stone with doors of great gth, the lower windows small and ly barred, is in no way remarkable. stonishing thing is that he has cleared pen space between himself and such boring houses as he has allowed to ; just as a military engineer might the ground outside the walls of a about to be besieged, so that none should approach under shelter of walls unconnected with the defense. Most strik- ing of all is the care he has taken to shelter himself against escalade by savage looking rows of downward pointing iron spikes, some of them on the adjoining houses, but all uniform in design, so that they seem equally his work. On his western front there is a cluster of them two stories up. Near his south-eastern corner rows of them appear three stories up. Visible from the south are other rows no less than five and a half stories in the air! The place looks capable of resisting anything short of artil- lery, mining with high explosives, or treachery from within. Furthermore, dur- ing some years when the writer lived in that street, an armed guard—regularly re- lieved and of a genial temper as befits men at arms—was invariably posted before the door. The whole thing was a sort of portent or symbol, and was not to be viewed with- out mixed emotions.

This private fortress suggests the ques- tion whether the typical rich man of the future, like those medieval landowners from whom the tradition of the gentleman has come down, will be a soldier. If Com- munism were to gain ground or even if con- fiscatory taxation were to go beyond a certain point, then the rich might decide to spend most of their incomes on armed retainers, beside becoming soldiers them- selves. Already a beginning is seen in the armed forces maintained by certain cor- porations, notably the various bodies of railroad police, in private detective agen- cies such as the Pinkertons, and in the armored cars and armed bank messengers now familiar to our city streets. Should our civilization return to the daily carry- ing of weapons familiar to all history, then arms would again become the chief busi- ness of the wealthy male.

Even should no such development occur, we may yet expect our landed class to have at least a military tinge. Arms are not only useful in themselves, that the rich may count individually for more than their mere numbers; they are also morally useful

in their effect upon the temper of those acquainted with them. No class contemptuous or even too neglectful of arms can maintain a high temper. Even peace-time maneuvers afford some slight degree of hardship and even the mere sound of a shot reminds us of the supreme masculine virtue of courage. As to general esteem, few men or women do not love a fighting man, and those few are precisely the ones most likely to fear him.

The natural love of arms is so strong in the normal male as to make it easy for any leisure class to gain acquaintance with weapons. Many well-to-do boys and young men are already receiving a military education and there would be no great difficulty in teaching most of them the use of the rifle and perhaps a few rudiments of tactics. A certain number of men of income might wish to become regular Army officers, at least for some years; if so, their presence would certainly be welcomed by colleagues living on their pay, if only because each time an independent man quit the service to enjoy his wealth, promotion would be just that much faster for the others.

V

Next to war comes sport. Even safe sports have physical and some moral value, strengthening the will through competition and the self-control through the necessity of fair play even in hot blood. Still better in the intervals of wars are those sports which also make for courage through the need to face danger or hardship. Indeed many sports, although they may not bring home to the mind the idea of danger in connection with that of self-sacrifice, as soldiering does, nevertheless subject a man to real hazards, as peace-time maneuvers do not. Of this sort are big game hunting, any sport that necessitates riding on horses, football, boxing (in which a man at least risks painful blows), deep water cru aviation, and so on.

As to the non-military functions rich, politics will probably be the concern of the new landed men, and to politics, letters and the arts—the means by which opinion is formed. of the old arrogance toward comm wealth may reappear. "The gentry sider the trader a hog," to misquote V Lindsay's recent "Virginians." O other hand, it is the mark of a landed to cherish tradition and therefore sin new gentry must spring from and remain intertwined with business it unlikely that its members will foul own nest.

As a necessary means of self prot it would seem that they must develo habit of occasionally excreting an un able member of their own body. Al tocracies, despite their tolerance o doings of their members, have wielde device of ostracism or excommuni with great effect. Such wholesome p tives seem today a little disused. F stance, among the leading families Newport set there is a young man doings the *North American Review* has c icled as follows: "[So and so] . . . ha with gusto how [as a newspaper rep he climbed a hotel fire-escape to Dunsany's room unannounced, whe latter was trying to escape reporters how he shadowed a man suspected paper of having separated from his and how he sneaked into a . . . Long estate to peek through a window." would expect any self-respecting w class to handle such a specimen roughly; today, unfortunately, eve measure of contempt his name pro seems due more to his business failure to his aforesaid personal conduct. A class could be counted upon to mu considerably this type of go-getter.

THE LAST STROKE OF A MASTER

BY HENRY O. SWINDLER

was Summer, July 11, 1864.
Although the hour was not yet noon,
the city of Washington sweltered.
ks of fleecy clouds, suspended in the
thless air, were mirrored upon the
y bosom of the Potomac, where ships
ecalmed, drifting with the tide. Along
Chesapeake and Ohio Canal old mules
ed older barges through historic
rgetown. Near the river bank stood
nfinished shaft of Washington's mon-
nt, symbolizing the country brought
by his efforts, but not yet welded into
ited and powerful nation. A mile and
lf to the eastward rose the new dome
ne Capitol. At the order of President
oln, it had risen to completion through
years of strife and bloodshed. Now
ned, it stood as a memorial to the in-
table character of the humble man
would complete the work of Wash-
on even at the price of a long war.
peaceful scene, but, in the hearts of the
le of the nation's capital that Summer
ing there was no peace. Brilliantly uni-
ed but disheveled aides dashed about
orseback. Regiments of raw militia,
mfortable in their new uniforms, hur-
they knew not where. The cool, tree-
corridors echoed to the shuffling
of untrained marching feet. Battal-
of gaunt veteran reserves, old soldiers
red unfit for active duty by wounds
kness, glanced scornfully at these re-
as they strove manfully to swing
with the oily smoothness of sea-
infantry. Hastily-formed companies
nvalescents and quartermasters' clerks
ared ill at ease in their nondescript
rms and ancient arms.

Knots of citizens congregated on the street corners and talked in subdued tones. There could be heard mutterings against the "butcher Grant" for leaving only this rabble to defend them. Now and again talk ceased as men glanced apprehensively to the northward. And well they might be silent, for a cloud had appeared on that horizon. A low-hanging, suffocating cloud of dust, made only by thousands of marching infantry, spread along the Seventh street pike. Under that pall marched twenty thousand veterans in tattered butternut grey, the peers of any troops who ever marched to war. Lee, the great master, was making his final and desperate bid for victory. Jubal Early was at the gates of Washington.

The Confederate campaign against the capital in June and July, 1864, was the direct result of action taken by the Federal government in March of that year. The close of 1863 found the Union cause apparently far from success. After three years of the most bloody warfare since the campaigns of Napoleon, the Confederate armies were still unconquered. As a last resort, the administration tried unity of command. Ulysses S. Grant was summoned from the West, raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, and, on March 9, 1864 assumed supreme command of all the Union armies. Grant's plan was simplicity itself. The armed forces of the Confederacy were his objectives. The Union armies were to concentrate on these forces simultaneously. Only two Confederate armies of importance remained, the one commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton, Ga., and the other, the Army of Northern Virginia,

under Lee, which lay entrenched behind the Rapidan. Sherman was assigned the task of destroying the forces under Johnston while the Army of the Potomac, under Meade, was to attack its old adversary, the Army of Northern Virginia. Grant fully realized the importance of the operations in the eastern theater, where both hostile capitals were at stake. He had known the military ability of Lee since the Mexican War. He therefore established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac and directed its movements in person.

Operations in both theaters commenced early in May. During the first month, Sherman, by a campaign of little blood and much maneuver, succeeded only in forcing Johnston to retire toward Atlanta. In the East, Grant, by the ghastly battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor, drove Lee steadily toward Richmond. Time after time Grant tried to turn Lee's right, cut his communications, and thus force him to decisive battle, but at the end of each turning movement Grant found the Army of Northern Virginia entrenched squarely across his path. His furious but often poorly coördinated attacks all failed. June 3 found the Confederate army, though weakened by irreparable casualties, still effective and entrenched at Cold Harbor.

The right of Lee's line at Cold Harbor rested practically upon the fortifications of Richmond. His communications could only be reached south of the James river. Grant determined to shift his army to the south bank of that river, seize Petersburg, and so bottle up Lee in Richmond, or drive him South. The preliminary movements to carry this plan into effect brought on Early's campaign against Washington.

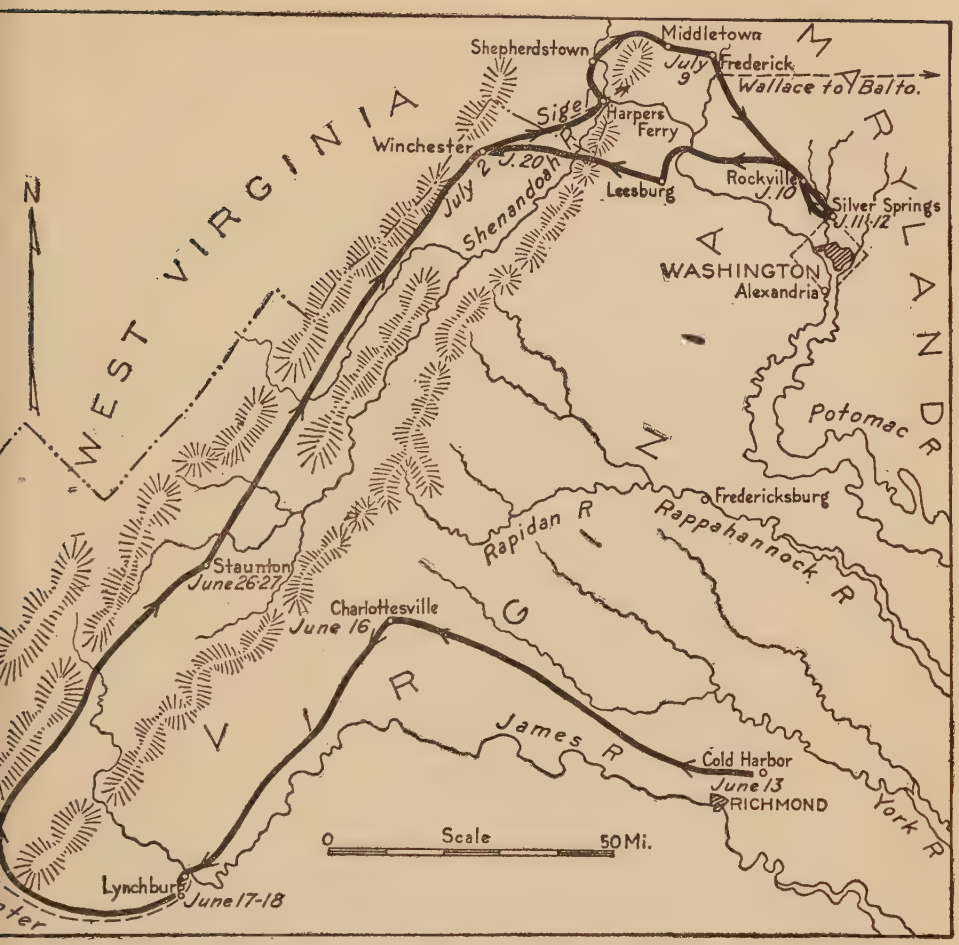
To cover the movement to the south bank of the James river, Grant, on July 5, dispatched Sheridan's cavalry corps to break up Lee's communications to the westward. After destroying the Virginia Central Railroad, Sheridan was to make a junction near Charlottesville with a Union force commanded by Hunter, which had been operating in the Shenandoah Valley. Sheridan and Hunter were then to plete the destruction of Lee's commu tions and join Grant. This part of Gr plan was doomed to failure. The U cavalry was defeated at Treviline St and turned back. On June 13, Lee deta Stonewall Jackson's old corps, now u the command of Lieutenant-General A. Early, against Hunter, who was proaching Lynchburg. By June 26, E then at Staunton, had already ma junction with a small Confederate under Breckenridge and had driven Hu into the mountain fastnesses of Virginia.

Early's command now consisted of infantry divisions, four cavalry brig and three battalions of artillery. strength was about 22,000 men and f two pieces of artillery, exclusive of artillery.[1]

Lee's instructions to Early were, disposing of Hunter, to move down Shenandoah Valley, threaten Washin and play upon the fears of the Federa ministration for the safety of the ca city. This was the old scheme which effectively broken up the Union com tions during the campaigns of 1862 1863.

The withdrawal of Hunter from the ley left the road to the Potomac open cept for a small force under Sigel in vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Early Staunton on June 28, moved rapidly d the valley, and on July 4 occupied Har Ferry. After perfunctory skirmishing gel withdrew to the security of his trenchments on Maryland Heights, n of the Potomac. This position was strong to be carried quickly, and Si command was too small to constitu serious menace to the Confederate Early therefore crossed the Potoma

[1] It is impossible to state the exact streng Early's command. The strength given here is than estimates from Confederate sources and smaller than most Federal estimates. It is bas the number of regiments from which prisoners captured, statements of prisoners, areas of camp etc.



The Route of Early's Attempt upon Washington

pherdstown and invaded Maryland. e destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio road, thus severing direct communica- with Washington from the West. His lry raided far and wide, gathering sup- s and horses. Detachments penetrated ar as the border of Pennsylvania. The on cavalry was too weak to gain any nite information concerning the strength composition of Early's command or the s of its leader. The Federal authorities knew that a Confederate army of con- rable strength was concealed in the ntains of Maryland. Consternation ad through the North. All sorts of ors were rife and in the press the strength of the invading army mounted steadily. It was reported that Lee with his whole army was in Maryland and that he had completely fooled Grant with a mere handful of men in the fortifications of Richmond under Beauregard. Daily reports had it that Lee was descending upon Washington or Baltimore, or invading Pennsylvania. Doubt concerning Early's intentions was only partially dispelled when, on the morning of July 9, the Confederate columns entered Frederick, Md. From this point, good roads led to both Baltimore and Washington, each about fifty miles distant.

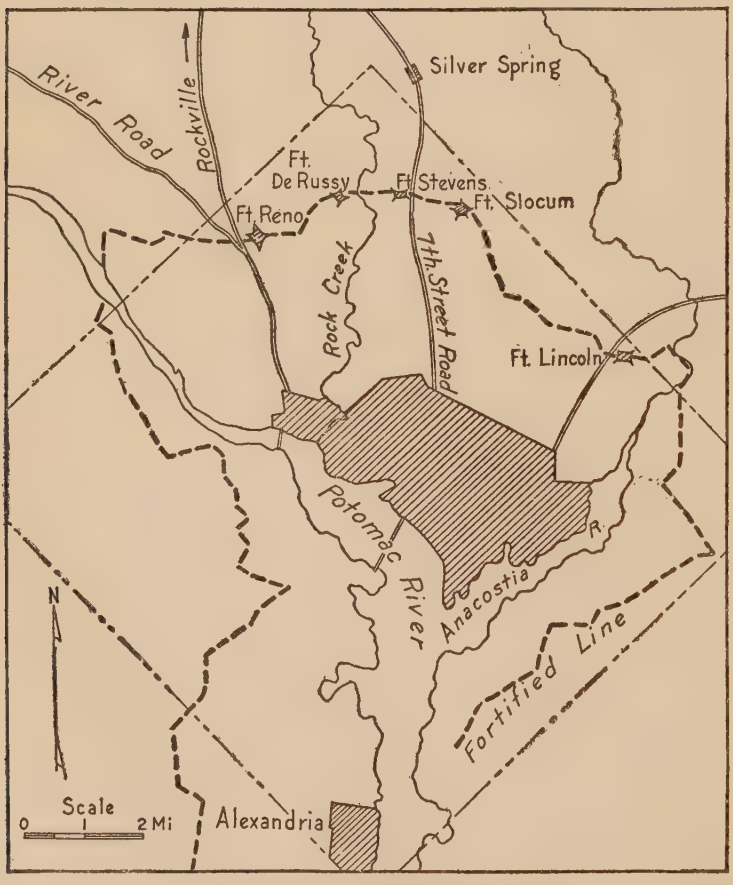
Early's troops passed rapidly through

Frederick and about 8 A.M. discovered a Union force in position behind the Monocacy river, two miles south of the town. Upon learning of Early's approach, Major-General Lew Wallace, who commanded at Baltimore, had moved all of his available force to Frederick. Wallace had deployed his command, about six thousand strong, along the left bank of the Monocacy, covering the crossings of both the Baltimore pike and the road to Washington. His position was too strong to be assailed from the front. Early therefore forded the river and attacked the Union left. The struggle was gallantly maintained by both sides and it was late in the afternoon before Wallace was driven from his position on the Washington road and retired on Baltimore. Only small detachments of Union cavalry r stood between Early and the defense Washington, forty miles away.

II.

The construction of those defenses had b started in 1861. During the succeeding t years, progress had varied with the fortu of war. When the Union army invaded ginia, work lagged. After each Confede success construction was pushed with u disregard for labor or expense. The S mer of 1864 found the defenses comple They formed a fortified line thirty-s miles long which completely surrou the city. This line contained sixty closed forts and numerous supporting teries and mou 810 guns and 981 tars. The forts connected with pits and the fiel fire had been clea In considering ly's campaign, are concerned with the terrain fortifications n of the city.

In 1864 the of Washington confined to the of land between Potomac and costia rivers, did not extend than four m north of the fluence of th streams. North the city the rose rapidly t high plateau. high ground intersected, f north to south the deep and ru valley of Rock cr Three main h



The Defenses of Washington in 1864

ys led to the northward. One, which is
v Wisconsin avenue, ran from George-
n along the high ground between the
omac and Rock creek. At Tenallytown
road branched into three roads, one
vhich continued through Rockville to
derick. The Seventh street pike, now
wn as Georgia avenue, led from the
d of Seventh street, ran along the high
und east of Rock creek and through the
age of Silver Spring, just beyond the
trict line. Farther east, and near the
acostia river, was the Baltimore pike.
ond the District line, country roads
nected these main thoroughfares.

he line of fortifications crossed the
eau about three miles north of the city.
t Reno protected the road forks at
allytown. A mile and a half east was
t De Russy, which commanded the
ge of Rock creek. Near the present in-
ection of Georgia avenue and Quacken-
street the guns of Fort Stevens swept
Seventh street pike. Fort Stevens was
orted by the fire of Fort Slocum, about
ile to the eastward. The Baltimore pike
the valley of the Anacostia were com-
ded by Fort Lincoln.

ortifications as extensive as these re-
e a large garrison. Without it, their
t extent becomes a source of weakness
er than of strength. In 1862, a board of
ers was appointed to determine how
e a garrison was necessary to man the
hington defenses. This board recom-
ded a force of 9,000 artillery, 25,000
ntry, and 3,000 cavalry, a total of
oo men. In addition, a covering force
5,000 infantry was recommended. This
ison, of course, was designed to cope
a larger force than that of Early, but
ust be remembered, that the board
ch recommended it had in mind trained
disciplined troops. In 1864 the defenses
Vashington had been stripped of trained
ps to augment the armies in the field.
y had been replaced by perfectly raw
ps who had been in service barely two
ths. Worse, the strength of the gar-
n had been cut to about 10,000 men, which was sufficient to provide only one relief of gunners and only infantry enough to man one-fifth of the parapets of the forts, without occupying the rifle pits between them. Of this force, not more than 2,000 held the line of works ten miles long between the Potomac and Anacostia. In addition to the garrison of the defenses, there were in and about the city about 10,000 nondescript troops who were guarding warehouses, public buildings, bridges, etc. The only troops of any length of service were four companies of regular artillery, two regiments of District of Columbia Volunteers, a few battalions of veteran reserves, and about 1,200 cavalrymen from the Army of the Potomac who were awaiting horses. Such was the garrison of the defenses of Washington as Early approached the city.

After defeating Wallace, he camped for the night of July 9 on the battlefield of Monocacy, and at dawn of July 10 his column was in motion in the direction of Washington. His superior cavalry screened the movement in front and in the direction of Baltimore, so that througnout the entire day it was not definitely known whether he was advancing upon Baltimore or upon Washington. All day the column pressed on. The morale of the troops was at the highest pitch. They had penetrated more than a hundred miles in rear of the Union main army, they had driven three armies from their path, and now the very heart of the hated tyranny was almost within their grasp. They felt themselves irresistible; they were convinced that any one of their number was equal to at least ten "damned Yankees." But Early did not share the elation of his troops. He approached Washington with misgivings; he was far within the Union lines; he could expect no support. In the battle of the previous day he had captured prisoners from Rickett's division of the Army of the Potomac. A part of Grant's army was before him: he knew not how many. Was it only a detachment or was the whole army moving up from Richmond? If so, what

was its destination? What were the Union plans? Would Lee be able to destroy the Union army while it was withdrawing? These and a hundred other questions haunted Early as he rode on toward Washington, but he could not turn back now. His only chance of success lay in finding the defenses of Washington weakly manned and carrying them by assault.

Although the day was exceedingly hot and the roads very dusty, Early's troops marched thirty miles on July 10 and camped that night near Rockville, only ten miles from the defenses of Washington. While they were marching from Frederick to Rockville, no adequate measures were taken to defend the capital. The Confederate cavalry covered the movements so effectively in the directions of both Washington and Baltimore that it was still not known upon which place Early was moving. This dearth of definite information, however, cannot excuse the lack of energy which was displayed by the Union command. It was obvious from Early's position at Frederick that, should he advance on the capital, he must strike somewhere between the Potomac and Anacostia. Nevertheless, the only step taken on July 10 to meet that attack was to establish a reserve camp near the Seventh street pike, a mile south of Fort Stevens. Major-General A. McCook was given command of troops which were to be assembled there. Although McCook was an able officer, he was unfamiliar with the terrain, the fortifications, and the garrison of the northern line. He spent the whole afternoon reconnoitering the site of the reserve camp and the fortifications which he might be required to support. At night when he returned to the camp he found concentrated there only two regiments of District of Columbia Volunteers, the 9th Regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, and two light batteries. These troops, a small detachment of cavalry, and the small garrison of the forts, were the only soldiers north of the city when Early appeared before Fort Stevens on the following day. The vital question of command was not settled 12:30 A.M., of July 11. At that McCook received a message from Ge Auger, commander of the Departme Washington, which divided the work tween the Potomac and Anacostia three sectors to be commanded, from to east, by Generals Hardin, Meigs, Gillmore. McCook was placed in com of the whole line. Although Ge Meigs, who was the Quartermaster- eral, was to command the works or Seventh street pike, he did not arri Fort Stevens until 9:00 P.M., July 11 these precarious arrangements rested security of the nation's capital!

III

The Confederate column was in m early on the morning of July 11. leaving Rockville, the infantry and lery took a road which bore to the ward and joined the Seventh street pi Silver Spring. McCausland's cavalry gade continued on the Georgetown Imboden's cavalry brigade covered front of the infantry column. The ca brigades of Jackson and of Johnston been dispatched to break up the rail at Baltimore.

Early pressed on ahead of the infa and shortly before noon stood on the ground near Silver Spring. From this he saw Imboden's cavalry drive a sma tachment of Union cavalry into the w The defenses of Washington spread b him, apparently deserted. They were tically so. Fort Stevens, in his imme front, was garrisoned by only 78 infa men and 79 artillerymen. Early dispa an aide to General Rodes, whose div was leading, with the order to carr works with the bayonet, but as Rode deploying his division for the as Early saw a cloud of dust approaching Stevens from the south. As he watch column of troops appeared and filed the rifle pits on either side of the pike the doubts which had assailed him o

vious day came rushing back. Upper-
st in his mind were those prisoners from
Army of the Potomac, captured at the
ssings of the Monocacy. He ordered
des to suspend the assault and to push
skirmishers for reconnaissance.
f the information at his disposal be con-
ered, one cannot censure him for acting
autiously. Nevertheless, as the precious
nutes grew into hours, the opportunity
seize the Federal capital, to win undying
ne and, perchance, to save the cause of
Confederacy vanished forever. While
skirmishers whiled away the afternoon
ore a line of entrenchments, scantily
risoned by short-term troops, 4,000
erans filed from transports at the Seventh
eet wharves, seven miles away. Crisp
nmands cut the sultry air and the col-
n swung up toward Pennsylvania ave-
. When its head reached the corner of
venth street and Pennsylvania avenue
urned up Eleventh street in the direc-
n of Fort Stevens.
When it became apparent that Hunter
uld not be able to arrest Early's march,
nt had ordered the VI Corps, com-
nded by Major-General H. G. Wright,
embark for Baltimore and Washington.
e 3d Division of that corps (Rickett's)
ived at Baltimore July 8 and two
gades of this division fought with
llace at the crossing of the Monocacy
July 9. This explains the prisoners from
Army of the Potomac which Early had
tured in that action and which were
sing him so much concern. The 2d
vision (Getty's) and one brigade of the
Division debarked at Washington
rtly after noon on July 11. The remain-
two brigades of the 1st Division did not
ve until the next day. The XIX Corps
been ordered from New Orleans to
shington, but only two regiments of it
ved while Early was before the city.
bout 11 A.M., July 11, the Union signal
ion at Fort Reno observed Early's in-
try column approaching Silver Spring
n the direction of Rockville. When this
rmation reached McCook, he imme-
diately marched the few regiments which had assembled at the reserve camp to the northern line and placed them in the rifle pits. These were the troops which Early saw from the high ground near Silver Spring and which caused him to suspend the assault of Rodes' division.

Rodes quickly drove the hundred-day men, who formed the Union skirmish line, into the fortifications and opened a brisk fire upon the gunners in Fort Stevens. This was a tense moment. The apprehension in the minds of the defenders is evident from reading the official report of Brevet Major-General J. C. Barnard, who was the engineer in charge of the fortifications. He says: "About this time there was great uneasiness along the line of fortifications, the heterogeneous force distributed in them, though considerable in number, not being of such a character as to inspire perfect confidence in their competency to resist an assault." This is a strong statement to find its way into an official report, and does not reflect a cheerful outlook. Relief, however, was soon at hand. About 1:30 P.M., six hundred of the dismounted cavalrymen from the Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, reached Fort Stevens. They were immediately deployed, drove the Confederate skirmishers back and established a line of pickets about one thousand yards from the works.

At 3 P.M., Wright reported to McCook and about 4: P.M. troops of the VI Corps began arriving in the rear of Fort Stevens. At about 5 P.M. the Confederates again drove in the Union line. Although McCook had received specific orders to hold the VI Corps in reserve, he deemed the situation serious enough to demand that the front be picketed by experienced men. Wheaton's brigade of the 2d Division, VI Corps, was selected, and at about 7 P.M. it moved out of the works and reëstablished the line which had been held in the afternoon. This line extended from a point midway between Fort Stevens and Fort Reno to a point in front of Fort Slocum, a distance of about two miles. During the night of July

11, McCook was reinforced by 1,500 armed quartermaster civilian employés and about 2,800 convalescents from the military hospitals.

Skirmishing began early on July 12 and continued until after noon. When the Confederates had been driven back on the previous day, they retained possession of two points which commanded the Union line. One of these points was the Rives house, which stood on a knoll immediately east of the pike, about a thousand yards north of Fort Stevens. This house was about two hundred yards northeast of the present intersection of Georgia avenue and Whittier place. In addition to commanding the Union skirmish line, it covered the low ground to the north of it, in which the Confederates could mass troops, unobserved. Across the pike from the Rives house, and in the southern edge of what are now the grounds of Walter Reed Hospital, stood Mrs. Lay's house, also known as the Carbery house. Confederate sharpshooters concealed in this house, and in the trees about it, also commanded the Union line. North of the Lay house was a ravine, a part of which is now the formal garden of the hospital, in which the Confederates could conceal a large number of troops. From these positions, Confederate sharpshooters had killed and wounded about thirty men of Wheaton's brigade, which composed the Union skirmish line.

McCook decided to occupy these two groups of buildings in order to relieve his men of the fire of the Confederate sharpshooters and to gain a position from which the low ground north of them could be observed. An attack by Captain Beattie's sharpshooters of Getty's division failed. It was evident that a well-prepared assault was necessary. Colonel Bidwell's brigade of Getty's division was chosen for it. At about 6 P.M. this brigade was quietly moved out of the works by a route concealed from the view of the Confederates, and assembled in a ravine east of the pike. The point of assembly was near the present intersection of Sheridan and Eighth streets. The 77th and the 122d New York, and 61st Pennsylvania were held in rese The 43d and the 49th New York, and 7th Maine were deployed immediately hind the Union skirmish line, opp the points of attack.

When these arrangements were m the guns of Fort Stevens and Fort Slo opened fire on the buildings and pos points of concentration in their vici After the thirty-sixth shot had been from Fort Stevens, the whole skirmish Wheaton's brigade, and the three ments last referred to advanced to th tack. The Confederates were reinforce troops which had been concealed in low ground north of the buildings, the three Union regiments which had held in reserve were thrown in to sup the attack. After a sharp action w lasted until dark, the Confederates driven out. The Union troops entren during the night. The Confederate lo unknown, but they left at Sligo Post seventy wounded who could not be m when they withdrew. The Union loss 280 killed and wounded.

The events of the day convinced E that the defenses of the city were strongly held to be carried by assault, he did not have the necessary mean siege operations. Hunter, he knew, brought his troops up the Ohio riv boats and was now approaching Har Ferry. The Confederate cavalry which been operating near Baltimore had m formed Early that two corps had ar from the Army of the Potomac and th all probability the whole army wa motion. Under these circumstances reluctantly withdrew during the nigh July 12. He forded the Potomac at burg and on July 20 arrived at Winche Thus the campaign closed in failure.

Responsibility for that failure has laid at Early's door on the ground th should have moved directly from chester to Washington. This is unjus close study of the campaign will show taking the longer route operated to

ntage. Had he marched from Win-
ter directly on Washington, the ap-
ance of his columns in the passes of
Blue Ridge would have disclosed his
ntions immediately. Moving by that
e he could have but one objective,
hington. Union troops could have been
entrated there quickly via Baltimore
over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad
Harper's Ferry. By taking the route
ugh Maryland, Early severed direct
munication with the West by destroy-
the railroad line beyond Harper's
y.

om July 5 to July 8 his army was con-
d in the mountains of Maryland, from
h area he could have invaded Penn-
nia, or moved upon Baltimore or
Washington with equal facility. His
arance at Frederick on July 9 did not
disclose his intentions. Troops could
e withdrawn from Baltimore lest he
k that place. He conducted his op-
ons so adroitly that his objective was
disclosed until his infantry column
observed from the defenses of Wash-
n.

IV

only results of the campaign were
ollection of some supplies and an in-
ity of $220,000 from Hagerstown and
rick. The sequel of the whole op-
n was the building up of a Union
in the Shenandoah Valley, under the
command of Sheridan, which de-
ed the resources of that granary of
onfederacy.

had thus failed to destroy the ring of
which Grant was relentlessly forging
the Confederate Army in Richmond.
d hoped that, by threatening Wash-
n, Grant would be induced to weaken
rmy sufficiently to allow the Con-
tes to destroy it, or that Grant would
his army to pieces against the forti-
ons of Richmond. Grant had done
r. Owing to a combination of cir-
tances beyond his control, Early had
compelled to return without accom-
plishing his mission. Lee deemed this failure of such magnitude that, in his report to the Confederate Secretary of War, he urged that knowledge of it be kept from the Southern people lest their morale be impaired.

Historians and military students pay scant heed to this campaign. One finds only brief paragraphs concerning it sandwiched between accounts of the grand maneuvers of 1864. Nevertheless, it was the most interesting campaign of the Civil War. It brought forth two events which are unique in our history.

Tucked away in a suburb of present-day Washington stand the crumbling ruins of Fort Stevens. It is half overbuilt with rambling frame buildings and almost forgotten. Only a modest monument, erected by survivors of the VI Corps, marks the spot where a President of the United States was under the fire of an enemy. Here President Lincoln stood when a surgeon was cut down near him by a Confederate musket ball. Not far away, in the angle of Georgia avenue and Whittier place, hardly noticed by passersby, lie those who were killed in the action at Fort Stevens, the only engagement ever fought in the District of Columbia.

In this campaign may be found a great lesson. The pacifists of to-day would rob our youth of all opportunity to prepare themselves for their duties in the event of war. These pacifists should be obliged to read an account of the action at Fort Stevens. In this engagement the Union commander found himself responsible for the safety of the heart of the nation. He was confronted with the élite of the Confederate Army, Stonewall Jackson's corps. The only thoroughly reliable troops at his disposal were a few brigades of the VI Corps. These brigades, strangely enough, he was ordered to hold in reserve. This order he deliberately violated when he used one brigade to picket the front. On July 12 he violated this order again when he used two brigades of this corps to carry the Rives and Lay houses. The disobedience

of a military order is a serious matter and, in the face of an enemy, a capital offense. The incident, however, was closed when McCook remarked in his report that the gravity of the situation required "experienced men."

If Early's campaign is interesting because of what did happen, it is fascinating on account of what did not occur. Had he attacked promptly when he arrived before Fort Stevens he could have carried the fortified line at that point. The extent to which he would have been able to exploit this success would have depended upon the behavior of the green Union troops. The conduct of raw levies in a hard-fought action is always a matter of doubt. It is quite possible that the four brigades of Union veterans who were then debarking from the transports would have been inundated by a mass of terror-stricken fugitives and rendered helpless. Had this occurred the Confederates would have overrun the whole city, burned the government buildings, and possibly carried off the President.

Were we to consider only the armed forces in the Eastern theater it is apparent that Early would have been turned out eventually. But war is not the shock of armed forces alone. Not the least factors are international interests, politics, and the morale of the people at home.

The industrial nations of Europe were starving for Southern cotton, their ports were glutted with manufactured goods for Southern buyers. Three long years of blockade had placed these countries in dire straits. It is hardly likely that they would have long delayed recognition of the Confederate States with a Confederate army in Washington. More serious than this threat was the effect that occupation of Washington would have had upon the wavering morale of the Northern people.

The citizens of the North were wea the war. Their attitude was reflected press which was already murmuring ag the appalling, and seemingly us casualties of Grant's campaign. O year had elapsed since troops were drawn from Meade's army, victorio Gettysburg, to put down, with an hand, the draft riots in New York Had Early remained in Washington tw four hours, the President could not shielded Grant from the wrath o North. He would have been forced lieve Grant and order the Army o Potomac back from Richmond. The fusion of a hasty withdrawal was th portunity for which the astute Lee pr While the Army of the Potomac wa barking, or entangled in the wilderne Virginia, he would have loosed lightning strokes which he knew so how to deliver and would have pro destroyed Grant's army utterly. The t of Early's troops in the streets of Was ton might well have sounded the knell of the Federal Union.

But this was not to be. Instead, E campaign marked the passing of one greatest masters of the art of war br forth in modern times. It was Lee' effort to snatch victory from defeat last attempt to seize the initiative with his dwindling resources, crown success the cause which he deemed The dreary months of the siege of P burg which followed were merely b time, staving off for a short while th timate and inevitable disaster. His to Appomattox was a pitiful effort to room to maneuver and thus keep al few days longer the dying embers of cause.

This campaign may well be calle last stroke of a master.

A METHODIST CHILDHOOD

BY MALVINA LINDSAY

When I had reached an age at which I no longer slept through the sermon, I became vaguely resentful Ir. Gallaway's back. It was a mountous back, towering above the pew in t of me, and shutting off all view of the cs of the thundering, black-coated man ie pulpit behind the big Bible. Fortuly during prayers, my vista was cleared, Mr. Gallaway was one of the few Mt. nel members who knelt between the s to pray, instead of merely bowing his on the seat in front. He was also one ie few Mt. Carmel members who still iimed "Amen!" at the high points in preacher's discourse.

r. and Mrs. Gallaway always sat in econd seat from the front, on the right- side of the church. I sat with my ner and my father in the third seat. It my mother's boast that I had not ed a Sunday in that pew since I was veeks old. She had faithfully observed preacher's constantly repeated precept children should be trained from early cy in habits of churchgoing. How- being practical as well as devout, she to it that I was entertained during the services. I took my favorite play- gs to church—my picture books; Jip, rown wool puppy, and Big Ada and e Ada, my two dolls. The dolls were ed for Miss Ada Gallaway, who played hurch organ, and with whom I identi- all the lovely, undulating ladies in *ll's Family Magazine.*

ss Ada was tall and slender; her heavy which she coiled high on her head, he color of November oak leaves; her was warm, animated and vibrant, and as she played she earnestly led the choir sopranos in singing. Each Sunday I looked forward to the close of the service, when she would come down in the aisle, stop beside my seat, and lift me up in her arms. "Hello, Jinks," she would say, smiling. Then her father, a strapping, hawk-eyed man, with a flowing red mustache, would echo in his hearty bass, "Hello, Jinks."

In a short time, I was in gentle Miss Lillie Boone's Sunday-school class. There we had a weekly drill in the catechism. "In how many days did God create Heaven and Earth?" Miss Lillie would ask softly. "In seven days God created the Heaven, the Earth, and all that in them is," we would singsong back at her. We also learned Bible verses alphabetically: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. . . . Bear ye one another's burdens. . . . Cast thy bread upon the waters. . . ." And at the Thanksgiving and Christmas entertainments we stood in a long, awkward line in the chancel, and sang in thin, childish trebles, or recited shrilly in unison. Miss Ada played for our songs, and at rehearsals I would often become so fascinated watching her long, white fingers dance across the organ keys, with their glistening nails and sparkling rings, that I would forget to sing, "Gather in the Golden Sheaves," or "Hark the Merry Christmas Bells."

Miss Ada, I had heard, spent an hour a day on the care of her hands that they might appear to advantage on the grand piano her father had given her following her graduation in music at Central Ladies' College. She taught a few piano pupils,

though she did not need to do so, for Mr. Gallaway owned the largest farm in the community. He was also the largest contributor in the church, and whenever a public collection was taken, his voice would boom out first with a substantial subscription.

As a result of Mr. Gallaway's prodigality, Mt. Carmel was unusually prosperous for a country church, and was an object of jealousy on the part of the three other charges on the circuit, particularly Shiloh, five miles east. It was the Shiloh congregation, I gathered from hearing my elders talk, that was responsible for the furtive, whispered rumors about Mr. Gallaway—rumors to the effect that he sometimes played cards and drank whiskey with politicians on his frequent business trips to Kansas City, ten miles west.

This and all other gossip Mr. Gallaway majestically ignored. He was an unfailing attendant at all church meetings; he wept, shouted, and helped to save sinners in revivals; and he could always be depended upon to start the testimonies in the weekly prayer-meetings.

II

These prayer services, to which I was taken occasionally, I found absorbing. Mr. Boone, a white-bearded patriarch, would recount the dramatic story of his life of sin, ending with the story of his conversion in a wood, from which, blinded like Saul, he stumbled back to the camp-meeting he had fled. Others would tell of the awakenings they experienced in revivals, or at their mothers' death-beds, or in slum missions in great cities.

I enjoyed most the narrative of Mr. Vogel, the Sunday-school superintendent, an elderly bachelor who had come to the neighborhood from Chicago several years before to engage in fruit farming. He was a stocky man, with a large, bland face, and a bald head, over the top of which he carefully combed a few strands of sandy gray hair. Born on an Indiana farm, he had left home in youth and gone West, whe had led an adventurous and ungodl in mining-camps in Death Valley, C Goldfield, Nev., and other fearful an luring places. Then he had returned to cago to spend his gains.

"It was a bitter Winter night," he w relate, "with a storm sweeping in Lake Michigan. I had left my compa in a card game, and aimless and despon was straggling down South State s As I passed Harry Monroe's Pacific Ga Mission, I was halted by the strains song—'Where Is My Wandering Boy night?' I thought of my dear old m back in Indiana, and led by a force I not resist, I entered the mission. A came to me and put his arm abou shoulder. It was Harry Monroe hims afterward learned. 'Brother,' he 'Jesus is calling you.' I followed H Monroe down to the altar and found that night."

Often Mr. Vogel would tell of spectacular conversions at the Pacific den Mission, and as I heard these reci wondered what my own conversion w be like, if I would see lights and voices, and if I would groan in ago the altar during a revival. I became fr ened at the thought of such an experi I found myself growing cold with h at the idea of making a show of myse weeping and shouting publicly whil church members prayed my soul into sa And yet, I pondered, how could I be s without all this? How could I escap eternal lake of fire and the leaping, de ing flames I had seen in picture-boo had encountered my first religious lem, one that was to cast an inera shadow over the next ten years of my

Mr. Vogel had belonged to a Se Coming cult in Chicago, and durin frequent visits at our home he talked stantly of the anti-Christ (whom h lieved was the Pope), of the Millenn and of Christ's return in clouds of g He was convinced that the Second Co would be within a few years and whil

ght gave him great satisfaction, it me with uneasiness. Whenever dark n clouds banked in the west, or a ge saffron glow spread over the earth nset, or a sudden blast reverberated a nearby quarry, I would become from fright. Often during rollicking ents of play, the chilling fear of the ment Day would creep over me, sud- y sobering and depressing me. I ght for a time of emulating a woman nom Mr. Vogel told, who had all her es, even her nightgowns, made with ets, so that she might always carry a to be reading when the last trump ded. However, I soon abandoned this If God knew everything, I argued, could one fool Him by such a trick? r chief dread of the Judgment Day was eading aloud of everyone's thoughts. seemed most unfair. I might control vords and my acts, but my wicked were there before I knew they were ng. I was filled with alarm whenever alled my angry thoughts about Mrs. or, a gossiping neighbor, who had unkind things to my mother about Gallaway and Mrs. Dudley, a pretty, dly woman in the Mt. Carmel church. now it's so," Mrs. Taylor had per- l, "because Mrs. Gallaway and Miss have both quit speaking to her." A g of wrath against Mrs. Taylor pos- l me. "Old Parrot Face!" I thought. heard some boys call her that when eprimanded them for stealing cake at e-cream social. Thereafter I lived in tual fear of the time when God or St. would read that thought of mine out big book before everybody, including Taylor. "Old Parrot Face!" I could yself before the heavenly throne, an t figure, transfixed by the stares of all neighbors as the ominous words ded. Strangely, the embarrassment of tuation worried me more than did the nt into Hell that would follow.

other anxiety that clouded this period y childhood was my feeling that I t to become a foreign missionary. I had been taken from infancy to missionary meetings, and had heard stories of the courageous women who had given up families, homes and friends to go out into the darknesses of Africa, China and Hindustan to save the heathen. Occasionally these missionaries returned and made talks urging young women to follow in their footsteps. At one such meeting, while the choir was singing, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go," three of the older Sunday-school girls offered themselves for mission work. The missionary who had spoken embraced them, the women of the church wept and the preacher prayed huskily. Thereupon, I decided that it was my duty also to help save the poor lost foreigners. Yet the dreadful thought of leaving my home and parents for a long stretch of years—perhaps forever—appalled me as much as did the Second Coming. I pondered the missionary problem long and seriously, far more seriously in fact than did the three girls who so valiantly volunteered. For two of these girls married before they finished high-school, and the third joined a theatrical stock company in Kansas City, from which she was later graduated into the movies.

III

The Rev. Brutus Dade, one of the early evangelists at Mt. Carmel, was from Georgia, and was a self-confessed exponent of Southern chivalry. He was an impressive figure in his long, clerical coat, his white linen bow tie, his broad-brimmed black hat, set well on one side of his head to reveal a flare of dark, wavy hair, and his inevitable gilt-edged Bible under his arm. The Rev. Mr. Dade stayed at our home during the three weeks he held revival. We were also boarding at that time the neighborhood school-teacher, a large, loud, masculine woman from Western Kansas. The evangelist was assiduous in his attentions to her, and would insist on putting on and taking off her cumbersome, mud-caked overshoes.

"Down South we would never think of letting a lady put on her own overshoes," he would declare magnificently as he tugged at the stiff buckles of the goloshes. He kept his wife's picture in his valise, and would frequently take it out and look at it in the presence of the school-teacher. It was a full-length photograph, showing the subject in tightly sheathed garments standing beside a marble pillar. "No Grecian goddess ever had a finer form!" the evangelist would exclaim proudly.

From the Rev. Mr. Dade I got the impression that evangelists were more affectionate than other men in their family relations, and that their home life was a continuous round of gallantries and embraces. Mr. Dade was always speaking of kissing his wife and babies, and in his sermons he would often upbraid the men of the congregation for not being more considerate husbands. "You old tobacco-chewing rascals!" he would shout. "There are none of you half worthy of the fine, pure women God has given you!" Then he would single out some unfortunate red-necked farmer, and pointing his finger accusingly at him, would thunder: "Brother, when did you last kiss your wife? When did you last take her in your arms and tell her you loved her? When did you last take her home a box of candy or a bouquet of flowers?"

The embarrassment of these bucolic husbands in the Rev. Dade's meeting, however, was not to be compared with my own. The nightly scene at the altar shamed and frightened me and made me long to crawl under the seat. Several backsliders, among them Joe Mahaffey, road overseer and political henchman of Mr. Gallaway, had undergone spiritual rejuvenation, and would shout and testify. These zealots, as well as the regular church leaders, goaded by the evangelist, would go into the audience to inveigle the unsaved to the altar. I lived in constant fear that my mother, my father, or other of my relatives would go forward and weep and shout.

I felt I should collapse in shame at such an exhibition. During the interm period that the invitation hymns we ing sung and the evangelist was ca and threatening the sinners, I sto wretched little figure, shaky knee half nauseated from fear, holdi tensely to the seat in front of me. If could have realized how groundles my dread, how unnecessary my to For all of my relatives were church and already safely counted amon saved.

The protracted meeting was the social event of the Winter, and atte came from a radius of ten miles, rid sleighs or buggies, and hitching horses in the shelter of the hedgerow rear of the windswept church grou frequenter who drove a dashing te bays to a new rubber-tired bugg Wade Ferguson, Joe Mahaffey's ne who had recently returned from the and lived at the Mahaffey farm worked for his uncle. Ferguson ha trying to keep company with Mis Gallaway, but his suit was looked coldly by Mr. Gallaway, who want daughter to marry a Kansas City la

Ferguson was spoken of in the nei hood as a little wild, partly because frequent and questionable trips to K City, and consequently was regar one of the chief sinner prospects at re Each night his uncle and various church leaders would go to him duri invitation hymn and urge him to g ward. He held out stubbornly unt the close of one of the meetings; th night, suddenly and without u followed several other converts t altar. "Glory to God!" exclaimed th Dade. There was a chorus of "Everybody come down front an have a regular, old-fashioned Met handshaking," shouted the evan The audience thronged about the al members exchanging handshakes a braces with the converts and wit other. Many wept, some broke prayer, and others started hymns in

rowd joined. Miss Ada left the organ, with tear-filled eyes and quivering came down in front and shook hands Mrs. Dudley. After the service, she home in Wade Ferguson's rubber- buggy behind his dashing team of

bsequent revivals heightened my own ous problems. I was becoming old gh to be a prospect myself, and during meeting, I lived in constant apprehen- hat some worker would single me out ry to induce me to go forward. My tion had become especially precarious he time the Rev. Luther Wesley an opened his meeting, for a new in revivals had then set in. It had found that the number of converts be greatly increased by appealing ildren; consequently Sunday-school ers were enlisted as soul winners, and classes went to the altar at every e.

e Rev. Mr. Morgan was a brisk, p, ruddy man with an iron gray adour and a pince-nez astride his ne nose. He radiated energy and rity, and he was most resourceful in ing sinners. A practise of his that d me much uneasiness was that of ng the saved from the unsaved. times he would ask the saved to ; at other times, at the conclusion of a , he would command the saved to , thus leaving the hapless unsaved ng to become the public prey of the al workers.

as at a loss as to what to do on such ons. I was not yet a church member; not even "gone up" in meeting. Still ld not feel that I was definitely d. I could not understand, moreover, nyone, even the preacher, could be tely certain of salvation. How could now for sure about such a thing the Judgment Day?

ised this question in the Sunday- class when Mrs. Pike, who had suc- Miss Lillie Boone as my teacher, lking to the members about their duty to confess their sins publicly, be baptized and join the church. She smiled a thin, reproving smile at me and said gently, "But, my dear, when once you are truly reborn, you *know* that you are saved." She then reproached the class for not having gone up in meeting, and made a chiding talk about being ashamed of Jesus. "What if He were ashamed of us at the Judgment Day?" she asked.

That night all the members of the class, except myself and a larger girl named Nannie Wagner, answered the altar call. I am certain that I shall never again experience such an endless and terrible period as that during which the invitation hymns were sung. The choir sang and re-sang:

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.

The Rev. Mr. Morgan, meanwhile, was pleading, gesticulating, and threatening: "Won't you come, brother, sister? Plunge in this precious fountain before it is too late! . . . Give yourself to Jesus! . . . He will not always stand and wait! . . . Some day He will turn away! . . . Won't you come now as we sing just one more verse?"

Miss Ada played on and the choir sang:

> The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day;
> And there may I, though vile as he,
> Wash all my sins away.

Mrs. Pike stepped up to Nannie and urged her to go forward. Nannie turned to me. "I guess we'd better, hadn't we?" I shook my head, obstinately. I was cold as a stone, forbidding as a thundercloud, and inwardly ashamed for being so. Yet a team of oxen couldn't have dragged me to the altar that night.

The next day I was disturbed, though not remorseful. I could not feel that God required me to undergo such a humiliating experience as to be wept and prayed over publicly while a curious congregation craned its neck. Yet I remembered the

miraculous conversions of the old men who testified in prayer-meeting, and also that of Saul, as related in the Sunday-school lessons. I felt that I must have a conversion of some kind. "Except ye be born again . . . " the Bible said. Accordingly, when I returned home from school that afternoon, I went into the darkened parlor, took a table, a footstool, a dresser scarf and a Bible, and erected an altar. Kneeling before this, I sang softly my favorite hymns, repeated my favorite Scripture verses, and then, with tears streaming down my face, poured out my troubles to a God who seemed strangely near, companionable and understanding. I arose in a state of exaltation, and for days afterward, I knew a peace that even the frantic altar calls of the Reverend Morgan could not take from me.

IV

When the revival seasons were not on, I experienced many beautiful, happy times at Mt. Carmel. There was Christmas Eve when the choir, in a setting of splendor consisting of cedar, bittersweet, buckberries, festoons of popcorn, and innumerable lighted candles, opened the Christmas entertainment by singing, "Joy to the World." No music since has ever seemed to me so sublime. Then there were those serene Sunday mornings of early Summer when the church was fragrant with elder blossoms and roses, and gay with ribboned hats and fluttering dresses. Our congregation by this time had been placed on a half-time circuit with Shiloh, and the Rev. Mr. Morrison, a gentle, placid man, preached twice a month. An ethereal peace would possess me as I sat by an open window, listening to his tranquil voice or to the wistful melodies of the old hymns and watching the restless cottonwoods outside shimmering in the brilliant sunshine.

The most solemn and impressive service was the communion, which was held four times a year, on the occasions of the presiding elder's visits. The elder, a frail, white-haired man with a surprisin strong, resounding voice, had ridden cuits in Missouri when the county pi were little more than cow-paths. Thou his body was breaking, his faith was s challenging. The interior of the chur to the highest wasps' nest, reverbera with his deep, earnest accents as he toned his blessings while passing the t of unleavened bread and the tall glass grape juice to the kneeling communican

Much as I responded to the solemnity the communion service, I was embarras at not participating in it. Not being church member, I did not feel that I sho go to the altar to partake of the bread a wine. Yet I realized I should eventually a subject of conjecture if I did not. " those who are in love and charity w their neighbors . . . ," the commun call read. And if any church attenda persistently failed to respond, the co munity immediately began to speculate to what secret grudges they harbored

Mr. Gallaway led the congregation the table and his wife, a patient, listl woman, followed. But from the time th gossip began to link Mr. Gallaway's na with Mrs. Dudley's, Miss Ada did n take communion. After the choir had fi down to the last sacramental serving, s would cease her music, and keeping h seat, would silently bow her head on t organ until the presiding elder's fi "Arise and go in peace" had been utter

At the first communion following Wa Ferguson's conversion, the congregati watched tensely when the choir star down for the final sacrament. But ag Miss Ada kept her seat and bowed h bright head on the organ. Few had rea expected her to do otherwise. For follo ing the revival there had been a renew of the whispered rumors concerning frequency with which Mr. Gallawa new red runabout—the only automobile the neighborhood—was seen in front of Dudley farmhouse.

Mrs. Dudley was a vivacious wom with enigmatic dark eyes and an air

rofessional Southern charm. Her husband vas an energetic farmer and, like Joe Mahaffey, was a political associate of Mr. Gallaway. The Dudleys never appeared onscious of the gossip about them, and Mrs. Dudley smilingly attended mission-ry meetings, oyster suppers and ice-cream estivals without having her gayety uenched in the slightest by the frigid loofness of Miss Ada or the sad dis-pproval of Mrs. Gallaway.

The only event at which her absence was oticeable was the elaborate church wed-ing that in June culminated Wade Fer-uson's persistent courtship of Miss Ada. he wedding was a volunteer gift from Mr. allaway to his daughter, a peace offering o end their long estrangement. Weakened hrough his own frailty in his opposition o his daughter's desires, he surrendered as as his wont with a magnificent gesture.

The Mt. Carmel Church had begun to lag zeal, partly through a decline in the rtunes of Mr. Gallaway, and partly hrough the springing up of Baptist and ampbellite missions in the community, hen the Rev. Winona Lane Custer was gaged to conduct a revival. Winona, ho came highly recommended from the orthern Methodist Episcopal Church he Southern branch, with which Mt. armel was identified, did not ordain omen to preach), was the widow of an vangelist and herself a former song ader. She was a small, dark and distant-ed ascetic—almost moody—when out of e pulpit, rousing when in it. Her services cked the church with the curious, ought many to the altar, and caused a neral renewal of fervor.

Joe Mahaffey, who had not been to eeting since the last revival, returned and d the amens; Wade Ferguson, who had own indifferent since his conversion, me regularly and brought Miss Ada to ay the organ; Mr. Vogel neglected his rm duties and went about the neighbor-od urging everyone to prepare for the cond Coming: and Mr. Gallaway was the st to go to the altar on the reconsecration call. Mrs. Dudley was the only one of the church standbys who was not active in the meeting. Early in the Winter she had suffered a painful rheumatic affliction, which had caused her joints to become red and swollen, and bent into grotesque shapes her soft fingers. In the Spring after the wheat was in, her husband intended to take her to Hot Springs, Ark., for a cure.

The Rev. Winona was a specialist in prodding personal workers to go into the audience and importune sinners, and I used to pray fervently each night that my mother would not go out and talk to anyone. I felt vaguely that such action would be vain and impertinent. But little did I realize how my mother's own timid soul, like that of many another retiring Mt. Carmel member, at that time was torn between an innate reserve and the Rev. Winona's vehement exhortations to duty.

One of the special targets of the soul winners was Fos Pendleton, a middle-aged bachelor who was never known to be wholly sober. He lived with his mother, a proud old woman who set great stock by her Kentucky forbears and was a charter member of the Mt. Carmel church. At every revival a concerted effort had been made to get Fos to the altar, but with stubborn cunning he had eluded salvation.

One night during the Rev. Winona's meeting, Fos stumbled in at the close of the service when the evangelist was in the throes of a futile effort to bait lost souls. The audience was spiritually cold; no one would go to the altar, no one would rise in pledge to lead a better life, no one would even hold up a hand for prayers. At last in desperation, the Rev. Winona silenced the choir, came down in front of the pulpit, regarded the sheepish audience reproachfully for a moment, then raised her song baton and cried, "How many here want to go to Heaven?"

A few started to hold up their hands. "Will everybody here who wants to go to Heaven stand up?" she shouted.

Fos Pendleton, who had reached the stage of inebriation where his chief concern

was to be obliging, especially to ladies, was the first to rise. As soon as the entire audience was on its feet, the evangelist commanded, "Now all who want to go to Hell, sit down."

Fos, not fully understanding the injunction, but still desirous of complying with a lady's request, dropped heavily on his bench.

A rustle of surprise ran through the congregation. All eyes were turned in Fos' direction. "Let us pray!" exclaimed the Rev. Winona. There followed a round of fervent petitions in behalf of the lost brother. A song was begun, and simultaneously Joe Mahaffey, Mr. Vogel, Mrs. Pike, and other workers surrounded Fos. Finally, the Reverend Winona, song-book in hand, left the pulpit and went back to him. Placing her hand on his shoulder, she looked searchingly into his face, and talked earnestly and confidentially. Fos was in no condition to resist such an onslaught: he meekly followed the evangelist down to the altar to the accompaniment of Joe Mahaffey's resounding, "Glory to God!"

The next day party-line telephones sizzled with the wrath of old Mrs. Pendleton. She soundly berated all those who had had a part in Fos' conversion, declaring her son had been tricked into "making a fool of himself," and demanding her church letter, which she immediately placed with the Shiloh congregation. Until her death, several years later, she rode grandly past Mt. Carmel every Sunday on her five-mile journey to Shiloh.

V

The excitement occasioned by Fos Pendleton's conversion made me determine to take no further chance of becoming one of the stock sinners of Mt. Carmel revivals but to get officially among the saved at all costs. I resolved to join the church before the next revival, and I waited an opportunity when I could do so as inconspicuously as possible.

But in the late Winter and early Spri months following the meeting, the M Carmel neighborhood had more serio things even than lost souls with which concern itself. A severe epidemic of grip attacked the community, making enti families bedfast, and reducing the chur congregations on many Sundays to a han ful. Many of the older persons died pneumonia, and every few days a ne grave was dug in Boone cemetery, who granite shafts and tall cedars surmount the first hill east of Mt. Carmel church.

Mr. Vogel was among the first stricke and it was soon apparent that his cond tion was serious. His neighbors took tur nursing him and listening to his delirio reminiscences of his boyhood in Indian Strangely, in the last days of his life, h seemed to forget entirely the Second Co ing and his desire to witness it; his ra bling recitals all were about his moth and about his childhood playmates, pe and adventures. Each neighbor woma who took care of him he called Mothe and he died feebly repeating, "Tell h . . . I'm sorry . . . I didn't lead . . . better life."

Mr. Gallaway was another victim of t epidemic. He was at church one Sunda saying his amens with his usual vigor a passing the collection plate with his usu aplomb, but the next day he took to h bed stricken with a severe chill. He died week later, holding his wife's hand a conversing with the minister, whom h informed that "whatever happened" was well with his soul. After the funera Mrs. Gallaway closed the big farmhou and went to live with Miss Ada and Wa Ferguson in their gingerbread cottage, whose cramped parlor the Gallaway gra piano loomed awkwardly among the che golden oak furnishings.

Mrs. Dudley escaped the grippe, but s had become bedfast from the effects of h rheumatism. Those who went to see h found her resigned and gentle, her da eyes dull and saddened, no longer flashi cryptic glances, and her once smiling li

thin and drawn from pain. Her Bible was her chief consolation; she kept it on her bed and read it constantly, and she was able to repeat from memory whole Psalms and entire chapters of Paul's epistles. In the late Spring, riding in a wheel chair, she set out with her husband to Hot Springs. It was the start of a pilgrimage to springs, baths and cures that was to go on futilely for the next fifteen years.

One rainy Sunday, late in the next Summer, when there was only a small congregation at Mt. Carmel, I stepped forward voluntarily at the end of the sermon and joined church. The Rev. Mr. Wilbright, then the minister, believed that I was moved to the action solely by his sermon, and for years afterward proudly regarded me as one of his personally saved souls. I was baptized the following Sunday without any accompaniment of tears and hallelujahs, and thus discovered that a conversion, like most other ordeals in life, is more formidable in prospect than in realization.

Now that I could be officially numbered among the saved, I experienced an exhilarating sense of freedom, a lightness of spirit I had not known in years. However, I was soon to discover that my transmutation had been delayed too long to accomplish its purpose. For a new era had come to Mt. Carmel. That Fall the conference made the church a full-time station and sent to it a young minister who wore a short coat and bright-colored ties, who looked with disfavor upon evangelistic orgies, and who embarked his flock on an ardent campaign of social service.

Another year brought even greater changes to church and neighborhood. A street-car line was extended out from Kansas City; cornfields and peach orchards were staked off into city lots; and square roofed brick-veneer houses began replacing the rambling farm dwellings. It was not long until the cottonwoods and the hedgerow in the Mt. Carmel churchyard were cut down, and the frame chapel, with its belfry and shingled spire, replaced by a squat stone basement, which was the beginning of the East Side Methodist Episcopal Church.

Meanwhile the congregation also had changed. Joe Mahaffey had joined the Baptists; Mrs. Pike had become a Christian Science healer; and Miss Lillie Boone had married and moved to California. Even the familiar sight of Miss Ada at the old red-backed cabinet organ was missing. The organ had been sold to a congregation of Seventh Day Adventists, and the piano that replaced it was played by one of the older Sunday-school girls. For Miss Ada, like Mrs. Dudley, had been stricken with a distressing rheumatic affliction, which caused her delicate, porcelain fingers to fold themselves, like the weary petals of a flower, into the palms of her hands. Though she was able to walk stiffly and haltingly, she was otherwise almost helpless; she had to rely on either the aged, unsteady hands of her mother, or the stiff, clumsy fingers of Wade Ferguson even to coil her bright hair about her head; and she could only with painful effort wipe the dust from her grand piano, which stood in her cramped little parlor, perpetually silent.

THE CUSTODY OF THE DOG

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Toots was the lowest breed of dog—a white poodle. There were red rims around his always watery eyes and the hair on his face always seemed matted. He was bathed often enough: his mistress, Evelyn Le Roy, feminine half of the team of the Le Roys, "Up to the Minute Songs and Dances," took care of that. But when they were in New York—and the Le Roys tried to stay in the Big Town as much as possible—Toots looked grey and the edges of his fur were flecked with dirt. And even on the road it's hard to keep a dog clean when you're jumping from one split week to another.

When the Le Roys played New York, or were resting in New York, you could see Toots any night around eleven or twelve in Forty-fifth street, one of a group of forlorn little dogs on ornate leaders, being taken by sheepish men or bold girls for a five minutes' walk before bedtime. The Le Roys always stayed at one of the rooming-houses that dot the street, a gallimaufry of shops and theatrical hotels and restaurants, all second—or fifth-rate.

The Le Roys were in vaudeville. They were usually fifth on the bill and they had a twelve-minute act. They knew it was a great little act. Frank Le Roy, the masculine half, had made up the routine himself and he was proud of it. What was the use of having somebody else write an act for you when you've got the talent yourself? Frank felt he could have improved a lot of the other acts on the bills, and he would have done it, too, and gladly, if they had taken his advice. He would have done it for a small fee—or for nothing at all. But somehow, the others were always conceited over their stuff, and didn't kno how rotten they were.

Frank made up his own dances ar chatter. He didn't copy anything from an one. Sometimes, though, folks stole h stuff. He was always going to complain *Variety* about it, but it seemed such an av ful bother, writing the letter.

The act opened with two minutes dialogue, starting "Where are you goin little girl?" with Evelyn showing appr priate surprise and coyness. Then Frar and Evelyn did a buck dance, soft sho Then, while Evelyn went to change, Frar told stories. He changed these if they g swiped or an election came up, but he fe that when you've got a good story, it best to stick to it. Next, Evelyn did h song and dance. She wore an evening dre this time, and while she danced Frar changed into a dinner suit. Then he join her and they finished with a hot number a jazz.

The Le Roys asked—and occasional got—two hundred and fifty dollars a we for the act. Sometimes they took two hu dred. Usually, Frank preferred laying to accepting the lower sum, but Evel was always urging him to take it.

"Gee, two hundred is better than not ing, ain't it? I'd rather take that and wo steady than the way we lay off all the tin Gosh, if we worked all year at two hu dred!"

"Who wants to work all year?" Fra remonstrated. "I like laying off in Su mer. I ain't one of those slaves."

But Evelyn didn't mean in Summer, a said so. Why, if they got twenty-fo weeks' work they were doing well. T

st of the time they were resting. They ɔuld be working steadily—forty weeks, ving toward the farm.

The Le Roys feared two things and ɔoked forward to two things, as do most lks in vaudeville. They feared ending eir lives in poverty, in an actors' home—s, they were members in good standing the N. V. A.—and they feared not being ɔle to get bookings because they were ɔo old. And they looked forward to a ttle place of their own, a farm, say, or aybe a Summer home at Lake Ronkon-ɔma—and to a week at the Palace in ew York. They never really hoped for a eek at the Palace, but they thought etty definitely about the farm.

Frank couldn't quite understand about e Palace. He went there Monday after-ɔons, when he was resting, and the acts ver seemed any better than his. Not as ɔod, usually. Occasionally, he felt, they ɔle his stuff, and, once in a while, ough he never admitted it, he got an ea for the act—an intonation, a step, a riation of a joke he had been using.

Evelyn and Frank were good troupers. ey liked to travel. Got along well with hers on the bill. Hardly noticed a hun-ed small discomforts. They were lucky, ey knew, because they didn't have any-e else to look out for. Most troupers had rents or children to send money to.

Until three years before they had sent ɔney to Evelyn's mother, who had lived ith Evelyn's older married sister, Mar-ret, in Duranty, Ark. Now Evelyn's ɔther was dead and a Christmas box for argaret and the children was all that was cessary, and that was kind of fun, buy-g the things and packing them in tissue per—and getting a box from Margaret's nily in return. Evelyn wrote to Margaret ery week and to her cousin Flora in nsas City and to half a dozen other ls.

Frank didn't write to anyone. He had n away from home at thirteen to join a rnival company. He had helped a magi-n during the week the show played his home town and the magician had told him that he could stay with the act. He hadn't got on with his step-father, anyhow.

Frank had done pretty well at sleight-of-hand. Sometimes now, he put a little trick into the act. Then he had spent a couple of years with a Sawing-the-Lady-in-Half act and that led him to Coney Island—to New York. He got into a bur-lesque company, did some clog dancing. Then he started out with a single act of his own. Even now, Frank felt he could do better alone. He thought it whenever he wasn't getting along with Evelyn.

He had met her six years before. He had been playing one of the dullest towns in Illinois and walked down the main street, killing time. Evelyn, fresh, pretty, passed him. There was the usual flirtation. Then, later, he sent her postcards and when he played the same town again he wrote her he was coming. She was waiting for him. At the end of the split week they were married.

He had been glad enough to take Evelyn into the act. After all, you get more money working with a pretty girl, though Frank knew it was *his* stuff that made the act go over. He had had a hard time teaching Evelyn the simplest clog steps. She was good enough, though he knew she didn't really help the act.

II

They had been married for five years. Those first years were fine. Frank had liked getting sandwiches after the show and eating them up in the hotel room with Evelyn. A lot more fun than eating alone. He liked discussing the other acts on the bill with her, while she listened, sympathetically, if he panned the other fellow. Even the train jumps seemed less monotonous, and in towns he had played before, and he had played in nearly all the towns, it was fun showing Evelyn around, introducing her to the hotel proprietor, to the people he knew around the theatre, and to the other actors on the bill. "Meet the wife!" he'd

say, proudly, and then add, "A real pal. More like a friend. Cooks on a Sterno. Great!" Yes, it had been fun, being married to Evelyn, at first.

Then things grew monotonous. The same act, year after year. They played all the circuits, Keith, United, Loew. Perhaps even more monotonous were the weeks they didn't work at all. If they had had a home they might have got on better. Now it seemed as if the walls of their little hotel rooms were folding in on them.

You got up late, mornings. You made breakfast in your room, which was not improved by the smell of eggs and bacon. Frank would dress, then, putting on one of the suits he thought such good style. Fancy lapels and oddly fashioned pockets. He'd go out and see about bookings, ask for two hundred and fifty. Sometimes he'd get it. Then he'd run back to Evelyn with the news and be a bit sore if she was not at home. Sometimes, she'd come along with him. Occasionally, when they hadn't worked for a long time he'd take less, two hundred and twenty-five or two hundred. There were weeks when there were no offers at all, when the fear of poverty came to both of them. Usually, though, they got fairly good bookings. Didn't they have a swell act?

Evelyn would spend hours fussing with her costumes, sewing on beads, making over a hat. They were both good dressers on and off, though of course you no longer said that. At night you dropped in to see shows, when you could get in free, and saw the acts of people you knew, or played cards with other show people in little box-like hotel rooms just like your own, finishing the evening with a couple of drinks up in the room or in a near-by speakeasy where you could get a free lunch.

They bought Toots on Broadway. A man was holding him out temptingly, a funny little white bundle.

"He'd be a lot of trouble," said Frank.

"He's a darling!" said Evelyn. "Think what a comfort he'd be on the road. Look! Look at him now!"

He did look cute, with his little blac beads of eyes and the pink ribbon tie skillfully around his neck.

Things were more difficult with Too added to the ménage. There was the job housebreaking him and teaching him n to bark. You were always having to snea him on to trains. Frank had to take hi out the last thing every night and the fir thing in the morning. He had to eat eve day, and you had to lug him from th hotel to the theatre and then to the trai And you were always stepping into h water dish or kicking him. Evelyn w forever fussing with him. It made Fran tired.

Things got on his nerves. He began t long for the freedom other men had. Evely was always giving him hell if he lo money at poker or craps. If a fellow worke hard he had to have something. When h came in even the least bit affected b drink Evelyn jawed at him. She ought t have realized he wasn't a heavy drinke The stuff he had to drink was enough t make anyone act funny.

It made him angry when Evelyn accuse him of flirting with Dixie Bird, the pre tiest of the Bird Sisters, "Refined Ballads. Well, what if he *did* kiss her? Wasn Evelyn always sidling up to everyone, fro the house manager to the stage hands?

He was sick of the whole thing. E pecially of Evelyn. She was always wan ing something done for her. He was sic of that damned dog. After all, Evely really was the ball and chain. It sound like a joke but it happened to be the truth Here he was, still young, ambitious. H could put on a swell single. Be a wow Maybe get into a revue. Why, there was vaudeville fellow he heard about who ha hung around for years in an act with h wife—and as soon as he got rid of h Ziegfeld took him up and he went ov big. Stopped the show. Couldn't *he* d that, too? Here he was, held down b Evelyn, who didn't know show busines didn't know anything at all. And that dog always around!

The monotony of life closed in around him. Evelyn's breakfasts. She couldn't even fry eggs right; always burned the bacon. She might look all right from the front, but she was no beauty in a hotel room, with her hair back and cold cream on her face. She was always picking at imaginary blemishes, plucking at eyebrows. Massaging. She never seemed to let herself alone. He always saw her sitting at a window, clad in a not at all immaculate negligée, mirror in hand, doing something to her face. Or bothering with that pup. That wasn't what he wanted.

When they were in New York they ate dinner at the table d'hôte restaurants of the neighborhood, usually Italian but occasionally, for a novelty, trying a Greek one, or an Hungarian, or a Chinese. When they were on the road the fare was far worse: tough meats disguised by thick, tasteless gravy, and grey looking vegetables. What was there to living like this, with all that quarreling and all that bad food?

When Frank first met Evelyn he thought that having her with him, always jolly, not as sophisticated as these dames you meet on Broadway, would be just what he wanted. Now she was just as sophisticated as the rest of them, just as full of wise cracks.

There had been little quarrels from the first, but Frank felt that every married couple quarreled a little, getting adjusted. But now they fought violently, and where, before, there had been lovely patches of peace in between, a new quarrel always bit into the departing one.

They disputed over everything, with hard and bitter words. Loudly. Frank used all the vocabulary his years of carnival and vaudeville had taught him, and Evelyn was an apt pupil.

Why did he stand for all this? He didn't have to. Here he was, sacrificing his life, when he could be going over great as a single. Perfectly ridiculous! He wanted to get away. Wanted his freedom. Didn't know what to do.

They put in the dog at the end of the act. It helped the hot finish. Almost without knowing it, Frank had taught Toots a little trick. "Stand up for papa" he'd say, and Toots would rise uncertainly on his back legs, wave two rather touching little paws and do a funny little step to keep his balance.

Why, the poor little fool was dancing! So they rehearsed him. Tried it out one matinée. A stage hand held the dog in the wings, and, at a signal, let him go. He trotted on to the stage, eager to be with his folks. "Stand up for papa," Frank called, and there he was, dancing as they danced and getting an extra hand, too. Folks like a dog in an act. Well, he might as well earn his keep. He was enough trouble.

Indeed, too much. Everything was too much trouble. Evelyn was touchy. Frank was sick of the whole business. This wasn't what he wanted out of life. Well, he wouldn't stand it any more. That was all. He had thought he'd have to wait for something big to happen—sort of to show him the way. But why wait? Nothing ever happened to him.

"I'm through," he said, the next time they quarreled. "Through with you and your yelping and with that damned dog. I'm going to get billing as a single. You can get a divorce—and I'll give you the grounds."

He threw his things into one of the suitcases that had seen so much hard wear on the road, and went to another hotel. The same kind of hotel as he'd lived in with Evelyn. The same sort of wobbly dresser and inadequate chiffonier. Almost the same pattern in the worn carpet. Certainly the same view of red brick buildings from the single window. But there was a single bed. Well, Evelyn could get the divorce—he didn't have to do a thing save give the necessary evidence—and he'd be free.

They had been resting—didn't even have any time booked ahead. He wondered how Evelyn would take it. She'd feel pretty broken up, of course.

III

He wasn't at all surprised when Walter Bonner, a theatrical lawyer, telephoned him. He went up to Bonner's office. Evelyn had been to see him, had said she wanted a divorce.

Yes, that was fine. Frank knew what New York divorces were. He'd furnish the evidence—and it would be real evidence and there'd be plenty of it. New York laws were a lot of boloney. If a couple can't get along they ought to be able to get a divorce at once and call it a day. He wouldn't pay alimony—that was flat. Evelyn could make as much money as he did. She was always saying so, wasn't she? Besides, he wasn't working now—even if he would be going over big, later on, as a single.

He'd be a gentleman and pay for the divorce. He hoped the bill wouldn't be too big—he hadn't been able to save anything lately. They didn't own any property—didn't even own their own curtain, though they'd been always planning to get one. Evelyn could take her trunk and he'd take his. That's all there was to it. Except Toots. Frank didn't want Toots. That nuisance with his red eyes, who whined if you left him alone! Oh, he had helped the act—but that act had needed helping!

He thought about Evelyn a lot, at first. That was only natural—having been with her every day and quarreling all of the time. Funny about Toots, though, the way he missed him. It shows what a habit you can get into. In every corner of the room he seemed to see that dog. Those funny, blinking red eyes. Gee, it would be a joke on Evelyn—to get the dog away from her! That would make her sore. After all, he had paid for Toots, hadn't he? Why shouldn't he have him?

The more he thought about it the more pleased he was. It wasn't that he wanted the damned dog, but he liked the idea of putting something over on Evelyn. That was it.

He went to see Bonner.

"The dog's my property," he said. "I belongs in my act, too. Evelyn is no mo entitled to him than she is to my pr trunk."

Two days later Bonner telephoned a he hurried to his office. Bonner was sorr but Frank would have to let the dog g

"Your wife acted up awfully," sa Bonner. "You ought to have seen her. S said that she wouldn't get a divorce at a if she didn't get the custody of the do And you know how it is in New Yor There's nothing you can do. Either you' got to let her get the divorce and let m handle the case in my own way or there no divorce at all. Another lawyer'll te you the same thing. If you put in a counte charge Evelyn could ask for expenses a there'd be delays and you wouldn't g your divorce. You want your divorc don't you?"

"You bet your life I want my divorc More than anything else in the worl Gosh, how a man in show business is he down by a woman! But I'd like the d too."

But there was no way to get the do He was tied by law and by Evelyn. Fra planned stealing him, but if he got t mutt—what then? Evelyn wouldn't g the divorce. He didn't want the dog. Ju wanted to make Evelyn mad. Let her ha the damned animal! He had his career. H was free!

Jimmy Devoe, who did a single, hand him the summons a few weeks later.

"The end of nearly six years of marriag Jimmy," he said, and he felt that his smi was cynical. "Well, most marriages e like this, these days, unless one of t parties is a fool and kicks up a row—a then it's even worse."

"A little good publicity never hurt n body," said Jimmy, "especially in sho business."

"I like publicity as good as the ne one," Frank admitted. "The right kin But newspapers kid divorces somethi awful. And you don't even get better boo ing."

He wondered how Evelyn would get ong. He had taught her all she knew out show business. She'd probably have ard time getting anything now. Well, e should have thought of that before she arreled. Let her starve to death. He was ough.

He rehearsed his single. He'd have some-ng really good. A swell act. He'd show at he had in him. He planned it care-ly. Twelve minutes. He'd come out in dinner suit. That would show he had ss. He had taken Evelyn's advice before, out opening in a double-breasted grey t and changing into a tux, and he'd er noticed that it went over so hot. en he'd tell his best stories. They were stories—Evelyn never told a good story ner life, on the stage or off. Then he'd his soft shoe number. He could put in a of hard stuff, now. Then he'd sing. A ody and a mammy song. Then take his vs. A swell act. On paper he'd got over the N. V. A. he wrote the parody, priously, with a dull stub of a pencil. wasn't as easy as he had thought it uld be. He always admired parodies. en he finished, he sang it over softly. single it would be a wow.

le looked for bookings. He had had an that without Evelyn he could get as much as with her—maybe, even, had held him back—like the man who t with Ziegfeld. But when he tried out act he couldn't get two hundred. Well, t of it? A hundred and fifty was a lot noney for a single. Why, all they had e together was two hundred, since lyn blaaed so much about not wanting old out.

e couldn't get a hundred and fifty. He glad enough to take a hundred and nty-five. Well, that wasn't bad! It had a long time since he'd had a single. d have to come back. When they saw t he could do! Twelve minutes was too . He had to cut down to ten to start. he act didn't go over as big as he had ed. He did eight minutes instead of and he found himself milking bows, rather begging to be asked back. The parody didn't get over—he had to take it out altogether. When you're all alone on a stage and no one is going to join you and you know you've got to stand up there for a long time, your stories don't sound so awfully funny. They sound better when you tell them to a pretty girl. Evelyn looked pretty from the front, even though she wasn't such a beauty in the bed-room. That pup, too! That had been a swell finish. If he could get him, now! Oh, well, he'd get along. Save money, too.

He got bookings. That was something. The same time he had got with Evelyn. People don't know what they like in vaudeville, these days, with the talkies butting in. Maybe Evelyn hadn't been a ball and chain, altogether. Oh, well, wait until he got going good!

He didn't save money the way he had planned. Evelyn had always urged him to save and there had always been a little put by for when they weren't working. Now, it was easy to gamble. There was nothing else to do. There was usually someone around, after the show, ready for a game. He never seemed to win. But that would change—he was just having an unlucky spell.

Poker with the boys began to lose its zest. Maybe it was because he always had such a headache after the stuff he had to drink or because the ventilation was bad.

That damned dog! He'd have shot anyone who said so, but he missed the little beggar. He'd look at every dog on the street almost longingly, speak to their owners. Yes, a fine dog. He had had a dog. . . .

IV

He wondered about Evelyn. Where was she? It didn't seem possible that a person could go out of your life so suddenly. Maybe she was still in New York. But if she were in New York he'd run across her, wouldn't he? He saw her old friends occasionally, the Lamont Sisters, Trixie Royal, Delilah Harper. They never men-

tioned Evelyn. Never asked him about her, either. Maybe she had gone to her sister in Arkansas.

After his act he'd go back to his room, alone, or go out with the boys. In the morning he'd lie in bed, smoke, have to force himself to get up and go out for breakfast. Too much trouble, fixing something in your room, when you're alone.

Time hadn't passed so slowly when he was with Evelyn. They had quarreled but what of it? Now, as he remembered his life with her, it seemed curiously different. There had been an intimacy, almost a family life. That had gone out. Evelyn was a great one for becoming acquainted. She always knew other people on the bills. They would all go out for a bite after the show, and it was pleasant, telling stories over the beer, or near-beer, according to the town. Even living in a hotel room with Evelyn had been homelike. More like a home than anything he knew, anyhow. Evelyn would always put things around the room. Signed pictures of people who had played on bills with her. Funny little souvenirs. Even Evelyn's lingerie, sleazy silk that she was always dipping in Tintex, was nice. He missed the improvised clothesline, with stockings and orange and green silk things dangling from it. He missed eating sandwiches with Evelyn in the room the nights they didn't stay out for supper. Even their morning talks, with Evelyn curled up in the only comfortable chair, mirror in hand, close to the window, seemed friendlier than he had ever thought.

That damned dog! Surely he hadn't *enjoyed* taking the mutt out! Surely he hadn't wanted to stand on the street, after the show, a poor enough figure, looking in another direction when the dog would sidle up to a post and he'd have to pretend that he didn't know what the beast was about, didn't even know what was on the end of the leash. Imagine, trying to flirt, out with your wife's dirty white poodle!

Christmas came, and Frank was lonelier than he had ever been in his life. He was resting. He didn't want to go out of town and he hadn't been able to get anythin New York. He hadn't had his chanc the Palace. He grinned, now, a bit c cally at the way he had thought his would catch on. It was a good act. couldn't see why he didn't go over be with the parody out. It wasn't as tho Evelyn had helped. It's just that pe like to see a pretty woman—pretty f the front, anyhow.

For weeks before Christmas Evelyn always bought things for him. A d things. Underthings he needed or li Gew-gaws he wouldn't have bought h self. Fancy handkerchiefs. Cigar light Bedroom slippers. And he'd find things her, too. A new vanity. A pin that could wear in the act. Fancy mules w feathers that she'd admired in a Broad shop. Her sister would send a box an was fun, opening it. Warm slippers, nights the mules were uncomfortable hand-knit muffler that he could wear in the coldest weather. Kodak picture the kids. Cookies, somewhat mash Sometimes Evelyn even had a tree Toots and invited folks in. He had thou it silly. Now, in retrospect it seemed

Christmas Eve he lost seventy-five lars in a poker game and got drunk. always believed that Harry Ginsman the Three Scott Brothers, cheated, tho he couldn't quite pin him down. On Ch mas day he had a headache. What a this was! No nearer that little farm Long Island than he had ever been. wondered where Evelyn was. Well, hadn't made good in a big way or have heard of it. Maybe she had want divorce before he had even thought ab it—had played him for a sucker, wanted to marry some other man!

He got some time out of town, was for eight weeks. His act went a little be on the road. He had spent too much helping someone else make good—ha paid enough attention to his own stu

He was glad to get back in New after the eight weeks. After all, New was home. He felt nervous, though,

hunting for someone. He got a couple offers for split weeks, accepted one. He ln't get any time at the Palace.

A split week at the Lakeside. New York. ne old thing. Oh, well, wasn't all life e same old thing? He'd probably keep s up until he got too old to work. He'd en coughing a bit, too. Just enough to rry about. He was a member of the V. A. If the worst came, he could go to the new place at Saranac. That was ell of a way to end, after all his plans. At the Lakeside he went through the chanics of explaining his act—music s, all that. It was simple enough—ht minutes in one.

He went to his dressing-room without ing much attention to the rest of the l. He wasn't especially sociable, now t he was alone. He was earlier on the l than he had been with Evelyn. He'd his act and get out.

He made up, talked to the Bounding wns, who dressed with him, went ough his routine. The soft shoe num- didn't get nearly the applause it de- ved. What did women at a matinée w about dancing? His mammy song nt over good. He knew he milked a ple of bows, but what of it? Didn't all gles do that except those with names o came out of the legit and stole all the ar?

He took off his make-up, put on the ap suit with the wrong lapels, brushed hair. It was getting thin. Receding n his forehead, too. He'd have to get ne of that new hair tonic. He couldn't k old. From the front he felt he looked ng in spite of the lines around his eyes at the corners of his mouth. From ase paint, of course.

On his way out he paused in the wings watch the act.

"Who's on now?" he asked a stage hand.

"The Three Durants—a sister act," the told him.

He watched, idly enough. Three girls, costume, singing harmony. Going over l, too.

He drew back. Of course! Evelyn! He had expected to see her, hadn't he? What of it? So she hadn't gone to Arkansas. And she hadn't made good in such a hot way, either. Still, her voice didn't sound so bad in that crooning number.

V

He hurried away, surprised at his own emotions. Why should he feel this way about seeing Evelyn? He'd been glad enough to get rid of her. Why, he'd even finished paying the lawyer's fee. He wondered about Toots. Evelyn probably had him in her dressing-room. Why, if—if he—

He came back early that night, a little ashamed of himself. He'd do his act, stay in his dressing-room until he was on again, then dress, and — and — get out. She wouldn't have to see him at all, if she didn't want to. Of course, she knew he was on the bill. He put on his make-up nervously. What a fool he was to take on like this! Still, that dog! That was it. Of course!

He looked around, cautiously, as he came out of his dressing-room. No one in sight. Oh, well, he hadn't expected her to care how his act went over.

He went through his routine meticulously, a bit stiffly. It went over pretty good. He stayed in his dressing-room as he had planned, then went through his act again, more nervous than ever.

Back in his room he dressed carefully. He didn't realize that he spent over ten minutes longer on his toilet than he had done in the afternoon.

He left his dressing-room nonchalantly enough, found the boy he had spoken to.

"Where are the Durant Sisters dressing?" he asked, carelessly enough, he felt.

"There, Number Six." The boy pointed to a half-open door.

Funny, the door open! Then Toots—

Suddenly, something soft bounded toward him, thumped against his foot. He took a step forward, involuntarily. Immediately, the air was filled with a shrill and familiar yelp. He had kicked Toots!

"Good Lord!" he said, and repeated under his breath, "Good Lord!" He looked at the quivering little creature. Had Toots remembered him, run toward him? Would he take the kick as he took most things, as a personal insult, yip a bit more, give a furtive and impotent snap at his trousers and run away?

"What the hell!" he said, softly, and looked at Toots.

Toots knew him. Frank felt a curious moisture around his eyes, a swelling in his throat. He put out his hand.

"Toots," he begged, "Toots, old boy!" Toots didn't snap. He jumped joyfully. Ecstatically, he wagged his tail. Then Frank looked up. There stood Evelyn.

"Hello," he said, sheepishly, "I was just —"

"You let that dog alone!" said Evelyn. "I know what you told Bonner—what you are trying to do. You can't have Toots! He belongs to *me*. I got the custody of the dog. Lay one finger on him and I'll have the law on you. I —"

"Oh, shut up!" said Frank. "Who wants that damned dog? I only wanted to get your goat. I wouldn't have the mutt around."

He put out his hand again. Toots gave him a pink lick.

"He sure knows you," said Eve "Funny how dogs remember!"

"Stand up for papa!" in Frank's r coaxing tones.

A bit heavily, Toots got up on his h legs, danced a step or two, his front p waving helplessly.

"He's a smart dog," Frank admit Then, suspiciously, "Nobody else say 'Stand up for papa,' is there?"

"What's it to you?" said Eve "Ain't he *my* dog?"

"I just thought —"

"That's your trouble. Leave Toots me. I got to go dress."

"What's your hurry?" asked Fra Then, "I caught your act this afterno Not bad. Got much time booked ahea

"This week and next. We're chang the act. One of the girls is going wit sketch and I'm thinking —"

"Say, I got some swell new stuff," Frank. "It takes two. It'll knock 'em of their seats. We could make the Pa with it, sure. Want to talk it over a you get dressed?"

He picked up Toots—put him under arm.

"Say," he added, "Care if I keep pooch till you're ready? I want to rehe him for the new finish. A wow!"

A CONFEDERATE REUNION

BY RAY HALL

A picture of the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* is my earliest image of the Civil War. It in my yellow-covered history book, k in the grades. That was in a country oolhouse at Windsor, Mass., in the y heart of Yankeeland.

ater, while I was still in the grades, our ily moved to a small factory town, also Massachusetts. There I came to know re about the Civil War. On Decoration s we boys thrilled at the parades of on veterans in their blue uniforms. ust men in the fifties and sixties they e, and they carried themselves proudly. y had abolished slavery; they had nped out treason; they had saved the on.

n school we listened to fiery orations Captain Loomis, a townsman who had manded a company at Gettysburg. It been "fresh reinforcements" at that t battle and had helped to turn back tide of gray. "Fresh!" repeated Cap- Loomis, and laughed. "We had ched a hundred miles in three days!" ne incident at Gettysburg, as he told it, nt itself into my memory. A country l between two stone walls was filled n Union troops in column of fours, at lt. They were seated in the middle of road, ready at a moment's command go into action. The boom of artillery rattle of musketry sounded very near. unded men were being carried back on tchers and laid down, like railroad ties, g the side of the road. Their groans e the men in the road shudder.

ddenly there were shouts of alarm. A e white horse, spattered with blood, was charging in terror down the stretch of green between the road and one of the stone walls, riderless. It was whinneying in agony. In a moment it would trample to death the wounded men by the roadside. The poor creature's lower jaw dangled by the skin and swung from side to side, spurting blood over its white bulk. As it neared the wounded men, it stopped short, wheeled, and leaped over the wall into a field. "Most I learned to pity the poor horses," said the old captain. "They did not know why they suffered."

Captain Loomis spoke of Libby Prison at Richmond, "in the very capital of the foul thing they called the Confederacy." Here, he said, brave men from the North were treated worse than dogs. Here the Confederates vented on white prisoners-of-war the cruelty they had learned as slave-owners. Hundreds died of scurvy or starvation.

"One who perished there," the captain said softly, "was my boyhood friend." And then grimly, "When we had learned of such things, Union men never surrendered."

I learned more about the war from such books as "The Adventures of Corporal Si Klegg." "Si" somehow went through three readings. My pride knew no bounds when mother showed me a daguerreotype of her elder brother in Union regalia, a certain Captain Shaw. But my real professor on that great epoch was Uncle Newton Ward.

Uncle Newton, then well into his seventies, was a next-door neighbor. His livelihood was his pension. After school, or of an evening, we often played high,

low, jack and the game. In the war Uncle Newton had been a sharpshooter—in modern parlance, a sniper. Then, after the war, as if he needed greater glory, he fought Indians *en route* to San Francisco. There he worked as a professional hunter, supplying the town with venison, quail and prairie chickens. He would flush a covey of quail into a tree, circle it at fifty yards and pick off the whole covey, one by one.

Clearly such a biography argued marksmanship, and this, boy-fashion, I resolved to test, for old soldiers, people said, were not renowned for veracity. From MacEvoy's grocery I had acquired, one Saturday in Winter, a whole crate of eggs which had been candled and found wanting. After using a few of them myself as targets, I ranged fifteen of them on a snow bank down by the railroad tracks and then went to get Uncle Newton. I hustled the old man into his high overshoes and trudged him down the hill through the snow.

My 22-calibre rifle held just fifteen cartridges, and there were fifteen eggs on the snow bank. I handed the rifle to Uncle Newton and showed him how it worked.

"I ain't shot a gun in fifteen year," he grumbled, "and I ain't never shot no popgun like this. But," as he fondled it, "gosh, what a dandy!"

My suspicions were mounting.

"Kayn't see so well as I did oncet," he continued, "and them eggs is jest the same color as the snow."

My hero was about to fall.

"Try, Uncle Newton; *try!*"

So he addressed himself to the eggs—a very tall, bent form in a brown muffler and a high brown cap. He was visibly worried and took long aim at the first one.

It popped into a yellow stain on the snow bank. The second one required a little less squinting, and there was a second yellow stain on the snow. Thirteen other yellow stains followed. The last four or five eggs he broke like the ticking of a clock. He had missed none!

A small boy's hero had been put to the test, not of fire, but of bad eggs. That U Newton, in his day, had been a dead-s of the very finest American flower, c no longer be doubted. In elation I da about him in the snow.

"Uncle Newton," I inquired one ning later on, "did you ever kill a m

"Kayn't say as I ever did, sonny. ye kayn't allus tell. Naow, down at Harbor, in Virginia, the Rebs was up 'hind a stun wall, and they w more'n ten rod away. Off and on, I pluggin' at 'em all one afternoon. I just as good aim as I knowed how, most gen'lly, I didn't miss a skirrel at distance. Every time I'd shoot, a would throw up his hands and go to'other side of the stun wall. Cou couldn't tell thet it was my ball that it, 'cause there was a powerful lo shootin' thet day. Then again, it mig been."

One day his buddy was killed, three from him.

"Lyman was a nice boy," he comme "but he never could shoot much. A done was to draw the Rebels' fire."

With the old sharpshooter, wit Klegg, and with Captain Loomis, I fo over the Civil War. What wonder th became a Damyank in prejudice, without knowing it.

At Columbia University, years a ward, that prejudice was to ruin me the beautiful auburn-haired Sarah Georgia. Sarah was spending a Wint New York studying music. Usually, li good student, she played me clas pieces; but she played anything with mood, and sang. Sometimes she rolle a whole répertoire of Southern songs. haps New York made her homesick.

Once, toward the end of one of recitals—believe it or not!—I asked to play "Marching Through Georg Again—strange as it may seem!—th quest was innocent. But the effect was the less dramatic for all that. In the s that followed, I learned for the first that I was a Damyank.

he Damyanks of Sherman's cavalry, ile marching through Georgia, had len her grandmother's silver—after ning the big house, the barns and even cabins of the slaves. One Damyank shot grandmother's dog and threatened to ot the lady herself. Grandmother's er died while the Damyanks were still he valley, and they dug up the body to l her jewelry.

The North drafted gutter rats from w York to come South and kill our tlemen and destroy our property." So l Sarah.

here was, it appeared, no military ad- tage to be gained from Sherman's lay- waste that Georgian countryside. It s too late in the war; there could have n no motive save hatred. Some of the rthern generals later went West and nded out their careers by massacring aws and papooses.

Sherman was a Damyank," she snapped. t first I was ashamed and aghast, ugh some of these atrocities were ly incredible. The North, I had been ght to think, was wholly noble. So en the South (in Sarah) defended seces- and slavery, the North (in me) again to arms.

Iy indignation was righteous and gen- e; and so was hers. Two congenial its had divorced themselves over events lf century old. Now I look back at the e with chagrin, and a sense of what- ht-have-been.

ecession? Hah! For ten cents, some of best friends would secede today, on of several counts; and their moral right lo it would surely, at worst, be debat- . You can't deny the right to rebel. very? Not so easy to defend, of course, couldn't the North have solved the tion without war? Or were its politi- s too busy trying to mulct the agri- ural South through the tariff on the ory products of the North? The tariff kled the South almost as savagely as ery rankled the North.

was all a gory blunder!

II

Years whirled by. Nine of them were spent abroad. In 1927 our motor party was rolling over the Virginia hills, sixty miles west of Washington. There was a granite monument in a field. I jammed on the brakes and rubbed my eyes. This is the inscription:

2ND REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

It was Uncle Newton's regiment! It was *my* regiment in the National Guard—Company I of Northampton! Company K of that regiment, from Pittsfield, had been part of Major Whittlesey's Lost Battalion in the late war. My inquiry was eager.

"What did the Second Massachusetts do around here?"

Mr. Lucien Whiting Powell, the painter, now well into his eighties, sat in the rear seat. He had served in the Confederate cavalry, and we were nearing his country-place.

"I don't know, suh," he replied. "I don't know what they did heah; I was in the war at the time, riding with General Rosser. Most of the time, we couldn't even catch up with the Yanks. But that field, Suh, was once my father's cow pasture. Reckon they erected that monument to themselves for stealing his cattle."

I fell into discreet admiration of the landscape. "These lovely rolling hills! That splendid forest! What a picturesque bridge!"

I looked around, and Mr. Powell grinned. He is a smallish man in physique, with white mustache and goatee—the Kentucky colonel of the caricatures. Rebelry fills his very veins.

My friendship with him has grown steadily, despite the disparity of nearly half a century in our ages. His judgment of beauty is as unerring and vivid as the tints of his canvases. We have gone to the same teas and dances, given each other house parties, motored around, worked together in his garden, and gone fishing. What more

natural than that he should invite me to go with him to a Rebel Reunion?

"But, Mr. Powell," I protested, "I'd be about as safe as a Christian in Mecca. Your Rebel friends would make me the first number on their programme. On finding a Damyank in their midst, they'd postpone all regular business. Half of them would start chasing roosters, and the rest would forage for tar."

"No they won't. No they won't. And you've got to come, or I'll turn against ye. You'll travel as my secretary. Or I'll introduce you as my nephew from Boston."

So I went, cheerfully assuming the joint rôles of nephew and secretary. There was yet an additional capacity. Someone would have to dispense the antidote for snakebite; for thar'd be rattlers in them hills. Our destination was Charlotte, N. C., ten hours south of Washington.

One morning last June our small party met at Union Station. We were about ten veterans in gray uniforms, about a dozen ladies, and one nephew-secretary-toxicologist. Naturally, we did not fill our coach, but when we had crossed the Potomac into Virginia reinforcements came aboard at every stop. When we reached Charlotte, late in the evening, we were a full coachload.

High spirits were in the party. At times there was so much laughter and singing that one could but wonder who had brought the bottle aboard; but there was no bottle, other than mine. One sensed the gaiety of a picnic, the reverence of a pilgrimage, the comradeship of an expedition. And there was something, too, of proud dignity. Me, the outlander, they accepted with all the friendliness of the West. There was none of the fabled "exclusiveness" of the South.

Four of us presently tried to play bridge, one a veteran. As bridge, the game didn't amount to much. There was too much carnival in the coach. We found ourselves singing, with the others, the chorus of "Seeing Nellie Home" and loudly chanting our bids to its tune. There was more laughter when a group up the aisle b "Nobody Knows the Trouble I'se In" the veteran had just doubled my bi four hearts. His granddaughter and I down 400. He rose and shook hands his partner with great gusto.

When the game broke up, I talke an hour with a charming elderly lady Staunton. I asked which of the gentl was *her* veteran.

"I am the widow of a vet," she "and president of our chapter of th D. C."

"My ignorance, of course; but wh the U. D. C?"

"United Daughters of the Confede We see that no veteran of the Confede dies of want or is buried without hon

She told me much, and I gathered n We Northerners have no United Daug of the Union; we have no need for suc organization. But in the South the da ters have work to do, and they d proudly, eagerly. Lee's troops get no eral pensions. For decades the Daug have been meeting the need. They dances, plays and rummage sales, that of their heroes shall know distress. see to it that the old soldiers are e tained and made much of. Together the Sons of Confederate Veterans, they cow pastures that once were battlef and erect monuments on them. They the homes of Southern generals and n them into shrines. They lobby for pensions. Most of the Southern States pensions, now, but hardly enough.

"The South has suffered more tha knows," the lady told me. "Perhaps the colored people, we have learne see everything through colored lense the late election, I met white people feared that Protestant children woul massacred if we elected a Catholic t Presidency!

"This ignorance and intolerance th tell you about," she added, "was in State of Thomas Jefferson! When we the war, we lost too much."

Afterward I strolled into the smo

e eighty-year-olds were swapping yarns
ot of battles, as I had hoped, but of
doirs, bushes and by-points. Ribaldry
adrift. No goody-goodies, these aged
riors; they were once again buddies of
guardhouse, waiting for the guard
nt at dawn. One yarn pertained to the
ent of the bicycle; Mr. Rose, of Mosby's
alry, must have been telling it for forty
s, it was told so well. Someone com-
ted—a trifle hypocritically, I thought
on the wild young people of our day;
egretted only that his grandson could
r be sure of finding a virtuous woman.
re was then a long discussion of the
st in ladies' lingerie. They hailed the
of starched cotton, though allowing
it was hard on the South.

ne smoking-room party broke up when
of the veterans simply could not agree
ll as to the proper percentages of rye
corn whiskey in good Bourbon. The
ies of old soldiers make them irri-
e, and they can't stand brooking on
l matters. It was too much for one of
n to be told that "ye don't know the
rence 'tween good whiskey and cheese
y—and neither did yo' fathah befo'

vent back into the coach and told Mrs.
ell about the quarrel.

Yes, they *are* frightfully quarrelsome,"
said, "but the worst thing that one
federate ever says to another is that he
r went to the war at all."

rs. Powell then told me of post politics
Vashington. One member of the post is
years too young. To be fifteen years
on April 9, 1865, when Lee surrendered
ppomattox, any veteran would have
e seventy-nine now; but, luckless fel-
this post member is only seventy-
n. Some of his comrades insist that a
een-year-old boy could hardly have
a soldier. The apparent fact of the
is that the member was a water-
er and the mascot of his company. A
way from home, probably under an
med name; of course he had no military
d. But a veteran, certainly!

At Charlotte the matter was mentioned to Mr. Powell, in my presence, several times. They wanted him to make a motion at a post meeting to strike the water-carrier from the roll-call. Each time, he dismissed the complainants wearily. There's so much in human relations to make one weary.

"It's the spirit that counts," was his rebuke.

As we neared Charlotte, the coach was again in one of its pitches of gaiety. The eighty-year-old general was standing in the aisle with the widow from Staunton, and playing at stealing a kiss. It was a histrionic success, done with a right mixture of gallantry and insolence. From a rear seat a Southern girl's eyes flashed.

It was a hard journey for the old gentlemen. In the early evening they began to look pale and haggard. The custodian of the snake-antidote produced a flask. The sufferers' eyes brightened. That Samaritan act might have landed me in prison for five years. Nice country; let's secede!

I protested to Mrs. Powell that the veterans should have taken a chair car. She told me that last year, when the Reunion was held at Little Rock, the sleeper charges were far greater than the carfare. The railways gave the old men a fantastic reduction, below excursionist rates; but the chair-car company seems to have been somewhat less generous.

"It's a Damyank corporation," they declared, "and we won't patronize it."

So they rode to Charlotte in ordinary coaches.

III

At ten in the evening we arrived. Here my usefulness would begin, I thought. Surely at such a time there would not be porters enough; I'd tote the suitcases.

The station was packed with people, cheering. A brass band was playing, barely heard in the tumult. Overhead were the flags and bunting of the Confederacy, with an occasional Union flag.

The platform was thronged with people

fighting for our suitcases, like boatmen in Constantinople harbor or ricksha coolies at Peking. But this time it was Boy Scouts in uniform. They had deference in high degree, but they also had an appalling efficiency. A squad of them pounced upon my baggage, and lugged it away over my protests. Other Scouts lent their arms to Mr. Powell in his gray uniform, one on each side. Another offered Mrs. Powell his arm.

Thus we marched past double lines of applauding spectators. Hand-clapping. Hats in the air. Rebel yells. Yip, yippee, yowee!

A veteran just ahead of us acknowledged the ovation by breaking away from his Scout escort and doing an Indian dance as he went down the gauntlet of spectators. Mr. Powell paused and with great dignity executed a military salute. There was wild applause. There were tears, too. It was a moment of great emotion.

Volunteer motor-cars, with Confederate flags and streamers, whisked us up into the city to be registered and assigned to homes. Then, another car, likewise decorated, whisked my vet and Mrs. Powell to their assigned home. Boy Scouts rode on the running boards. I returned to a hotel. I could not stay with the Powells at a private home, though I had been invited; how could a Damyank, a "nephew" of Uncle Newton Ward, claim Confederate hospitality at such a time? I told a white lie about reservations awaiting me in town—and had a devil of a time finding them.

What darlings Charlotte made of its 3,500 heroes! Every bent form in gray was a Lindbergh just after the flight. Boy Scouts rushed to give him an arm. Cars pulled up to the sidewalk to offer him a lift. Movie theaters refused to accept the veterans' money.

"Only Confederate money is good heah," declared a smiling vision in a ticket office. "Go in and rest yo'seff."

Men in their nineties and middle eighties had to be honored now—or never. It was a race with Time. The pageant of death was nearing the last curtain. Eight of the veterans died at Charlotte, but the dan singing and yelling had to go on.

This race with Time, now so despe probably explains why the Charlotte union had a record-breaking registra "They're swamping us," the comm exulted. "Queens College is full, I College is full, the schools are full, e thing is full. We must have more roo

Back of the scene was the Southern way. It had advertised that any vet lacking funds to attend the Reunion m state the fact at any ticket-office and to Charlotte and back, free. The Fe Government lent tents, and sent the M Band.

At the railway station, when I there to reserve a place on a sleeper, man ahead of me in the line was maki reservation for New Orleans, four da advance. He was fat, fifty, and prosper looking, and he called the ticket-a brother in rather noisy, condescen tones; so I suppose you'd probably miss him for a Babbitt.

"Yes, sir," the ticket-agent sing-son "one lower to New Orleans."

"No, not a lower berth, please; the be lots of old veterans aboard, and couldn't climb up. So give me an upp

One of the days was hot, and my wanted a drink of water. We enter drugstore. A clerk poured us two gl of ice water and disappeared for a few onds. He returned with a filled whi glass and handed it to Mr. Powell.

"Take it, sir," he pleaded. "It wil you good. It's hot outside, and you tired as well as thirsty."

A fine ideal! My comment evoked sponse.

"Mr. X of this town, a very wea gentleman, was asked to contribute t expenses of the Reunion. He contrib handsomely, but with the proviso tha of his contribution should go for whi for the veterans, and *good* whiskey."

A *noble* idea!

I pleaded that I, too, was a vetera of another war; that I had lavish

rt of about the world's best on the erans without taking a drop myself; that, anyway, I wanted a drink. But dn't get it.

A dozen bands blared forth day and ht. They were in every park. Each fifth nber was "Dixie," and then how the els yelled! We like the tune in the rth too; but no one there does a jig to especially if he is eighty-four. Who, eed, knew that anyone could jig to ixie"?

The aristocrat of the bands was the rine Band from Washington. The Rebs w of its talent but suspected its attitude. bably it would go in pretty strongly "The Star-Spangled Banner." They are al now, but this was no time for such ngs. What could one expect of Swede icians from Minnesota, Germans from waukee and Jews from New York?

hey played some pretentious stuff, and polite applause. Then they essayed ther piece, a sort of light martial air. roar must have surprised them. Hats t into the air, canes waved on high, and el yells punctuated every bar. Therer the band played "Dixie" as regularly merry-go-round plays "Ramona."

happened to be sitting on a park bench two venerable Rebs in gray when the alizing march broke across the church n where the bandstand was. One of the riors leaped up, hat in hand, and did a k-and-wing on the church lawn. The r turned to me and nodded toward the rch.

I reckon that's the most sacred song ole fellah knows about."

ne less demonstrative veteran then took nto his inner circle for a moment. He been darling-ed too long, at home and , to fear the confidence of strangers. produced a lead ball from his pocket showed it to me. It was about the size small marble and was flattened noticeat one point.

That," he declared, "I carried in my t for twenty-seven years. I got it from Yanks at Cold Harbor."

The Yanks! Which Yank? Shades of Uncle Newton of the Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers! It was at Cold Harbor where he had been busiest!

When my friend learned that I was from Washington, he spoke of next year's Reunion. It would be at Washington, he declared, and the Federal Government would pay all traveling expenses and give each visiting veteran $500 in cash to boot!

The center of festivities was the armory, but they called it the Auditorium. It is an immense place, of course; but one of Charlotte's great prides is that it was built in seventy days. It had to be, in order to greet the veterans.

Here they witnessed a pageant of the Civil War, listened to a mandolin chorus of little girls dressed in costumes of the Civil War period, and saw to it that Stonewall Jackson's great-great-granddaughter, in the flesh, was duly presented with a silken flag of the Confederacy. Here, too, they elected their officers. Between times the band played, and afterward they lunched in the basement. About the steps they sat between sessions, swapping pleasantries and post politics. Small groups would gather about comrades who had brought their fiddles.

Here, in the great hall, they listened to orations by unctuous approved persons. Oratory is still a Southern sport—a by-product, no doubt, of the soul-saving industry. Some of the remarks pertained to Charlotte, "the Queen City," and her amazing fecundity in cigarettes. Maybe you have never heard of the Queen City, but you burn incense to her whenever you change your smokes—and before.

The commander-in-chief of the veterans spoke. General A. T. Goodwin—of Alabama, suh. He pleaded for more truth in the history books.

"We thank God," he thundered, "that at Appomattox we were with General Lee and not with General Grant."

He alluded to the carpet-bagger period, when Washington delegated scores of its political scamps to the South "to feather

their nests in conquered territory." It was a "sectional despotism of selfishness, greed, deception and hate." The blacks were turned loose against the whites.

"Must that not be false," demanded General Goodwin, "which requires for its support such imposture, such appalling tyranny?"

Mr. Powell sat at my right as we listened.

"He is a very good speakuh," he said slowly, "but I am not in sympathy with extreme Southern views."

A veteran sitting in front of us heard the criticism and nodded to me.

"They ain't a dam bit of account," he snapped, "to anything he says."

To the end of time I shall never know whether "he" was Mr. Powell or General Goodwin.

The Governor of North Carolina was among the speakers. I listened half-eared through much of what he said. People did that, you know, when Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg. But I noted an engaging tone in the Governor's address and resolved to read it next day in the papers. This is what I found:

> For more than sixty years you have been fighting gallantly with us and for us. You have sacrificed much and risked your all. Your lives have been an inspiration to our children and a benediction upon our efforts to rebuild that which was destroyed by war. In proud affection we here today claim you for our own.
>
> It would be a mistake to suppose that the war between the States ended with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. This was but the passing of one phase of a vaster struggle.
>
> The deepest and truest values in life are spiritual values, and the greatest force in the world is spiritual in its nature. Even God, we are told, is spirit, and they who worship Him must do so in spirit. The noblest conflicts are not fought with arms or settled around the conference table. They are rather those which, without the drama and pageantry of war, are settled silently upon the lonely battlefields of the souls of men. There is no bugle call save the still small voice of duty, and the only decoration is the consciousness that we have fought the good fight.

Was the Gettysburg Address, itself, suited with greater nobility to the occasion?

Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi also spoke. His rebelry was of the unctuous and approved variety. The Civil War, it peared, was the greatest of all wars. North had the largest army ever assem on the planet. The South faced the grea military odds in the history of the wo

IV

One of these tourneys of the thorax fo me sitting with my new-found frien veteran from Mississippi, formerly f Virginia,—the man who had carried haps Uncle Newton's bullet. When function broke up, the aisles were pac with people; so we sat down to let throng pass. There were posts about great hall labeled with the names of So ern States; Florida, Oklahoma, Geor Texas, etc. We had chanced to sit down gether just behind a post labeled Kentu

Within five minutes four different ve ans hobbled up to inquire of my fr what military outfit from Kaintucky had belonged to. He was palpably anno at being forced to declare repeatedly he was from Virginny.

A fifth veteran appeared, himself noyed perhaps by the jostling he suffered in the crowded aisles.

"Air you from Kaintucky?" he enqu "I am looking for men in my old comp I am probably the last."

"No I ain't," my friend snapped, " from Virginny."

"Then what do you mean, suh, by ting with the Kaintuckians?"

My friend ventured some malevolen vice.

"If you ah lookin' for Kaintuck suh, I'd advise you to go to the din room. The Kaintuckians, suh, is all fa eatuhs."

He nudged me with his elbow, cho at the Kentuckian's expense, and fla his derisive, leathery features toward A Tartar from the steppes!

The Kentuckian was incensed. I m my bulk so as to stand carelessly bet them should need arise, hoping pic that neither would discover my Ya

tus. They were not, however, for blood-
lling.

'He is great at joking," I offered in
cation, "we never know what he will
next."

'There air some people," quoth the Ken-
kian with very slow venom, "who air
e ruder away from home than at home,
n."

The sequel was pathetic. Outside the
at hall, I was giving my arm to my
tar friend when the Kentuckian reap-
red. They did not recognize each
er—poor, short-sighted old men.

'Air you from Kaintucky?" one asked.

'No, I ain't," the other said, decisively,
m from Virginny. But I just told one
intuckian that if he wanted to find Kain-
kians he'd better come down heah to
dining-room, for all Kaintuckians is
ious eatuhs."

They *are* "frightfully quarrelsome," as
s. Powell said. That is to say, they are
n of pronounced opinions. They are
able of arguing, forcibly, that the old
zzle-loader was a straighter-shooting
pon than the modern Krag.

We could hit a skirrel in the eye with
piece. Can you do that with yourn?"

hey win. The modern service rifle per-
ns beautifully on a rifle range, with
tening stationary targets at measured
ances, but try it on a moving deer at
unknown distance! And a deer is an
hant compared with a "skirrel."

hey offended a youth of fifty, in my
ence, by telling him that he hadn't
any war in France. Why, at Antietam,
oo men fell in one day!

We didn't hole up in trenches like you
ng fellers; we stood up and fought."

Hell!" the youth of fifty complained
ne, "these old fogies never saw *real*
lery; never heard of machine-guns or
on gas; and never saw a combat plane,
usage, a hand grenade or a tank."

mong the attendants at the Reunion
e very aged Negroes who had served in
War, mainly as lackeys of officers. One
ned the age of 102 and looked it. An-
other was seeking contributions from the Confederate societies to build a marker for the slaves who were loyal to the South.

It is the custom, at the Reunions, for the Southern ladies to shower these old darkies with largess. There is ever a circle about them, listening to their loud protestations of fealty to the white race. General Lee's bodyguard attended all the Reunions up to his demise and gained a livelihood thereby. At Little Rock it was necessary to arrest an impostor.

I listened to one of these ancient retainers as he harangued a circle, mostly of ladies.

"A white man's niggah I was borned, more'n a hunnerd yeahs ago," he declaimed, "and a white man's niggah I'll die as. Ef it waren't for you good white ladies, who knows what this po' ole niggah might-a been? I might-a been a pole-cat in the bushes but for yo' white ladies. All we got we owes to you."

The speech netted the old fellow all of ten dollars. He had been sent from Rome, Georgia, by the United Daughters chapter there.

"Some of them are genuine," a veteran told me. "In our company was an old colored man who afterwards learned to recite the entire roll-call of the company. We always had him at our post meetings up to the time of his death, and he attended most of the Reunions."

The Southerner's attitude toward Negroes has always puzzled me. I remember a debate with a Southerner who shared an office with me in the State Department in 1920. Here was no ignorant hill-billy, but a man of education and blood.

"I can't agree with you," he said, "that we hate them. Lynch them, of course—that is, the occasional bad ones. And I can't agree with you that there are four great Oriental nations who, man for man, are inferior to them. Fact is, we love them; it is only you cold Yankees who hold them in contempt. Niggers know it, too."

I pressed the subject further. His Southern blood was rising.

"But they've got to keep their place," he continued. "When I was just back from France, a nigger Pullman porter, brushing my clothes, called me 'brother'; I knocked him cold. And I can't stand their wenches straightening their kinky hair, to resemble white women."

On a Damyank his ferocity left a lasting impression. Could there be any spark of love behind such fury?

I narrated the incident to another colleague, a Northerner who had commanded a company of colored troops in France.

"I don't understand it, either," he said. "We had a Southern officer in our regiment. He felt demeaned by his command. 'How can you feel that way?' I asked. 'Who took care of you when you were little; who were your first playfellows; who was your first woman?' I don't understand them."

What is to be said of these rebels, now, after sixty-five years? Uncle Newton himself, meeting them on their own ground, might suffer twinges of doubt. Their is so unquenched.

Maybe, after all, they should have the War. Theirs would have been a cou of manners, courtly with its hint of ru crinoline and the slow minuet. It w have been a masculine country, b chivalrous one. It would have given technique of leisure, a calmer estimat life's values.

In policy, the Confederacy would h been a free-trade nation. The world n more of them. And the world needs n of friendly neighbors; for friendly surely would have been long ago, as are with Canada. Slavery would have g out, of course.

Some of this vision the sculptor Borg may have seen when he designed his relief for Stone Mountain. The Lost Ca Confederate generals on the hilltop rei their horses as they glimpse their de in the valley below. "When we lost war, we lost too much."

PUBLICISTS OF THE GHOSTLY FACULTY

BY G. EDWARD PENDRAY

Pastor Charlie Stelzle, head of the Church Advertising Committee of the New York Advertising Club, was bably the first to hold that the enter- se of soul-saving could be put on a ctly business basis. As many as fifteen rs ago he was offering to take over any gious plant in the country and carry o the paying side of the ledger with the of advertising, publicity, and allied h-pressure methods. Since then many American dominie has come over to s evangel, with the result that thou- ds of Protestant churches, especially in big cities, are now on a competing is with those dens of the Devil, the atres, and many a master mind of Big iness must shudder to see how they pete with his own public relations nsel for free space in the newspapers. ublicity men, indeed, have invaded the esiastical field in great numbers, and achers themselves have learned the art canned copy and the news lead. The spapers, yielding at first to moral im- tunities, and later accepting the hook et at the craftily placed bait of church ertising, have grown accustomed to ning a regular News of the Churches e on Saturdays, and to giving another e, on Mondays, to the profundities of pulpits, uttered the day before.

he New York morning papers devote n eight to twelve columns a week to stuff, but despite their liberal use of d white paper there are always more ions than columns of space. The com- tion among the clergy is thus keen, for relative importance of a preacher is cated by the length of what is printed about him. Clergymen who are uniformly successful at hitting the news build up reputations for themselves which outreach the confines of their own parishes and cities; they may plausibly hope to become Harry Emerson Fosdicks, John Roach Stratons, or even S. Parkes Cadmans.

The church page is no new institution, but the pressure for space in it has brought it lately to a new form. Formerly the church secretary, the minister's wife, or even the minister himself, if he were not too busy, sent an excerpt of his sermon to the newspaper offices on Saturday, to be prepared for the following Monday morning. Now he pays from $50 to $150 monthly to have his sermon revamped by a layman named, perhaps, Weiss or Wertheim, and it is sent in on paper marked "News—Important!" It is therefore a matter worthy to be remembered by the parishioner, as he hesitates between dropping a nickel or a dime into the collection plate, that it costs a preacher more to make a name for himself in these days than it did aforetime.

Church copy is of two kinds: items calculated to further the interests of the whole church without regard to persons, and the personal publicity of preachers. High-pressure methods have entered both lines. Many of the national church organizations maintain publicity departments of their own to supply the papers with hot stuff, the same as movie chains, railroad lines and power trusts. One of the most active is that of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, which employs the services of Walter Irving Clarke of Philadelphia.

The Northern Baptist Convention has an

anonymous publicity agent at its news bureau in New York, who sends out copy on bright yellow paper. This agent, like many another, has learned that the best way to make the papers is to supply reports on contributions and benevolences. There is something impressive about a report of that sort, especially if it has big figures in it, and few city editors ever slam it on the dead spike. A report on the number of African natives now wearing pants, or the number of Chinese weaned from eating rice as a consequence of Christian teachings, or the number of Indians on reservations in the United States who can repeat the Lord's Prayer is always sure to get space.

The news bureau of the National Lutheran Council in New York sends out about the finest looking copy a city editor may ever hope to see. It is beautifully mimeographed, and comes on alternating sheets of pink, white and cream paper, marked "Authenticity Guaranteed." The head of the bureau, who seldom attaches his name to the copy, is Winifred Elson.

The editorial secretary of the National Council of the Congregational Churches has no such shyness. He is Herbert D. Rugg, and his reports have appeared in many great newspapers, sometimes even under a by-line. He recently sent in a treatise on human progress in the Orient which was typical of his talent:

> The greatest acceleration of human development in history is now taking place in the Orient, secretaries of the foreign department of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions state in the report which will be presented at the biennial meeting of the National Council of the Congregational Churches in Detroit. . . . History does not record such speedy changes as have brought Turkey in a few years from a degenerate and despised Eastern despotism to membership in the family of Western nations.

The Reformed Church of America has a "press clerk" in the person of the Rev. W. E. Compton, of Schenectady, who sends out copy on all of the events which perturb the ranks of the Reformed churchmen. The Rev. Mr. Compton sometimes offers to cover conventions and the like for the papers in addition. Still another cient and untiring agent is W. L. Bur who handles copy for the Seventh-Day ventists. Mr. Burgan lately reported "for every man, woman and child was a member of the church at the clos 1928, there was contributed during year an average of $75.53 for strictly e gelistic lines of work." Also that "Advent message" is now being " claimed in 127 countries, by pen and v in 296 languages and dialects, an incr of 17 during 1928, or one new langu added every 21 days."

Many organizations are still b formed (and properly ballyhooed) to cus the power of religion" and so b together divided brethren for greater w of good and glory. Dr. Stelzle himse handling the publicity for a jamb known as the Universal Religious P Conference, which, he says, is to be in Geneva in 1930 and will be atte by "a thousand delegates represen every living religion and coming fro the countries of the world, none of t officially appointed, all of them sele as outstanding religious leaders." The is "to harness to the cause of internati goodwill and peace the spiritual forc all their religious faiths." Dr. Ste whose work for church publicity m a special chapter in the saga of modern s saving, also sends out publicity for Federal Council of Churches of Chris America, another group which appears idly committed to the policy of put Devil-beating on a business basis.

The Greater New York Federatio Churches is also interested in "kee religion before the people." Recentl organized a "permanent committee on lic relations" which is expected to a campaign for putting the local chur over big. Similar organizations in o cities are expected to do likewise. group will not be content, it is announ to spread the gospel through free n paper space alone, but will seek the a tional aid of the talkies.

II

Enough such general copy on the activities of church organizations throughout the country already comes in to more than fill the weekly church space. But it must compete with a great flood of more insistent propaganda, the personal publicity put out by individual preachers or their agents. For the Saturday page alone the average New York morning paper gets an amount of canned copy which, if it were all used, would fill from thirty to fifty columns. On the day following there comes another wade, bigger than the first, of copy intended for the Monday morning sermon page. Many preachers send in long summaries of their sermons. The expert publicity agents who handle such stuff always rearrange it to bring out a "news lead." Many churches also request that their Sunday morning services be covered by a reporter, intimating sometimes that there will be hot news in the sermon, perhaps of a nature too burning to give out via the canned copy route. From six to a dozen sermons are actually covered by the New York newspapers and news agencies every Sunday. The canned advances account for the rest.

The church publicity agents, and particularly the professionals who jazz up the preachers' copy, seek to serve it in a way that will require the least thinking by the rewrite man who sometimes goes by the name of Church Editor. They have made the Saturday and Monday church pages pretty much what they are. They have also, it is not to be doubted, built up reputations for many clergymen who otherwise might not have been heard of.

Among the most active of these agents is one Edward L. Wertheim, who has a habit of putting only his last name on his copy, thus ranking himself with Napoleon, Caesar, and Shakespeare. On a recent Saturday he sent out copy for more than a dozen churches and church activities, including the Greater New York Federation of Churches, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Calvary Baptist Church, Grace Episcopal Church, the Church of the Strangers, the Manhattan Congregational Church, the Biblical Seminary in New York, St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Midday Message Periods over WMCA.

The latter is an activity carried on by Mr. Wertheim himself as a channel for "strictly religious and educational" propaganda. In a typical programme, according to the advance copy, there appeared the following "religious and educational" speakers: H. L. Jones, superintendent of the McAuley Water Street Mission; Dr. James Hardy Bennett, pastor of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Donald MacColl, a member of the board of trustees of the Biblical Seminary in New York; Dr. Henry Howard, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, who holds forth regularly in "Dr. Henry Howard's Period," and Dr. William Howard Hay, of Buffalo, N. Y., who spoke on "Sun and Diet" under the auspices of the New York Chapter of the Sun-Diet Health Service. The last offering, it is to be supposed, was the educational feature of this programme.

Mr. Wertheim handles publicity also for the National Youth Radio Conference, an activity of the Greater New York Federation of Churches, and in this way does service to the great name of the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who is sometimes one of the speakers. The Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling is another worker in this vineyard, and the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is still another. All three get their names into the Wertheim copy. The same tireless Mr. Wertheim also sent copy to the press on the annual conference of the Moody Bible Institute and on the Huguenot Day of Remembrance, and his facile pen has likewise served the Calvary Baptist Church, where the eminent Dr. John Roach Straton has time and again both courted and excoriated the newspapers, between general attacks upon necking, Darwinism, and the rascals of the Modernist persuasion.

Another Wertheim client is Dr. Marie Winchell Walker, who talks on "The Religious Science Road to Health," and who can, upon demand, give lectures as well on "Popularity and Success Through Personality," "How to Turn Your Ability Into Cash," "The Hazards of Life and How To Overcome Them" and "The Art of Getting What You Want."

Miss Mary A. Dunn is another indefatigable church publicist. She is connected with the Weiss Advertising Agency ("Personal Service"), and on behalf of this institution she sends out many tidbits for the Saturday Church Page. Among the churches she has thus brought to the attention of editors are the Church of the Holy Apostles, the St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, the Greenwich Presbyterian Church, the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, the Sufi Center, the First Moravian Church, the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, the Crawford Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, the Lutheran Church of the Advent, and the Woodycrest Methodist Episcopal Church.

The H. S. Howland Advertising Agency turns out copy for the Chapel of the Intercession, where the Rev. Dr. Milo H. Gates presides, and Miss I. L. Graves, who is associated with Mr. Wertheim in the publicity business, takes care of the copy for Grace Episcopal Church, sending it out on bright yellow paper and including, whenever possible, the name of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. W. Russell Bowie. Similarly, Miss Elizabeth B. Canaday is representative of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, whose president is the illustrious Bishop William T. Manning. Miss Canaday also sends out copy for the Church of the Heavenly Rest and the Chapel of the Beloved Disciple, using the name of the Rev. Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, whose fuss a year ago with Bishop Manning got them both plenty of front-page space without making it necessary to employ a press representative.

An agent with a poetical name, Cron well Childe, sends out publicity for th Church of the Incarnation, and makes point of putting into his weekly copy th name of the talented pastor, the Rev. H Percy Silver. Mr. Childe is also publicit agent for a Dr. Julia Seton, who speaks o such subjects as "The Short Cut to Attai ment," "The Cause and Cure of Poverty, and "Western Symbology or Numerology, in which she gives a special course study. Mr. Childe has also prepared cop for Miss Villa Faulkner Page, founder an organization called the Metaphysic School of Health, and founder-leader another called the Fellowship of Life Mo Abundant. Miss Suzette G. Stuart is pul licity agent for the Little Church Aroun the Corner, and its rector, the Rev. D Randolph Ray, as well as for St. Jame Episcopal Church, where the Rev. D Frank Warfield Crowder holds forth. Mis Stuart has also contributed toward th wealth and fame of the Episcopal Churc in general by doing publicity for its offici school, the General Theological Seminary during its drive for funds to build a ne heating plant and what not.

III

The Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, past of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Churc (soon to be Broadway Temple), apparentl does his publicity work himself. There no mark on his copy to indicate otherwis Dr. Reisner often invites actors to appe at his services. One week he had Jack Coogan. In announcing this triumph, th canned copy from Chelsea asserted th young Coogan would speak "in his i imitable way" upon various subjects. "H will tell the audience about his recent tr to Europe, and will describe some of th things he likes and what he hopes to when he grows up. He will also answ such questions as the pastor, the Rev. D Christian F. Reisner, will ask him abo himself. Jackie's splendid father will a company him."

Other New York churches also make use f the star system. Copy recently received rom the Central Methodist of Brooklyn nnounced that "Morris Gest, producer of he Freiburg Passion Play," would be resent at the evening service and give an ddress on "My Ideals of Art." Dr. John .. Oliver, whose novel, "Victim and ictor" almost made the Pulitzer Prize ast Spring, was invited to speak at an vening service soon after the resulting ublicity made him a figure of curiosity nd importance. Dr. Oliver was to speak, ccording to the advance notice, on the roblem of "fear in the lives of ordinary ien and women." However psychological, here would be a religious slant to this iscourse, the copy hastened to add. He as expected to urge, as a specific against ear, "the definite application to daily liv- ng of Christ, the cure for sin." Which, so he Committee on Information of Calvary aid, had "delivered literally hundreds of eople from the bondage of fear."

The high-toned and very English Grace piscopal Church, at a recent special ser- ice for the officers and crew of the liner *erengaria*, had singing by "the only sea- oing choir in the world, a choir made up ntirely of British-born men, women and oys." Similarly, one Sunday was New ork University Students' Day at Grace hurch. On the same day the children of he church erected "their little Children's hurch on the lawn of Grace Church, cor- ctly placing their clay model rector, oir and congregation, and conducting a rvice."

At the last service in the old Calvary aptist Church, before the building was orn down, the hymn-books which had een used there for years were given away o those of the faithful who forsook worldly easures long enough to listen to the Rev. illyer Straton, son of the celebrated John oach. A variant of the same idea was ed at the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, here a free Bible was given to the father nd son who looked most alike. Advance nnouncements to this effect were sent out on behalf of the pastor, the Rev. Russell Morse Brougher. At the same session, following a baptismal service, the Rev. Mr. Brougher promised to discuss three important questions: "Should New York Require Three Days For a Marriage License?" "Are Scotch People Stingy, and Would a Scotchman Make a Good Husband?" and "Are Men More Irritable Than Women?"

The following Sunday the Rev. Mr. Brougher unfortunately could not appear in his pulpit. The canned copy sent out asserted that he was recovering from an operation for the removal of his tonsils, and that the Rev. Will H. Houghton, formerly of Atlanta, would carry on by preaching in his stead on "What God Can Do With Ninety-seven Cents."

The publicity-grabbing dominies all have their hobbies. That of the Rev. H. C. Offerman, of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, is poetry—his own. These home-made verses he often recites to his congregation. Last Memorial Day he scratched out a stanza or two of what he apparently considered a masterpiece and sent it to the papers. In it he had quite a struggle with some of the stanzas, particularly the last. As an example of what divine guidance will do in the field of poetry, I append it here:

> The dreamers have gone home to dream some more,
> And flags are flying to remind us of their dreams,
> The Love that lost itself for country's lore
> Lives on forevermore beyond all earthly seams.

More recently the Rev. Mr. Offerman has taken up radio preaching. For quite a spell during the Summer and Fall he held forth over WEAF on "Humor in Church Life."

IV

The discussion of current events in sermons is widely practiced by the advertising clergy. A good talk on some currently agitated question is regarded as sure-fire publicity, and if a preacher feels that he must drag some mention of God into his discussions he "ties it to a news angle."

Many base their sermons on some talked-about book or play, and the resulting ponderosities often get into the papers as news. For instance, in a recent controversy over a certain allegedly "sacred" drama, Dr. John Haynes Holmes preached at the Community Church on "Sacred and Profane Drama; a Discussion of 'Journey's End' and 'The Passion Play.'" This subject aroused even the shrinking Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who preached the same week in his Free Synagogue on "Passion Play versus Good Will." It was announced to the papers as "Passion Play versus Fair Play," but he toned it down over the week-end, and the title with it.

Every holiday and special event is seized upon as a subject for "timely" sermons. This fashion has not left any church untouched. Even the Jewish rabbis have fallen for it, though to date they have played relatively low on general publicity-seeking, leaving it to the Jewish benevolent societies to grab all the available free space in the papers with their never-ending money-raising campaigns. Some of the favorite subjects for sermons, particularly those based on special occasions, are now pretty threadbare, and the church press agents are hard put to make such sermons sound like news. This accounts for some of the strange stuff which appears in the church copy from week to week, as for instance that sent out last Spring by the executive director of the Institutional Synagogue. It announced gravely that Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein, preaching his Mother's Day sermon, had "stressed the need of maternity."

Marriage and divorce are subjects, of course, which have often yielded columns of free space to preachers. During the past year these matters sorely troubled the Rev. C. Everett Wagner, of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church, and for quite a season he dealt with them at length in a series of sermons entitled "Marriage in Transition." The individual sermons were called by such titles as "Is Marriage a Fetter or Fulfilment?" Dr. Wagner's conclusions, though they wer pretty thoroughly brought to the attentio of the newspapers, I cannot at the momer recall.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, wh broadcasts at times for the National Yout Radio Conference while not engaged i harrying the Devil at the Marble Coll giate Church, is another who likes to de with cosmic subjects. Some of his topi have been "To Whom Does God Listen? "What Price Glory?" and "The Way Woman." The busy Canon Chase, Christ Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, spen his week-days watching out for the mora of the community, but on Sunday, ha ing received enough publicity apparentl through his secular activities to last hi until the next Vice Drive, he preaches o innocuous subjects.

If there is any band wagon which th more progressive preachers have no climbed aboard, it has not been brough to my attention. Those who, ten years ag thundered for war now join the cry fo world peace and send the newspapers a advance copy of every sermon. The co flict between religion and science, th Modernist-Fundamentalist battle, birt control, the influence and sphere of th church in politics, the late lamented wa over the Dennett sex pamphlet, Prohib tion—in spite of their threadbareness the are still good subjects. Preachers who ha not the slightest understanding of any them thunder away Sunday after Sunda with one eye always on the Monday mor ing Church Page.

A press agent who used to deal i churches before he struck pay-dirt i another field recently told me of his dif culties with a certain Brooklyn preach who offered him $100 a month to get h sermons in the papers. They tried it fo three weeks, but at length had to give u the attempt. My friend learned that th old-fashioned fellow could not prea about anything but the teachings Christ, and no publicity man, of cours could build a hot news lead on that.

A PRODIGAL RETURNS

BY OWEN FRANCIS

A half hundred men crowd the employment office at the steel-mill. Others are outside. Some talk indifferently, if having nothing important to say; the mainder wait with stolid resignation. oon it will be nine o'clock and the win-ow will open.

I look at the dull, expressionless faces. y hands and by faces steel men may be cognized as easily as if they wore badges. rhaps I should tell the novices that they ly waste time in waiting. But I have ood in employment offices myself, and, ough it was often useless to wait, I ould have resented anyone telling me so. r the waiting men I have a compassion d a contempt. What if they do need jobs badly as I? They should do as I have ne, go where there is work they under-nd.

The window opens with a bang. The en grow silent. Those in the back press rward with desperate hope in their eyes. ke a turtle, the employment man thrusts s head from the cage. His bald head ines, his brows draw together impor-ntly, his eyes blink as though rudely akened from sleep. It is Old Man Gilles. teen years ago he signed my first time-d at the mill. His eyes rest for a moment my face, but there is no flicker of recog-ion. Nine years is a long time and he s many men daily.

"You!" he barks, his finger pointing ldenly at a man whose shoulders tower ve others. "You! What do you do?"

The man moves forward. He is a Hunkie. s broad, high cheek bones are red from rs before a hot furnace. Dolomite seems to hang white on his mustache.

"Me? I be open hearth man. I be cinder-man and *verftay* plenty open hearth. I be chainman. I be craneman. I workit mill-wright helper. Any job, by God, in open hearth I workit and . . . ."

"All right, that's enough, John. Here, sign your name on this card."

In the Hunkie's eyes comes a worried sadness.

"Please, Mister Boss, I no can makit write. My name is Waldek Stan-os-cos-ki."

Gilles hesitates. From the back of the room comes the rising inflection of a Slavish question. Mr. Stanoscoski answers rapidly, smiles in triumph.

"My frien', he write, ya damn betcha. He makit name for me."

Gilles rustles the papers importantly while another Hunkie, pushing forward, writes the name of his friend. He also is selected, after brief questioning, for a job. Holding tight their time-cards the two go through a door to the medical examiner. One winks broadly and both laugh deep in their throats. They have found work; are content.

With rapidity eight other men are selected. All who show marks of the mill. Gilles stares defiance.

"That's all today, men."

The closed window mocks us. In single file and double, the men troop aimlessly out of the office. I wait until all have gone. In my hand I hold a note from George Adams, a roller with whom I talked last night. The note requests my services as shearman. Let Old Man Gilles stare and select other men if he wishes! I will have a job, for George Adams, a boss, is my friend. That's what is needed to get jobs

anywhere. My fingernails tattoo upon the window. It opens suddenly.

"That's all, I said."

I smile in his face and hand him the note. Reading my name, his sour old mouth cracks with a smile.

"Well, now, that's different. I guess I can fix you up O. K. Where have you been? I told you you'd be back for a job."

And so he had. But I do not wish to be reminded of the prophecy and I say little. The formalities of filling out a time-card, and being examined by the medical examiner are soon over. With a feeling of elation and some of my old confidence in myself, I go back up the hill. I have a job. Tomorrow I go back to the mills where I first worked.

It is a good feeling, a feeling of security as though my feet were at last on the ground. Nine years it has been since I left the mills and found my way to the cities. Impatient with a desire to write, I went drifting from one place to another, working at odd jobs in factories, restaurants, and road gangs, missing meals when work of no kind could be found, but reading and writing always, and spending hours on end with other self-styled sophisticates, settling, to our own satisfaction, the problems of humanity.

With the lure of fame and gold dazzling me I had even gone to Hollywood. There, so it seemed at first, was the Promised Land for writers unsuccessful in other fields. After three years of struggle came a chance for both fame and money—failure. It left me feeling a need for hard labor; I wanted to rub shoulders with my fellow men, to hear again honest words of friendliness, to know the pleasure of rest after toil, and above all to be secure in the knowledge that food could be bought when I wanted it. So I went away. But not before something was taken from me. I had lost my taste for living and, in a degree, the desire to succeed. An education had been gained, perhaps, but whether or not it was worth its cost I do not know to this day.

Meanwhile, I would be a steel work again, content in knowing nothing b back-breaking toil, occasional glorio debauches. Such a life at least holds co tentment. I work to obtain the mon which will enable me to write leisurel The reading of books has cursed me wi imagination, opened my eyes to storie left me stage-struck with the drama of li

II

Morning. I rise at six-thirty and hasti put on my newly purchased mill clothe Corduroy breeches, blue shirt, thick-sol shoes. They are stiff and heavy but co fortable.

Breakfast is served on the long table the rear of the dining-room. We seat ou selves before platters piled high with foo and the red-cheeked Polish girl hurryi to serve us smiles at me in friendline Across the table from me a man hunch forward, and scoops three eggs on h plate already filled with fried potato He grins at me, and waves a fork yello with egg yolk.

"Goin' to work at the mill, huh?"

"Yeah, shearing at the 18."

Faces turn toward me. Then I am not college dude come to work for the Su mer, as they imagined from my stiff, ne clothes, but like themselves a steel ma

"Christ! That's a sweet job," sa another man. "I'm helper on the furna We batted out 290 tons yesterday. It w 5 x 1½ and we'll have it all day toda too."

It is easy to drop into the jargon of t steel worker again. My heart war toward their friendliness. It is better th the knife-in-the-back feeling of Holl wood.

We walk down the hill, through t gate. I report to George Adams, wh smiles a greeting.

"Made it O. K.? Well, I guess I don have to show you what to do. Old M Wolf is still shearing on the other side, a Eli, the old bastard, will be your lev

ıan. Remember how you and Eli used to ork to beat hell, get the hot-bed all eaned off and then run and yell at Wolf o hurry up? Jesus! how mad he'd get! ou was just a punk then, but you could ear. Well, go ahead. We got good orders day. Let's bat 'em out."

Pulling on my gloves, I relieve the shear- an who has worked the night turn. Eli already at his accustomed place at the ear levers. When he sees me his hand es to his eye, pulling it a little wider open.

"Ho, ho!" he says. "Got new shearman is time! How's it, boy? Long time no see. Vhich place you be for long time?"

I tell him that I have been to California. le yells again above the clanking of the ears.

"Now, by Jezus, we show Old Man Wolf ho is shearman! Other mans who catch ink slip was just the same lak old woman."

With head shaking, knees quivering, li pantomimes the palsied motions of ge. My predecessor, it appears, was in ttle favor with this astute judge of aftsmanship.

Taking the stop in the bend of my right m, the order book before me, I wave to li to send them on. I am clumsy, and the st piece slides under the stop. Eli is run- ng them with his old-time skill. He ughs aloud.

"Ho, ho! Dat place you be must not tch steel-mill."

I take a firmer grip, spraddle my legs. he first piece is sheared. Let's see . . . venty pieces, eighteen foot ten . . . thirty eces, six foot two. Eli is cursing at a iece held tight by the shears. I take a uick look toward the hot-bed. There is o need for worry, for the hot-bed still has ace for steel. But my arm aches and the ay is not half over. It will be a fine joke Eli if I yell quits. But I'm doing as well Wolf on the other side and the knack coming to me again. Let Eli put his nger to his head and turn it as though anking loose machinery! I'm not bug- ouse, you big Hunkie! Give me about a eek to get into the swing and I'll make that mustache of yours droop yet! Jesus! it never used to be this hard. Watch those niggers so they don't pile more than ten tons to a lift and have a broken chain spilling hot steel all over the shear-bed. Five long whistles from the roughing-table. The mill shuts down for a roll change. A half hour more with the hot-bed clean, then I can rest.

Eli and I sit resting. Honest sweat pours from my body, my back hurts from pulling at the heavy stop, my arm hangs like lead, my cramped fingers will not unbend. With a wink, Eli hands me the bottom section of his dinner-pail. He still carries prune-jack instead of coffee. I hold the bucket to my lips and the fiery liquid burns at my throat, jabs at my jaded nerves like a needle. Tiredness falls from me. The mill starts again. I shout at the Hunkie.

"Come on, Eli! What's the matter you? No got steam today?"

He pulls at his mustache, strains his broad back, lifts three hundred pounds of steel which has stuck in the shears, and throws it into the scrap-box angrily. Bars shoot under the shears with the speed of a rapidly moving shuttle; the hot-bed is clean, it is four o'clock, the day is over.

Slowly I walk back up the hill to the boarding-house, with every muscle aching like a sore tooth. My fingers are stiff, swollen. The sun dries my sweat-laden clothes, leaving white patches of salt on the blue of the shirt. I lie in a bathtub with water lapping my chin like a caress. Then supper, with huge quantities of boiled beef, beans, potatoes. The man opposite me waves a fork, holding aloft a portion of the meat.

"Not so bad. Got 274 tons today. That ought to make you about twelve bucks."

Supper over, I drink several glasses of old-time beer bought by the newly-made friends, who insist that it is a crime for any man to allow another who has not reached a pay day to buy beer. Wearily I lie in bed thinking too late that the Polack girl might have gone with me to the picture show if I had asked her.

III

Toil. Day turn, night turn, one after the other. A month has dragged by. The soreness has left my muscles. There has been a pay day and soon there will be another. With as good a tonnage sheet again, I will have another $112. But the exhilaration of working has left me. Restless, I long for the freedom which would give me time to write. In the evenings I try, but I must rest. Once started and forced to stop, ideas carefully planned are forgotten. Ofttimes there is a feeling that I should never try again, should be content to work at my job. But the work is drudgery, and my evenings, usually spent on the corners talking, at bars drinking, or in the picture show, become monotonous. Twice I have gone to Pittsburgh, but I walk the streets like a stranger longing for companionship.

The red-cheeked Polack girl and I are friends. Several times we have gone to shows, and she has taken me to the homes of her friends. There they have played wild gypsy tunes on accordions and violins, and served me in plenty with beer, prune-jack, cakes. Vibrant with health, unworried by desire for fame or wealth, Ilonka Burchoski is happy. She is frank in saying that she wants a man. Not just any man of course, but a strong one with a good job in the mill. She is eighteen, has saved over four hundred dollars, and has the desire for child strong within her. She asks me why she would not make a good wife to any man—even a roller boss. She says she would work hard, raise the babies with no bother whatever to the man, be true to him. I believe her. I know of no reason why she would not make an ideal wife and I tell her so. Her body is well formed, she is more beautiful than many. Yet I am dissatisfied with her. She does not meet the specifications of the woman I have never been able to find.

Each day at the mill I make mental notes of the men with whom I work. Some day I hope to use the material for a story.

There is Mike, a laborer in the op hearth, whom they call Margarettes. It a Hunkie word. I am not sure of the spe ing nor can any give it to me, but it mea jackass.

A born comedian, Mike loves the nic name. When called by it he will pla both thumbs in his ears and with pali outspread wave his hands back and fort braying lustily. Then he laughs, loud and longer than those who watch him.

Some years ago Mike felt that age w upon him, and he had no heir. Hiring Hunkie girl, carefully chosen, he paid h a sum of money. She took the money a produced in due time, but without bene of clergy, a healthy boy. Mike's son, nc twelve, has fine clothes, goes to schoc He is very fond of his father, and Mi loves his son. This affection is not shar with the mother who, upon serving h purpose, used the well-earned money her dowry, and said nothing more of t incident. Mike has saved his earnings, a the boy may go to college if he so desir But the lure of the mill is upon him, a Mike laughs with joy. Only three mc years will it be, both say, until you Mike is working with his father. It m be that he too will wiggle his hands in h ears and be called Margarettes.

Also there is Starry Smerkoly. Star has lived for seventy-nine years, and h of them have been spent in the mills. H face is lined and burned, his mustac tobacco-stained and chewed at the corne his body twisted and bent like a piece scrap steel. All he has to show for h years of toil is a bronze medal which be his name on one side; on the other a lik ness of Judge Elbert H. Gary. Yet Star is happy. He is typical of hundreds other Hunkie workers. Each day I ta with him, slowly questioning, for wh he suspects my purpose he tries too ha becomes confused, and fails to tell me t important things. In a desire to find t secret of his abundant joy of life, I or asked:

"Starry, what do you do to amuse yo

elf? You work hard every day. What do ou do to have a good time?"

He was laughing before he answered. "Jezus Christ! You ask me dat thing. Ie, I do nothing, you bughouse! I just sit round and laugh all the time like damn ool."

IV

esterday a man was killed in the mill. e was a Negro piler and his life went out ith a shriek under ten tons of hot steel. efore my eyes a man was killed, and as he ied I formed sentences to be used when me day I write of it. . . .

The Negro, late of the cotton fields of eorgia, knew nothing of the mill, but s high wages had lured him. Two weeks e had been there working, with a happy ving to his broad shoulders. Pulling hot irs from the shear skids, he chained them gether as he crooned:

"Swing lo-ow, sweet chariot,
Comin' fo' to carry me ho-me!—"

In the last lift he placed the chains too ose together. When the crane lifted the ad into the air the steel pendulumed back d forth, gaining momentum with every ving. A leverman, seeing it would fall, lled a warning. The Negro, in a panic, n directly beneath it. Ten tons hit him irly.

They gathered him up, scraped the floor ean with a shovel. I turned away sickened hile Eli, a man who many times have I en with tears streaming his face as a ungarian love song was played, laughed. "Whee! Nigger finish! Go for bunkhouse d fetch 'nother nigger! We kill all black ans!"

Eli's hatred dates back to the day a egro piler attacked me with a steel hook. nce too often I had yelled at him to rry. Jumping to the shear table above e, he swung the hook, with murder flaming his soft eyes. Grabbing a bar used to turn billets, Eli swung at the Negro's head with full force. The bar missed the head but crushed against a shoulder. The arm, nearly severed from the body, was later amputated. I had no more trouble with Negroes, but Eli has never forgotten. I am his friend and he hates them all for the deed of one. He says:

"Niggers no got Jezus. Jezus was white mans. Devil is black lak nigger."

Yesterday there came a letter from a friend in Los Angeles. He is successful as a writer and gives me good advice in the sincere hope that I too may be successful. He believes some war stories I have written are good. He suggests that I take them to a publisher in New York.

I am quitting the mill as soon as I can give the customary notice.

V

I stand again at the employment office. Old man Gilles takes my time card and says disgustedly:

"Quitting, huh? I knew you wouldn't last long."

I say nothing. It is better to hold my tongue for some day soon I may come for a job again.

I tell the Polack girl that I am leaving, am going to New York. She smiles in friendliness, hopes that I have a good time. I tell her to hurry and find her man.

In my pocket is two hundred dollars. If I am careful it will keep me free from toil for longer than three months; if I become despondent it will be spent in a week. In either case it will soon be gone. After that it will be a job again somewhere else, but I feel as happy in quitting this one as I did in starting it.

Maybe that is what I shall always do—get jobs and quit them.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Evacuation of Paris.—This last Spring and Summer witnessed a phenomenon so startlingly unbelievable to the French that they have not yet got over the after-effect of it. I allude to the desertion of Paris, that loveliest of cities and long the Mecca of migratory Americans, by the latter, with its coincidental enormous loss of rhino to the Parisians. Where Paris last year was so full of Yankees during the season that you couldn't walk twenty steps without bumping into one or more of them, this recent season saw what was relatively only a handful and even that handful took itself elsewhere immediately the Grande Semaine was over. The consequent hand-wringing and lamentations of shopkeepers, hotelkeepers, restaurateurs and the like were heart-rending.

What has brought about the evacuation of Paris by the American traveler is simple enough. The French have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. The American has at last rebelled against the extortions practised upon him and has taken himself and his custom to other places, chiefly to London and Berlin, where he gets a more or less square deal. In London, true enough, there is still in active operation on rate cards the cunning *from* with which to hornswoggle an extra guinea or so from the American, and in Berlin it still takes several deep pants-diggings to fish up the exorbitant fee necessary for a Lucky Strike, but in general the American is treated financially in those countries much as the natives are. In Paris, however, he has for a number of years been looked upon simply as a sucker and treated accordingly. He didn't mind it once; he didn't mind it twice; but he has now got to the point of rebellion and it will take years before the foolish French win him and his spending proclivities back aga

The American goes into a Paris hotel there are a few honorable exceptions—a inquires the rate. He is informed that it say, the equivalent of twelve dollars a da He agrees to the price and takes his roo and bath for the week. At the end of t week, he gets his bill. Added to the stip lated twelve dollar daily rate, he finds t following charges: a heavy governme tax, a 10% charge for service, a charge o variable number of francs for the vale use of a room in which to press on clothes plus, of course, the valet's fees, gether with the time-honored charges soap, cracked ice, etc., and such more cently thought up soaks as rearrangeme of furniture, extra linen and the handli of big trunks by the porter. There is a an extra charge for cigarettes not handl by the hotel and a 25% extra charge laundry that is desired in two days' tin

Restaurants, many of them, have t sets of prices: one for the French, the oth for Americans, though the menus are oth wise identical. Couvert prices are regulat according to one's ability to speak Fren realistically, and the amount varies in wildering fashion. A bottle of vinta wine, ordered by number and with price clearly marked on the wine card, a way of seldom being in stock; anoth argued to be as good, is suggested in place—and the price is subsequently fou to be double. A Frenchman hires an au mobile and pays so much a kilomet waiting time figuring not at all in the b an American hires the same automob and pays not only for mileage but for wa ing time.

A Frenchwoman asks the price of sto ings in the Rue de Caire district and is t

venty-eight francs. An American woman ho overhears the price subsequently pro-eds to do some purchasing and is informed iat what was meant was seventy-eight ancs *apiece*—or 156 francs a pair. In a café itronized exclusively by the French a ir Havana cigar may be had for about venty-four cents; the same cigar in a café equented by Americans costs forty-eight nts. The French have a palatable mild omestic cigar called the Campeones; it sts only eight cents. It is carefully con-aled the moment an American appears on e scene and a box of heavily taxed and pensive Havanas thrust forward in its ead. In many of the restaurants that cater Americans there is an extra charge for uvert, for bread, for butter, for ice, for ine service, for tax and even for plain ater, whereas in the restaurants patron-ed primarily by the French themselves e number of such extra charges is not ore than one-third at the very most.

Some of the well-known boulevard and race cafés use two sets of saucers for coholic drinks and coffee: one set, for the ench, with the prices clearly marked ereon; the other, without prices marked, Americans. Various conspicuous lunch aces and dinner places, rendezvous of nericans, charge without limit accord-g to the Americans' appearance of luence. A copy of the New York *Times*, eek-day edition, sold in New York for vo cents, costs twenty-four cents in e Place Vendôme, and the Sunday edi-on that brings five cents in New York ings forty-eight cents and, in some in-nces, sixty-two. Wrong telephone num-rs are charged for by many hotels, and ench cashiers and book-keepers still em-oy a species of numerical chirography at would confuse and baffle an American nkerton.

These are only a few examples of what ppens to the visiting Yankee. These are ly a few of the reasons why, this last ring and Summer, London and Berlin ere crowded as they haven't been crowded many, many years.

A Score for Nippon.—In none of the many directions of its progress in international affairs has Japan shown greater imagination and resource than in the art of brewing. For years, Japanese beer was the laughing stock of connoisseurs, richer in provocation of palatal irony than even the French brand. One glass of it was enough to make one stand up and sing the Chinese national anthem, after putting in a hurry call for the doctor. But in the last three years, with their characteristic enterprise and with the aid of expert German advice, the Japs have managed to turn out a lager that is not only magnificently drinkable but that actually runs the world-famed old Bohemian nonesuch, Pilsner, a very close second.

So really good is this new Japanese beer that at least one large ship of the Hamburg-American line shrewdly stocks up on it for German beer professors against the moment when its Pilsner cargo may be exhausted. The difference between the Czechoslovakian brew and the Japanese is so slight as to be almost undetectable. The bitter bite, the lovely amber color, the soft white collar, the orchestral after-effect are the same in the one as in the other. One can drink the Nippon product as endlessly and as satisfactorily as the original. There is no heaviness, no acidity, no subsequent unpleasant tongue dryness, no full-up feeling. A small matter, perhaps, as the great affairs of nations go, but an indication, nevertheless, of the uncommon ingenuity and address of the world's most watchable nation.

The New Morality.—While much that is true—as it is equally obvious—has been written of the so-called new morality in the English-speaking countries, an even more liberal share of buncombe has found its way into print. For all the contentions as to the comprehensive scope of the new sex freedom, the unprejudiced observer notes that the general attitude toward the situation in point is largely the same as it was fifty and one hundred years ago.

While boys and girls and men and women may each proclaim loudly that the old shackles no longer bind them, it is still nasally unsafe to mention by name any such girl or woman, whatever her self-expressed and admitted independence, in the presence of any friendly boy or man, for all his own self-expressed and admitted emancipation in turn. Adultery is still locally the one easiest and surest ground for divorce; the unwritten law still wins the sentiment of ninety-nine juries out of a hundred; the newspapers are richer than ever in suits for what is euphemistically called alienation of affections; an even hypothetically promiscuous woman is still socially déclassée; hotels still insist upon at least one suit-case and duly eject any couple that may come under the suspicion of moral house-detectives; girls who do not return to their dormitories by midnight or who are thought to have been too friendly with the boys are still kicked out of college; and a single illegitimate baby is enough to make the editors of the tabloids, in convention assembled, throw their hats into the air.

The Bar.—If one thing is evident today it is that the legal profession as it currently presents itself in the United States is in need of a quick and very drastic overhauling and that, if that overhauling doesn't come about pretty soon, the profession as a whole will sink to an even lower level than connoisseurs of honor and integrity now vouchsafe to it, which will be a degree or two below bottom. That the more estimable element in the profession clearly see the way the wind is blowing is indicated in the recent widespread efforts on their part to put the deodorizing squirt-gun into action, in the number of disbarments of shysters, and in the increasing impatience and hostility of the courts of law toward the innumerable blacklegs who by hook or crook have contrived pass the Bar examinations, hang shingles and subsequently masquerade fore the courts as reputable lawyers.

Yet, even so, more shyster lawyers, desperate for money as so many mail-tr robbers and hold-up men, are presently operation in the country than ever bef in its history. The big towns swarm w them and the little towns number at le two or three to every fairly upright vocate. Under the thin cloak of the l they practise a form of banditry th bereft of the cloak, would land them the coop instanter. Until the law is so tered that it will no longer serve as a v for their ulterior motives, the problem handling them must rest with the vari bar associations themselves. That probl is not an easy one in a nation run mountebankery, but at least part of solution seems obvious. Admission to bar at present is too simply gained; seems to be quite as easy, indeed, as gaini admission through childish entrance aminations to one or another of our th retical higher institutions of learni Hardly any one who bones up for a sh time on the elementary principles of l fails to make the grade and, as a con quence, all sorts of charlatans are welcom into the fold. Yet investigation into *character* of the candidates, for all that are told to the contrary, is nil. If a you man hasn't been in jail or doesn't show too drunk, the gates are opened wide him. Until such an investigation is c ducted with meticulous care, until prospective candidate is scrutinized lik dog for the slightest evidence of distemp mange and lice, until each and every pr pective counsellor is subjected to ev kind of third degree known—until suc time comes, the profession of law can hope to be regarded by reputable men much above that of street-walking.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Comedy

HE American theatre suffers at the present ne from a poverty, running almost to the ırvation point, of comic dramatists. We ve one or two playwrights of fair talent r comedy of the better grade, but even ese are of the fits and starts species and eir products as variable and uncertain as e winds. The great majority of the pur-ers of the comic muse are hashy fellows, ther out-and-out box-office solicitors or en with ambition but without the view-int, poise and writing skill to realize it. There was a day when a local critical ythrodermia was induced by the circum-nce that the American playwright was o light-hearted a person, one who per-ted in avoiding serious themes and in garding only the trivial and frothy as-cts of life. The lament may surely no nger be indulged in. The hundreds of ung men and young women whose manu-ipts today crowd the producers' and y brokers' mails are apparently intent on looking on the world as one long suc-sion of funerals, interrupted now and en by the collisions of hearses and the mping of corpses into public places. For s melancholy business not only the more lish critics but the numerous little the-es, art theatres, community theatres and oretically advanced drama guilds are to me. It is always a conviction of the ateur mind that a bad play that views soberly is somehow better than an ally bad one that views it lightly. ere is something about most humor that ns *infra dignitatem* and just a little cheap the arty minded and the latter, through ir theatrical organizations and by their paganda, have donkeyishly dissuaded playwrights of the country from it. The result has been a vain striving on the part of the hopeful playmakers toward dramatic profundity, as futile and as empty of fruitfulness as a Dada novel or a prayer to God.

The success of O'Neill has of course been another factor in the encouragement of the young playwright to spill the works and tell all. Countless juvenile as well as adult snatchers at some of O'Neill's glory and mazuma have spread themselves over the seaboard, determined to plumb the depths but unhappily unequipped with diving suits. To these, some of whom—had it not been for O'Neill—might conceivably in time have developed their lighter competences, comedy is anathema and only a contemplation of the sores and ulcers of life a worthy profession. In their tadpole sobriety, they scribble off a library of balderdash which leans so far backward from humor that it bends in upon itself like a pretzel, and from them, with the help and assistance of the art theatre groups and misguided producing adolescents, we get the current liberal smear of pseudo-profound poppycock dealing with burnt-cork Spinozas, flapper Margaret Sangers, Strindbergian street-walkers and dough-boy Bismarcks.

The writing of comedy—that is, comedy in the better sense—has been discouraged, strangely enough even in quarters that might properly impress one as being unsusceptible to influence, and from such quarters what comedy we accordingly receive discloses corrupting traces of the pervading itch for philosophical speculation. It is difficult to think of more than one or two comedies written hereabouts recently that have not at one or another point in their action becheesed themselves with small second-hand doses of Schopenhauer,

Nietzsche, Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis or Bertrand Russell. Comedy for comedy's sake is forgotten in the imbecile impulse to make it something more than comedy and in the author's eagerness to establish himself as something of a great thinker to boot. There must be a metaphysical theme song, a shadow of what is called purpose, a measure of what is called weight. Laughter that springs from a sound comic viewpoint filtered through engaging literary and dramatic skill is not enough; there must also be A Note.

In such a situation, a comedy like that for which Kate Parsons drew her inspiration from Smollett—it is dubbed "The Commodore Marries"—heaves appetizingly into sight. True enough, even in this case the playwright hasn't been able to resist the injection of a slice of metaphysical moralizing—Pirandello reduced to Walter Lippmann—but it is soon done with and what issues fore and aft is plain, honest, unaffected and unstrained humor. The grotesque tale, in simple, is of a retired old sea-dog who, in order to escape the humdrum constrictions of landlubber existence, rigs up his house like a ship, installs his crew therein and conducts his life much as he conducted it in his more youthful days upon the deep. A woman, entering into his imaginative isolation, brings briefly the taint of land and earth with her, but quickly is got rid of and peace again, with its liquor and lovely cussing and song, is brought to reign in the old seaman's harbor. What we have here, obviously, is something in the nature of a later paraphrase of Pirandello's "Henry IV," with its medieval palace converted into a vessel. Nor is the basic idea of Miss Parsons' Commodore Trunnion so different from that of Butti's Fantasio in "Il Castello del Sogno." But to the more or less familiar plan the present playwright has brought some invention of her own, some fresh jocosity in detail and some interlardings of originality that in combination make her comedy a refreshing job. Her writing is better than her sense of construction and her play breathes heavily in its later course, yet sum it stands out brightly from the co edies of the local Philosophy-B class the one hand and of those of the box-of sonny boys on the other. Arthur Hopki production is in his best manner, thou the casting of a typical stage brat of Frances Hodgson Burnett era for one of rôles ruins one of the most fetching isodes in the play.

A second new comedy writer wo watching is to be found in Preston Sturg His "Strictly Dishonorable," aiming comedy pure and simple, contains m that is commendable, particularly in way of character observation and smoot distilled humor. Several of his scenes c stitute drollery of an exceptional qua and his play as a whole, though foun upon a stale plot scheme, is manna in era of comedy drought. The performanc admirable.

II

Sample Importation

"Candle Light," an adaptation from German of a couple of popular Be playwrights who elect to collaborate der the name of Siegfried Geyer, whic commented upon briefly last month, i sample of Continental comedy writ close to its poorest, bad Molnar cros with worse Guitry. Built upon the ho plot of the master and valet who cha places, its humor is of the routine k and its invention so crude that the c thing that keeps one in the theatre a the first twenty minutes is curiosity learn if imagination can possibly be sterile. Each successive situation falls i its groove with a cut-and-dried click; e *mot* heralds its coming with preparat torches and signal lights; each poin rubbed in like cold cream.

In any critical consideration of cur European comedy, pieces like this—tho they may run months in Berlin and a y in London—do not figure. They are t goods, uniformly designed to capture

attention of producers who jump at any manuscript that calls for but one set of scenery and that offers an opportunity for casting in its leading feminine rôle some erstwhile musical comedy actress, with the consequent playing upon box-office curiosity as to her possible talent in a new medium. One and all, such theatrical exhibits derive from the successful manœuvre of Sacha Guitry in the business of promulgating Yvonne Printemps, once of the Folies-Bergère, as an occasionally singing straight comedy actress. Unfortunately, however, there is only one Sacha and one La Printemps, and the various Tilly Winzwanzes, Yvonne Arnauds and Gertrude Lawrences that other impresarios hope will fairly well substitute in the Printemps' shoes fail in any sense to turn the trick.

III

Kern

At a time when many of the young men who write scores for our American musical comedies seem to be chiefly concerned with being as unmelodious as possible, under the delusion that there is something a bit musicianly low about mere melody, however good, and that their reputations as composers will be advanced in the degree that they abandon it in favor of compositional monkeyshines, however basically nonsensical, it is something of a relief to find the best of them all, Jerome Kern, still sticking to his guns and quietly and unassumingly writing the most gracious and graceful tunes that have been written in this country since they laid Victor Herbert, God rest his lyric soul, in the grave. As last year in "Show Boat," this year in "Sweet Adeline" Kern proves again how much more he knows of music than the great majority of his local contemporaries and, knowing it, how unostentatiously and very, very charmingly he is able to suggest that knowledge in simple, unaffected and immensely ingratiating little songs. No less than four such songs he has written for this new show and each of them in its quiet—almost painfully quiet—modesty pins donkey-tails on the local musical boys who show off in technical directions, who essay to write jazz in terms of Schoenberg and who, good enough at cabaret fox-trots and soft-shoe accompaniments, struggle to make names for themselves with Stravinskyized Bach.

The charm of Kern's music is its air of innocence, its seeming artlessness, its feel of unstudiedness. There is in it no apparent sweat to be original and different, no straining after effect, no desperate effort to attract the august attention of Olin Downes, Lawrence Gilman, Philip Hale and the music critics after the mere theatrical critics have said their less professional say about it. It is the music of genuine musical comedy, not the bastard stuff, by Berlioz out of Antheil out of Harry Von Tilzer, that periodically issues peacock screeches on our musical comedy stages. It is written for musical comedy and not for the mirage of some Carnegie Hall or Metropolitan Opera House. And it is as eloquent in its musical simplicity as a prose sketch by Dunsany, a little poem by John McClure or something like "All Quiet on the Western Front."

IV

Mystery

The New York stage, as I write, is largely given over to murder, mystery and detective spiels. "Gambling," "Soldiers and Women," "Scarlet Pages," "Remote Control," "Murder on the Second Floor," "House Party," "Scotland Yard," "Subway Express," "Rope's End," and "Hawk Island" are some of the labels. Even the held-over Pulitzer prize winner, "Street Scene," is not without its murder. But the New York stage is not an isolated institution in this regard. The New York publishers are pouring murder, mystery and detective fiction upon the market; there has come even a book guild with its monthly

pick of sleuth fiction; all kinds of detective magazines weigh down the newsstands; and the talkies are chock-a-block with fatal revolver shots and enormously sagacious Burnses and Pinkertons. Nor is the situation abroad dissimilar. The London stage shows a liberal share of the same stripe of stuff. Three of the exhibits presently on view here are importations from England, where every other stage seems to house either something called "The Face at the Window" or a piece of jig-saw nonsense by Edgar Wallace. In Paris, the yen for detective hide-and-seek has been such that they have revived even the venerable "Arsène Lupin," and in Berlin the imported "Mary Dugans" vie for favor with the native *Geheimpolizisten*.

That there is at the moment an almost world-wide palate for plays, talkies and fiction of this sort is plainly apparent. The reason for the phenomenon isn't any too easy to get at. While it may be true that there is always a measure of popular interest in mystery and detective pastime, never before has the interest been so uniformly widespread and so great. Like any attempt to explain such things, the business of figuring out a reason resolves itself largely into a guessing contest. Of such guesses I have, after a herculean ponderation that has shaken me to the very bowels, given birth to no less than a dozen, each successively impressing me as worse than the other. By way of establishing my inaptitude at parlor games, I append a few typical deductions:

Result of analytical meditation No. 1: Of all forms of entertainment, the mystery play or story most greatly flatters the cerebral vanity of persons without minds, in that it challenges the superficial brain cells with a showy substitute for ratiocination.

Result of analytical meditation No. 2: The late war produced killing on such an enormous scale that, by virtue of its very magnitude, that killing became in turn incomprehensible and neuter, much as a surplusage of alcoholic drink becomes tasteless or as grief over a long period l a way of becoming mechanical and en tionally static. Killing on the grand sc became an impersonal thing and such human nature that it lost personal intere And, as the murder of a single citizen always closer to the interest of the peo in a town than the killing of thousands men on some far battlefield, the publi emotions craved a reduction of murder narrowing down of murder to a point personal interest and personal sympath There have not been enough spectacu murder stories in actual life to satisfy public—since the war there have been o two in England, one in France, one Germany and seven in more enterpris America—and the murder plays, talk and novels have been gobbled up by w of vicarious satisfaction. The public, seeing or knowing personally the tens thousands of men killed in battle, co not feel half the personal concern in th murder that it can feel in the murder an actor it lays eyes on or even in murder of a character that a novelist l made intimately real to it.

Result of meditation No. 3: The myst play has much the same quality as a ba ball game, a horse race or any other su popular competitive sport. Its excitem for the spectator lies in betting upon a determining the name of the ultim winner. Everything is intensely direc toward the finish, the solution, the awa Most other forms of drama lack this me ure of nervous suspense, as they rely m upon the casual playing of the thema game itself than upon the conclusion. T play other than the mystery play is not greatly concerned with its outcome as w its intermediate by-play. It appeals to relative minority who go to a horse r more because they love horses than cause they admire jockeyship.

Result of meditation No. 4: The myst play, the world over, presently occup the fancy of the generation of audien that has grown up since the outbreak the late war and that, while it has c

own childhood, is still not yet com-
etely adult. Before the war these audi-
ces, then at the sapling age, found
light in an endless succession of stage
agicians, illusionists, prestidigitators and
ick-change artists, such followers of
oudin and Hermann the Great as Maske-
ne, Kellar, Fregoli, Carter, Thurston,
oudini, Conradi, the Baldwins, Mercedes,
e Zanzigs, Anna Eva Fay, Ching Ling
o and a host of others. The next the-
ical rung after the magician, mind-
ader and general goldfish-bowl hocus-
cus artist is the mystery play and the
ild-adult audiences, in the natural slow
quence of growth, are currently engrossed
th it.

Result of meditation No. 5: The public
ishes the mystery play because it sub-
tutes out-and-out plot for more or less
adowy and involved theme. The theme
y develops out of itself slowly: what it
driving at is made only gradually to
k into the consciousness of an audience.
t the mystery play states its intrinsic
ure plainly soon after the curtain goes
, thus relieving the audience of meta-
ysical speculation and permitting it
ily and comfortably to enjoy its mental
rtcomings in cross-word puzzle details.
All of which probably does not account
any way for the present great vogue of
stery plays.

V

Some More Likely Ones

e shortage of available relatively repu-
le plays, currently offered as an excuse
local producers for the kind of thing
y are showing, is less a matter of fact
n one of lack of enterprise in their de-
ion. Hardly a week passes that I do not
a letter from this or that theoretically
itious producing gentleman requesting
for God's sake to stop talking generally
ut good unproduced plays and name
. Seized with an unwonted politeness,
ave occasionally made bold to reply
with the title of one such play, duly to be rewarded with a letter of warm thanks and heartfelt gratitude and the production the following month by the producer of one of his usual pieces of tripe.

In order to spare myself the reading of such letters in the near future and in the hope, probably vain, of seeing a play or two produced that will be worth some slight critical attention—thus giving me something to write about—I suggest the following as being at least better than most of the plays on view at the present moment:

Bracco's "Piccolo Santo," Ashley Dukes' dramatization of "Jew Süss," Romain Coolus' "Easter Holiday," Sacha Guitry's "Mariette," Lion Feuchtwanger's "Calcutta," Walter Hasenclever's "Marriages Are Made in Heaven," any one of three unproduced Pirandello plays—say, "Pensaci Giacomino," Schnitzler's "Professor Bernhardi," Maurice Donnay's "Lysistrata," Frederick Lichtneker's "Pioneers," Werfel's "The Trojan Women," W. S. Maugham's "The Critic," Denys Amiel's "The Couple," Karl Schönherr's "Earth," Hauptmann's "Dorothea Angermann," and Robert Dieudonné's comedy— I forget its name at the moment—about the homebody husband who fits up his mistress' flat exactly like his own comfortable home, gets tight and doesn't know whether he is with his sweet one or his wife.

Also, should anyone be sufficiently interested, Lenormand's "Mixture," Hermann Bahr's study of woman called "The Moment," Paul Armont and Marcel Gerbidon's "Just Three Old Fellows," Melchior Lengyel's "The Battle of Waterloo," Hans Grosz's "This Way or That," Pellerin's "Heart-Cries," Max Brod's Lord Byron comedy, von Scholz's "The Woman of Glass," Marcel Achard's "Life Is Beautiful," Hans Kaltnecker's "The Sister," Schnitzler's "Comedy of Seduction," Lennox Robinson's "Give A Dog ——," Benavente's "Princess Bebé," George Prinz's "One Can't Always Say No," von Schmitz's "Don Juanito," Gantillon's "De-

parture," Pushkin's "The Stone Guest," the Quinteros' "The Women's Town," and Max Mell's "The Apostle Play."

Whatever the deficiencies of these plays —and some of them are surely not without deficiencies—they are likelier by a long shot than most of the claptrap that the local producing boys are uncovering.

VI

Monotony

The curse of the present English-speaking stage is its monotony. With very rare exception, the minds of its playwrights run in droves and it is only at great intervals that anything comes from one of them that departs the stereotyped. The majority of plays fall mechanically into definitely labeled pigeon-holes and one is as much like another as the reviews they perforce engender. It would be easy to group the writers of these plays under exact produce headings and just as easy to write reviews of their plays in advance, qualifying them merely in unimportant detail.

By way of illustration, run an eye over the recent London stage and then over the current New York platform. With the exception of a single British exhibit and a couple of American productions, nothing has been shown in either theatre that does not fit itself more or less precisely to a critical review prepared, out of experience, in advance. In London as in New York there have been the usual crook and mystery plays hereinbefore alluded to, almost all of them as cut and dried as so many tobacco leaves and varying only in the nature of their last minute solutions and in the increasing badness of their attempts at comedy relief. There have been the rubber-stamp comedies of marital infelicity and sexual peccadillo, all—with a single qualification—running generally close formula and offering originality only the names of localities attributed to scenery and in the names of dressma credited in the programme. There are usual younger generation to-dos, the u Jewish salves, the usual adaptations lighter Continental comedies with bourgeois milieu and characters conve to swelldom by way of tickling the s box-office, and the usual rewritings their earlier themes by the more consp ous dramatists who have run out of spiration and fresh ideas.

Thus, to catalogue the Anglo-Ameri playmakers, we have such more dis guished members of the card index as Sh and Galsworthy delivering themselve their fifteen-year-old ideas refurbished w an occasionally new wheeze and such so what less distinguished but someti estimable writers as those of the draw room school revamping their comedie fifteen and twenty years ago only to extent of thinking up a new justificat for sexual divertissement on the part their philandering husbands or wives. thus, to catalogue further, we have posturers in profundity with their sn pieces of speculative pig-iron wrappe reams of tissue paper, the boys of the pi school with their childish jig-saw puzz the wisecracking corps with their dra tized vaudeville sidewalk conversati and the assiduous strainers after nov with their substitutions of arbitary fre ishness for imaginative originality. N and again, as indicated, there comes al a playwright with an adventuring m and spirit and an adventuring craftsm ship and idea, but the epiphany is su not a common one. For the most part, English and American stage of the mon is in the deadly hands of the cookie-cut and paper-doll scissors wielders.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Career of a Divinity

S. EDDY: *The Biography of a Virginal Mind*, by dwin Franklin Dakin. $5. 9¼ x 6¼; 553 pp. New ork: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

R. DAKIN'S sub-title, it seems to me, is her far-fetched. The peculiar mixture of ors and sagacities which marked Mrs. dy's sayings and doings from end to end her long life showed few of the char- ers of the virginal mind. Rather it uld be more plausible (without throw- the slightest doubt upon her virtue) to npare her peculiar wisdom to that of an cient bordello-keeper, for in it a sharp se of reality and a weakness for the ult were curiously mingled. She was dom if ever taken in by concrete human ngs, but there was never a time when did not believe quite incredible things ut the powers and principalities of the

n the sort of business woman to whom rhaps in grossly bad taste) I venture to en her, this sense of the transcendental es the form of a shaking fear of black s, opals, cross-eyed ice-men, blue-gum groes, policemen whose badge numbers tain 13, and enterprises begun on a day. In Mrs. Eddy it took the form of incurable dread of malicious animal gnetism, or, as the flunkeys of her en- rage made it, M. A. M. This M. A. M. sued her during all the years of her phesying, and even afflicted her after had become a goddess. It came between and her most faithful disciples; it ught down upon her the persecution of merists, spiritualists, lawyers, news- er reporters, and other fiends from Hell; aunted her days and made horrible her nts. She was a sharp woman, with all Yankee's talent for fetching the other fellow, but against M. A. M. she could do nothing. In the end, in fact, it finished her, and maybe Christian Science with her.

Mr. Dakin, despite his inept sub-title, presents a capital biography of her—pains- taking, shrewd, fair and very amusing. It is obvious that he takes no stock in her brummagem magic, but he seems to be convinced that she may have launched, nevertheless, an idea or two worth regard- ing. His account of her early days, and especially of her association with the cele- brated Phineas P. Quimby, is full of a rich detail. She seems to have suffered from early girlhood from a combination of physical and psychical malaises. On the one hand she was frequently ill and on the other hand she was always revolting against the narrowness of her environment and her own humble place in it. The easiest way to the attention that she craved was to play the invalid, and this she did adroitly through many years, first at the expense of her father and mother, then at that of a married sister, and then at that of her three husbands.

Her first marriage was apparently happy and promised to restore her to normalcy, but her husband's death set her back, and soon thereafter she was going the round of the doctors. When they failed to cure her she moved on to the quacks, and there- after, for a dozen years, she was the easy prey of all sorts of charlatans, including hypnotists. If Freudism had been known in those days she would have been one of its most eager customers. Failing it, she took to what has since become known as the New Thought, and eventually became a patient and pupil of its shining star, the aforesaid Quimby.

That the basic notions of Christian Sci- ence came from Quimby seems to be in-

dubitable, despite her frantic denials in later years. If she added anything of importance it was simply the idea of malicious animal magnetism. Where she got this is uncertain, but probably it came from the itinerant mesmerists of her youth. When she set up shop as a healer and teacher it became a very important element in her theory, and in the long run it was destined to fill her own life with acute unhappiness. For despite her contention that disease was only an illusion, her ill health continued, and the temptation to blame it on M. A. M. was hard to resist. But who was launching this M. A. M.? At first she seemed uncertain, but finally she began putting the blame upon pupils who had set up in competition with her, and this habit she continued until the end of her days. Her historic break with her most eminent disciple, the celebrated Mrs. Augusta Stetson of New York, had its origin in fear quite as much as in jealousy. Some one had told her that Mrs. Stetson's pupils met daily to project waves in her direction, and she assumed quickly that they were malevolent. Her terror was extreme, and it kept with her until death. During her last years she maintained a staff of healers in her house to combat the M. A. M. issuing from these Stetsonites. They were on duty in sailor-like watches for the twenty-four hours of the day, but it was all in vain.

Mr. Dakin makes it plain that Mrs. Eddy had complete belief in her own magic. She had a low view, it appears, of most Christian Scientists, but she never had any serious doubt about Christian Science. Its conflicts with common experience and common sense did not daunt her, for she had the kind of mind which finds an easy refuge from such difficulties in sonorous words.

If, in the course of her incessant revisions of "Science and Health," she occasionally modified her ideas, it was not because they had lost their hold on her, but simply because she wanted to bring them into harmony with the practical needs of a large and prosperous cult. She kept control of her church to the end, its somewhat curious structure remai monument to her sagacity to this day. principal aim, first and last, was to pre the rise of rival prophets—to keep co of the whole organization in her hands. This she achieved by device great ingenuity. The suspicion, once wi prevalent, that she was no more th puppet in the hands of clever *entrepre* is seen, in retrospect, to have been wh without foundation. There was, in no one in her church competent to gra with her and beat her. It produced woman of unusual capacities, Mrs. Stet but the men who came to place in it mainly third-raters, and the Rev. Fou was more than a match for any of the all of them. To this day the Boar Directors—the Sacred College of the or ization—is made up of nobodies. As the "judges," "professors" and other ostensible big-wigs who roam the cou lecturing on the Christian Science canum, and scaring provincial city ed into giving them columns of space, are all on the level of Y. M. C. A. s taries and the boob-catchers for the tin fraternal orders.

As Mr. Dakin shows, the nume strength of the Christian Scientists ha ways been greatly exaggerated. Their chine for getting publicity, designed Mrs. Eddy herself, is so efficient that seem to be of imposing importance, bu truth they constitute a very small sect, its turn-over is probably very large. wealth is due to two facts. The first is its theology professes to reward the liever with prosperity as well as health, and that a certain proportio seekers, giving this promise a trial, bound to win. They give liberal th offerings to the church, whereas those fail depart in choler and are heard o more. The second reason why the se rich is that it frowns upon poor conv They are not actually barred out, but are certainly not welcomed, and so tend to go to other cults, which treat t

ore politely and even hail their poverty a proof of merit. But despite all its opu- nce, Christian Science is probably making ry little progress. Its history, in the long n, will be that of all other such aberra- ons. It will make a noise for a while, and en it will suddenly vanish, to make way something sweeter and worse.

Mr. Dakin's book is well ordered and mpetently written. He has been at pains unearth the precise facts and he sets em forth carefully and pleasantly. The ristian Science press-agents, of course, ll damn him as a slanderer, but that fact unimportant. He has made a valuable ntribution to American history.

Memorials of Dishonor

E TRAGIC ERA: *The Revolution After Lincoln*, by Claude G. Bowers. $5. 8¾ x 5½; 567 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

R. BOWERS' book is a long one and in rts it is painfully dull; nevertheless, I'd glad to second a motion to compel every deral judge in America, every member of W. C. T. U. and the D. A. R., every tarian and Kiwanian and every self- nfessed hero of the late war to memorize on penalty of the bastinado. For it is a gnificent antidote to the whole rumble- nble of Law Enforcement, with side ipes at all the other varieties of pious nsense which now delude the American ople. It deals with a period when "ideal- " was loose upon the land as never be- e or since, and the tale it has to tell is of almost unmitigated oppression, cor- tion and false pretenses. Then, as now, iticians, theologians and stock-jobbers nbined to bring in the Millennium, and n, as now, the fruits were only extor- n and excess. It is difficult, reading the ord, to believe it. It seems a sheer im- sibility that such things could have pened in a country pretending to be lized. Yet happen they did, and not all scouring and polishing of prostitute torians can ever erase the damning ts.

The period, of course, was that of the two Grant administrations. Ignorant, stupid, plebeian and uncouth, with the tastes of a village drunkard and the pathetic credulity of a yokel at a county fair, Grant staggered through his eight years of disgrace and dishonor. He had an instinct for trusting scoundrels which almost amounted to genius. So long as Lincoln lived the influence of that vast and mystical personage held him in leash, and in his final dealings with Lee the orders that came from above even got him some reputation as a humane and sensible man. But once old Abe was in the boneyard, his native imbecility developed rapidly and brilliantly. By 1866 he was already lined up with the harpies and fanatics who sought to destroy Andrew Johnson, and thereafter, until his second term ended in a blast of horrible stenches, he was the stalking-horse of every infamy. There is no record, after the first year or two, that he ever so much as suspected that most of his friends were scoundrels. In the midst of it all he believed that they were virtuous, and marvelled that their patriotic inspirations could be challenged. Today, appropriately enough, the largest monument in the largest American city does honor to his *manes*. It is sad, but it is fitting.

Mr. Bowers' eye is cast mainly below the Potomac. In his discussion of the sordid abominations of Reconstruction he piles up documents with relentless industry, but when it comes to what went on simultaneously in the North he is not so copious. Such half fabulous frauds as Henry Ward Beecher get only a few tart words, and there is next to nothing about the thieveries and oppressions which begat the industrialism of today. The South, in the long run, will probably suffer as unpleasantly under that industrialism as it ever suffered under Reconstruction: the signs to that effect are already numerous and striking. But Mr. Bowers has no time or steam for the subject: he is concerned primarily with the robbery and debauchery which went on in the conquered States immediately after the war.

There are few parallels to the story in the history of civilized man. The ancients, butchering their defeated foes out of hand, were relatively humane. It remained for 100% Americans to invent the scheme of first disarming them and then starving and looting them, of setting savages upon them, of cruelly and deliberately reducing them to desperation and despair. It was American soldiers in uniform who carried out that chivalrous business, and it was the most glorious of American captains who bossed the job. Let the fact be remembered by exuberant patriots whenever the flag goes by.

Mr. Bowers unearths some curious and sardonic details. When, at the height of the saturnalia, certain tender-minded Northerners protested against it on grounds of humanity, the Northern Methodist bishops demanded that the whip be laid on with unabated ferocity. From the learned jurists of the Federal judiciary came support no less hearty: they were always ready with decisions justifying the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the confiscation of private property, the stealing of elections, the waste of the public funds. History repeats itself in our own day, but the denizens of the New South are too stupid to read its lessons. Mr. Bowers makes no vain pretense to judicial impartiality. He is frankly against the Sumners, Thaddeus Stevenses and other such appalling sadists of the era, and apparently hopes that they are now in Hell. The ground he covers has been covered before, but his documentation is largely new. He makes heavy use of the files of the New York *World*, the paper he now serves as an editorial writer. He also dredges a lot of interesting stuff out of contemporary manuscripts, notably the unpublished diary of George W. Julian of Indiana, a follower of Stevens who gagged at what went on, and ended his career as a Democrat. The book, as I have said, has some dullness; Mr. Bowers is not a brisk writer. But the tale he has to tell is one that every American should study on his knees.

Poison Through the Mails

THE MOLINEUX CASE, edited by Samuel
$5. 9⅜ x 6⅜; 409 pp. New York: *Alfred A.*

The technique of murder, like the
nique of love, has its fashions. Ther
periods when fire-arms are all the rage
there are periods when the vogue i
hammers, bludgeons, golf-clubs and
weights. Toward the end of the year
the smart thing was to send poison thr
the mails—in a box of candy, a bott
headache powders, a plug of chev
tobacco, or what not. Thus a Mrs.
ning was dispatched in San Francis
Mrs. Wilkinson in Newark, and a
Adams and a Mr. Barnet in New Y
The poison that fetched Mrs. Adams
cyanide of mercury, and it reached h
a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer, then the
versal morning draft of red-blooded A
cans. That bottle had been addressed
to her, but to a boarder in her house
Cornish, an athletic instructor empl
by the Knickerbocker Athletic Clu
few weeks earlier a member of the
the Barnet aforesaid, had received a p
age of lost manhood powders conta
the same deadly drug; he swallowed
hopefully and went to meet his God. T
ensued a pother, with the *World* and
Journal running a race in alarms. Ear
1899 one Roland B. Molineux, a che
was taken into custody, charged with
crime, and for nearly three years there
the case held the public attention.
Molineux was found guilty and sente
to the chair. Then the Court of Ap
upset the verdict and ordered a new
Then he was tried again and acqui
Then he vanished for fifteen years, on
bob up again in a lunatic asylum, whe
died in 1917.

Was Molineux innocent or guilty?
answer, I daresay, will never be kn
Here Mr. Klaus presents the eviden
length, mainly in stenographic form.
only report that after reading it dilig
and prayerfully I find myself unab
make up my mind. Mr. Klaus himse

instructive introduction, seems to be-
e that the guilt of the prisoner was not
ved; in fact, he hints broadly that the
ole uproar against him was set off by
onscionable yellow journals and fur-
red by not too reputable politicians.
that somewhat Scottish verdict does
content George Gordon Battle, one of
lineux's surviving attorneys, and at the
of the book he is given space to accuse
. Klaus of treating the case "as if the
endant were guilty." That dispute be-
een jurisconsults need not detain us. The
portant thing is that the complete evi-
ce, here set forth as the first jury heard
is wholly puzzling and inconclusive. It
ossible to argue from it that Molineux
ed not only Mrs. Adams but also Barnet,
it is equally possible to argue that he
ed no one at all. As it stands, it is ad-
tedly partial, for Molineux's attorneys,
his first trial, put in no defense. How
the jury, facing so much uncertainty,
ne to its conclusion that he was guilty?
w did the judge, Recorder Goff, come to
same view? Did the lack of a defense
y them, or were they convinced by
king at Molineux? Or were they run
ok, perchance, by the melodramatic
ooping and snorting of the lawyers for
State? It was impossible to answer
n, and it is impossible to answer now.
one important fact, it seems to me,
ds out brilliantly: that Mr. Battle, who
sed through both trials and knew Moli-
x better than anyone else, still believes
ly that he was innocent.

he case, carefully studied, must give
asiness to every advocate of ruthless
v Enforcement, for it shows how easy
s to bring an apparently guiltless man
o the shadow of the chair. You and I
k about in what seems to be perfect
rity, eating, drinking, voting, reading
papers, and stealing what we can get.
pose that tomorrow a shadow of sus-
on should fall upon us, and it should
it some ambitious district attorney to
give us a ride? Suppose the newspapers, tired of peace conferences and crashing airships, should fall upon us with loud, Christian shouts? Suppose the usual procession of eager half-wits should file in, each with his contribution of imaginary evidence? Suppose our lawyers should make some gross error, as Molineux's apparently did in his first trial? What would be our chances of getting clear? By what device would we evade the death-house? Ah, you say, the danger is fanciful, for we are respectable; the world knows our virtue and venerates it; we are not shady wops like Sacco and Vanzetti, or tough babies like Tom Mooney, or wastrels like Harry Thaw. As for myself I admit it all—but so was Molineux respectable, and not only respectable but also rich. Yet he was twice tried for his life, and once he came within an ace of tasting 3,000 volts.

Mr. Klaus's introduction to the testimony is very interesting. He not only discusses the legal points involved, which were of great importance, but also the human factors. He shows what hand the newspapers played in the drama, and how it took on a political tinge. He presents character sketches of all the principal actors, including Judge Goff, one of the strangest creatures ever seen in public life in America.

The evidence is not easy reading. It is full of contradictions and it is marked by a vast garrulity and imbecility. Some of the witnesses plainly lied, and others were as plainly idiots. But the record, despite its languors, will probably hold you, for the trial was one of the most curious ever heard of. The book belongs to the series of American Trials, edited by Mr. Klaus, Professor Underhill Moore of the Columbia Law School, and James N. Rosenberg of the New York bar. The first volume was devoted to the Milligan case, and subsequent volumes will be given over to the Leo Frank case, the Chicago anarchists case, and Laidlaw vs. Sage.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

J. Frank Dobie *was born on a ranch in Southwest Texas. He was educated at Southwestern University and at Columbia, where he took his M.A. He is associate professor of English at the University of Texas, and secretary of the Texas Folk-Lore Society. He is the author of "Legends of Texas."*

Owen Francis *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

Michael Gold *is editor of the* New Masses. *He was born on the East Side and went to work at thirteen. His writings include two books and three plays. His "Fiesta" was recently produced by the Provincetown Players.*

Ray Hall *was born at Stephentown, N. Y., and educated at Columbia. He is now a financial expert in the Department of Commerce at Washington. For five years he was in the diplomatic service, and for six years was a teacher at Constantinople and Peking. He is the author of a book on the Chinese banking system, and of various shorter pieces.*

H. M. Kallen, Ph.D. (Harvard), *was born in Germany. From 1908 to 1911 he taught philosophy at Harvard, Clark, and the University of Wisconsin, and since then has been professor of philosophy at the New School of Social Research, N. Y. He was named by William James as the editor of his unfinished book, "Some Problems in Philosophy." He is the author of numerous books, among them "William James and Henri Bergson," "Zionism and World Politics," "The International Mind" and "Culture and Democracy in the United States."*

Malvina Lindsay *is on the staff of the Kansas City* Journal-Post. *She was graduated from the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri.*

George Milburn *was born at C Okla., April 27, 1906, and is now a jun the University of Oklahoma. Since he wa teen he has been writing for the newspape has hoboed all over the Middle West, fron Orleans to Chicago. He has in prepara book of hobo ballads, to be publishea Spring, and is also at work upon a novel*

Hoffman Nickerson *is an M.A. of vard. He is the author of "The Inquisit Political and Military Study" and Turning-Point of the Revolution," and author, with Col. O. L. Spaulding an J. W. Wright of the United States Ar "Warfare: A Study of Military Method the Earliest Times."*

G. Edward Pendray *was born in O Neb. He is an A.B. of the University of ming and an M.A. of Columbia. Since has been on the staff of the New York H* Tribune.

Captain Henry O. Swindler, U. *is a native of Illinois. He served in the War with the 61st Infantry and was w in action. Later he was graduated fr Infantry School at Fort Benning, and years past has been an historical research at the Army War College.*

John Donald Wade, Ph.D. (Colu *is a Georgian and a great-great-grandson first Governor of the State. He was for years a professor at the University of G Now he is at Vanderbilt. He is the au "Augustus Baldwin Longstreet: A Study Development of Culture in the South."*

Thyra Samter Winslow *is the au "Picture Frames," "Show People," "People 'Round the Corner."*

Union Pacific

··LOS ANGELES LIMITED

A DELUXE TRAIN BUT NO EXTRA FARE···

Aboard the Los Angeles Limited, travelling becomes a luxurious diversion—63 hours of restful adventure.

***Train features*—Observation club car, dining cars serving the finest of meals, Pullmans, modern to the moment, barber, valet, bath, maid and manicure. *The route*—marvelously smooth through the West's most magnificent scenery. These are the factors that have made this train famous the world over.**

Make your next journey to California on the Los Angeles Limited. We predict that you too will become one of its ardent admirers. Leaves Chicago 8:10 P. M.

Eight Other Fine Trains to California from Chicago and St. Louis

Including the new 58 hour extra fare Overland Limited, finest and fastest train between Chicago and San Francisco; 63 hour all-Pullman San Francisco Limited; Gold Coast Limited; Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 368
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Please send me complete information and booklets on California ☐
Death Valley—(*famous California winter resort*) ☐ Hawaii ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

coupon today
lifornia, Death
y or Hawaii
ets which fully
be these winter
rounds and the
land Route's
s fleet of fine
trains.

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Tooth Decay Strikes Deep

LONG before toothache gives you warning, poisons from decaying teeth and unhealthy gums may be circulating through your whole body. For the teeth and gums are in direct contact with the blood stream.

More and more, physicians are tracing serious disorders of the heart, lungs and kidneys to focal infection.

For your health's sake it is vitally important to protect your teeth. Merely brushing them is not enough —you must also use a dentifrice which *protects* you.

Squibb's is a protective dental cream. It guards your teeth and gums because it combats the causes of decay and irritation—the acids that form in the pits and fissures of the teeth and at The Danger Line, where teeth meet gums. Squibb's contains over fifty per cent Milk of Magnesia—recognized by dentists everywhere as the finest and safest mouth antacid. Tiny particles of this penetrate into all the tooth crevices and neutralize the acids there.

You'll like the refreshing flavor of Squibb's, and the clean feeling it gives you. Squibb's is always safe to use because it contains no impurities, no astringents, nor grit. You'll also appreciate its reasonable price —40c a large-size tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker

Editorial NOTES

MR. OWEN FRANCIS, author of "A Pr
Returns," in this issue, says of hi

I was born on August 29, 1898, in a small t
in the southwestern corner of Pennsylv
where my father followed his unprofitable t
of carpentry. Two years later, in an epidem
typhoid, both he and my mother died, a
was carried off to a farm by a maiden aun
the age of twelve I made off to the city, w
my good aunt was in church. There I sold n
papers, snapped-up in a bottle factory,
attended high-school for three years. Th
got a job at the Clairton plant of the Carn
Steel Company.

Then came the war. I enlisted in the E
teenth Pennsylvania Regiment, which late
came the Twenty-eighth, or the Iron Divi
I reacted to the life of a soldier in much the
manner as did the others, until the time I
gassed and sent to the hospital. It is in th
brary there that I first read the masters, and
there that my desire to write was born. A
being discharged from the Army, I roamed
one place to another, all the time writing
writing. I picked cantaloupes in the Imp
Valley, washed dishes in San Francisco, lab
over an open hearth furnace in Johnsto
swung a pick for hours on end into the roa
three States, stood behind a lunch counte
Syracuse, was a bus boy in Los Angeles,
sold spark plugs in Oregon and life insuran
Pittsburgh. Then, with the gas beginnin
show its evil effects once more, I applied a
Veterans' Bureau for aid. After much talk
many examinations they decided to give
$100 monthly, and to pay my tuition at the
versity of California. I left the universit
disgust at the end of my third year, and m
up my mind to learn to write, even thoug
meant earning my living working as a labo

The next five years I spent as press agent
long line of movie stars. They hired and fire
with equal regularity. Then a little luck c
my way. Warner Brothers bought one of
stories and made a movie out of it. They
asked me to write more. But I couldn't stand
Hollywood boys and girls very long, so I
turned to Pittsburgh. My experiences s
then I have told in "A Prodigal Returns."

800,000 ADDITIONAL TELEPHONES ARE GOING INTO USE THIS YEAR

million and a half dollars a day

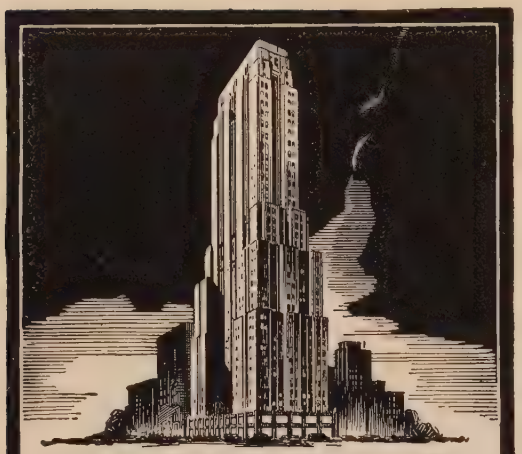
An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

More than 200 new Bell telephone buildings are going up this year in the United States, 800,000 additional telephones are going into use and new switchboards to care for 3,000,000 additional calls a day. Thousands of miles of new cable, millions of miles of wire, new carrier systems, vacuum tubes and loading coils.

These are a few of the things in the 1929 construction and improvement program of the Bell System which will cost more than 550 million dollars—a million and a half a day.

Telephone growth is essential to the new American civilization of better opportunity for the average man. The Bell System employs more than 400,000 workers, is owned by 450,000 stockholders, and serves the people of the nation.

Every day the Bell System is extending its lines to more people, increasing the speed and accuracy of its service, giving greater comfort and convenience in telephone use. All of this is done that each individual may get the most from this means of all inclusive and instantaneous communication and that the nation may be one neighborhood. This is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.



CHICAGO

adds to her cloud-piercing battalion of buildings a new battlement of business—the Palmolive Building. Aptly named the Monarch of the Near North Side, this tapering tower of stone and steel and glittering metal rises 37 lofty stories—a tribute to "that school-girl complexion." Magnificence in every detail was its builders' purpose, to meet the test of tenancy... quite logical then that *Edison Service* should supply the electric power and lighting.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 160 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for 1929 Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

WHITAKER & Co. INC.

TAILORS

681 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

AND AT 43 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded in 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.

The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

FALL TERM OPENS OCTOBER 26TH

Catalog describing all Courses from the Secretary

Room 255-K, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

The INVESTOR

BOND ANALYSIS

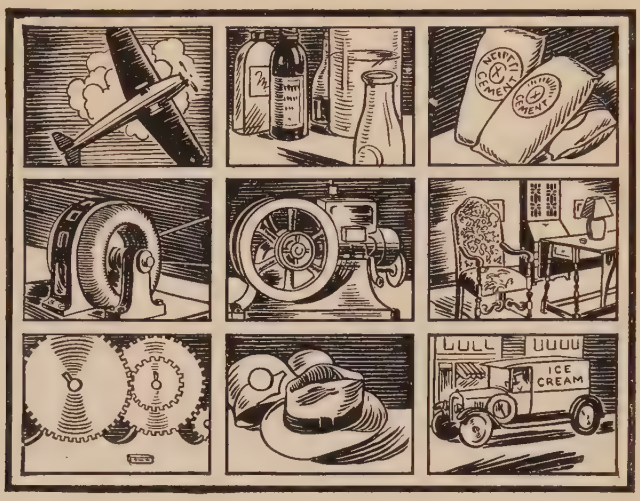
By Rudolph L. Weissman

Bonds are so deeply rooted in the f cial structure that the confident dictions of an inferior position for th the future seem to be premature. The r part of the investment in two great c rate industries, the railroads and p utilities, is represented by such obligat which aggregate $25,000,000,000. Th centage of bonds to the total capitaliz of electric light and power compan growing larger. The average interes on existing railroad obligations is low to consider the problems of redemp Serious inroads on the total amou bonds outstanding need not be feared dearth of new issues will tend to su the market, even if the public neve comes bond-minded to the same deg in the past.

I take it that readers understand th word *bond* does not always indicate s that the call feature is an important in determining a bond's attractiv that the sinking fund, if any, is to b sidered: that the wealthy should ex tax provisions; that bonds may be cla according to the security, the ty issuing corporation, the purpose o issue, and the method of payment of cipal and interest; that diversificati advisable; that both current incom yield to maturity should be weighed the salability of an issue affects its v that long term bonds are to be judge ferently from those which mature sh and that government obligations are f mentally different from corporate o

Continued on page lxii

No. 8 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



. . . From A ircraft to Z inc

AIRPLANES, Bottles, Cement, Dynamos, Engines, Furniture, Gears, Hats, Ice Cream, Jewelry, Knives, Linoleum—from A to Z you can go through the alphabet and list products of manufacturers using electric power or water supplied by subsidiaries of the American Water Works and Electric Company.

. . . power and water, the daily bread of a thousand industries . . .

As these industries grow there will be an increase in the demand for American Water Works and Electric Company service and in the earnings from which the interest and dividends on its securities and those of its subsidiaries are paid.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

[Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K-1.]

© 1929

A Sahara Sunset
Burning Up the World

YOU'VE done everything? Not unless you've pushed off in a 12-wheeled Renault into the sun and silence of that sea of sand... aloof, horizonless, lit with the pale mirage, sown with the sudden gardens of oases. A striped tent spread with gorgeous carpets, chickens roasted with olives and lemons and peppery herbs. .. kous-kous, the national dish, a feast in itself...coffee for gods, red grapes as cold as frozen rubies. North Africa is yours today...camp in the desert, motor along the perfect roads, that link the forty-six smart "Transat" hotels, Moorish palaces with French chefs. Take the "*Ile de France*", the "*Paris*" or the "*France*" across "the longest gangplank in the world"...FIVE days in France afloat to Plymouth, England...then le Havre and the boat-train waiting, three hours to Paris ... overnight to Marseilles...twenty-four hours by a French Liner across the sapphire Mediterranean to Algiers.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lx

tions. The record of governments, dentally, is a warning to investors n stop with the assumption: "It is a go ment bond; therefore, it must be safe

In formulating a policy with rega bond investments, it is wise to avoi extremes. The average investor ca better outside the lists that are consi legal investments for savings banks. issues, when they are otherwise s enjoy a favor which compels the purc to pay a premium. When the yield i ceptionally high, the investor sh check his opinion with those of unb advisers. The genuine bargains are found mainly in bonds of the follo classes: bonds of corporations whose tory places them just below the hi rank, but which have a three to five record of definite improvement; bonds may become "legals" in the cours several years; issues of enterprises that been acquired by stronger ones so that have become, in reality, underlying gations; bonds which, for various rea a corporation would like to retire, replace; and bonds of recently reorga railroads, or of industries against wh stubborn prejudice exists, owing to c tions no longer prevailing.

Industrial bonds are not difficult to lyze. Intricate, involved corporate s tures and interrelations are absent. collateral trust is not in general and divisional mortgages are a rarity the debenture, now the accepted ty industrial bond, presents problems pec to it. Since default does not create the to foreclose the debtor's property, tective clauses are contained in care drawn indentures. If the issue is not cl it is provided that additional deben may be issued only to the extent of 50 to 66⅔% of the additional pro acquired, or of the permanent additio

Continued on page lxiv

OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange
Cleveland Stock Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Philadelphia Stock Exchange
Detroit Stock Exchange
Cincinnati Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Curb Exchange

CLEVELAND

New York — Chicago
Philadelphia — Detroit
Kansas City — Cincinnati
Toledo — Columbus
Akron — Louisville
Canton — Massillon
Denver — Colorado Springs
Boston — Milwaukee
St. Louis — Davenport

Selecting Investments

With the steady growth of industry, there has come, through public financing, a plethora of security offerings, so numerous and varied that the investor's problem becomes one of careful selection.

In this situation, it is logical to consult and rely upon experienced financial institutions.

We can recommend specific issues or relieve the investor of the perplexing problem of selection through the recommendation of issues of sound investment trust companies whose chief function, in arranging a portfolio is to discriminate between the great number of securities now available to the investor.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you have made a break at bridge and your partner says "Probably your first game?" . . . *be nonchalant* . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

To break the back of a long winter... a Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruise

Ten cruises of varying length from 8 to 26 days. An excellent way in which you can economically exchange the depression of winter for sun ... for gaiety ... for continental life done up in the golden wrapping of the tropics. Switch your summer vacation to winter and follow the sun! Revel in the color of sun-splashed ports ... of golf in Nassau ... swimming in Bermuda ... dancing in Havana. Substitute a charming chintz-hung Cunard stateroom ... Cunard vacation genius ... Cunard service, for traffic jams ... heated rooms ... subway skirmishes. Invest in the sun via Cunard and draw nerve-relaxing, joy-inspiring dividends for all the rest of the year.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

San Juan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Minimum Rates
Dec. 3, 1929	s.s. Franconia	16 days	$200
Dec. 18, "	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Dec. 21, "	s.s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, "	s.s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, "	s.s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, "	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, "	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, "	s.s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, "	s.s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR
WEST INDIES CRUISES

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxii

extensions, and then only in the event th the earnings for twelve or fifteen conse tive months last preceding have been less than two or three times the ann interest charges. Earnings are so defi that allowances must be made for depre tion and depletion in harmony with c servative accounting methods. Mortgag as a rule, cannot be created unless the ex ing debentures are secured equally the with. To prevent the dissipation of ass by the payment of dividends it is often quired that a sound ratio between curr assets and current indebtedness be ma tained after the payment of dividends. U fortunately, the eagerness of the public share in stock participation privileges been accompanied by a readiness to debentures with little protection either the way of contract provisions or of ea ings. There is no substitute for adequ earnings.

Railroad capital structures are far fr ideal. Expansion of individual roads i large systems, resulting in complicat overlapping mortgage liens, the pledg of stock interests, leases and guarant necessitates thorough analysis before i mate knowledge can be acquired. This n not deter the investor, for serviceable wo ing rules are applicable. Even the unsecu bonds of railroads whose stocks have b receiving regular dividends for many ye are acceptable investments, unless trend of earnings is unfavorable. Und lying issues of these corporations have superiors. Between these classes lie junior liens. Generalization is not who satisfactory. However, if one deducts fr the total valuation of all the outstand securities, the prior lien obligations, cluding equipment trusts, until the b under examination is reached, and divi the remaining sum by the number of o standing bonds, a rough but fairly accur

Continued on page lxvi

MEXICO

MEXICO CITY — capital of Aztec emperors — of Viceroys of New Spain, of Mexican presidents and dictators! No other city in either North or South America has so old or romantic a history; no other has so truly the air of a great Old World capital . . . Its streets and plazas are as genuinely Spanish as those of Madrid and Seville; its restaurants are distinguished alike for their smartness and their cuisine; its enormous cathedral surpasses many a renowned cathedral of Europe in splendor of architecture and richness of treasures . . . and its National Theatre is one of the most beautiful in the world!

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB
LAND CRUISES TO MEXICO

Three complete round trips — traveling on the Raymond-Whitcomb Land Cruise Trains with special recreation car, bedrooms and private baths. Each cruise will have eleven days in Mexico — eight days in *Mexico City,* and, in addition to thorough sight-seeing, will visit *Chapultepec* and *Guadalupe-Hidalgo, Puebla* and *Cuernavaca,* the famous floating gardens at *Xochimilco,* and the Aztec Pyramids of *Teotihhuacan,* and *Monterey.*

Never before has it been possible to visit Mexico in such complete comfort.

Three Land Cruises: January 29, February 11, February 24. They may be taken either in combination with the Raymond-Whitcomb Land Cruises to California or as complete winter trips.

Send for the booklets — "MEXICO" *and* "CALIFORNIA"

Round the World Cruise — January 21, 1930
Mediterranean Cruise — January 23, 1930
Round South America Cruise — February 1, 1930
West Indies Cruises — Dec. 21, 1929; Jan. 9, Jan. 29, Feb. 25, 1930,
on the new liner, *"Statendam"*

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts

New York, 670 Fifth Ave.; *New York,* 225 Fifth Ave.; *Boston,* 165 Tremont Street; *Philadelphia,* 1601 Walnut Street; *Chicago,* 176 North Michigan Avenue; *Detroit,* 421 Book Bldg.; *Los Angeles,* 423 West Fifth Street; *San Francisco,* 230 Post Street.

Agents in the principal cities

the
Chief
is still chief
fastest
and only extra fare train to
Southern
California

The California Limited and the Grand Canyon Limited are exclusively first class trains without extra fare.

Fred Harvey dining service is another distinctive feature of this distinctive railway.

The Indian-detour Grand Canyon Line

clip and mail this coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1201 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Am interested in winter trip to_____
Please send me detailed information and descriptive folders. 1201
Name_____
Address_____

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxiv

idea of the assets available for the issu obtained.

An example: A road's capitalizat consists of a bonded debt of $75,000,0 $10,000,000 5% preferred stock and $ 000,000 common stock. The issue in wh the investor is interested is a $10,000, debenture, or a junior lien. Taking prior lien obligations and the debenture par, and the preferred and common sto at average market prices over the last years, the result is as follows:

Prior Liens	$ 65,000,00
Debentures	10,000,00
Preferred	8,500,00
Common	20,000,00
Total	$103,500,00
Equity per $1000 bond	$ 3,85

This was obtained by dividing the di ence between $103,500,000 and $65,000,0 ($38,500,000) by 10,000, the number $1000 debentures outstanding, indicat a high asset value. If the prior lien obl tions were greater, or the common sto value smaller, the indicated protection the debentures or junior liens would ne sarily shrink. From the income acc one can determine readily what portio the gross revenues is needed for the ment of interest. All other things b equal, the bonds of a road that needs or less of its revenues for interest, and tains 12% or more for its stock, are sumably secure.

Most States supervise the issuance public utility obligations. As a wh bonds of holding companies have a favorable position, since the holding c pany receives its income mainly from vestments in the securities of the opera units. The logical way of analyzing a h ing company's bond is to apply the so-ca over-all test. In other words, net earn should be stated as so many times

Continued on page lxviii

Useppa Inn stands on beautiful Useppa Island which is off the West Coast of Florida.

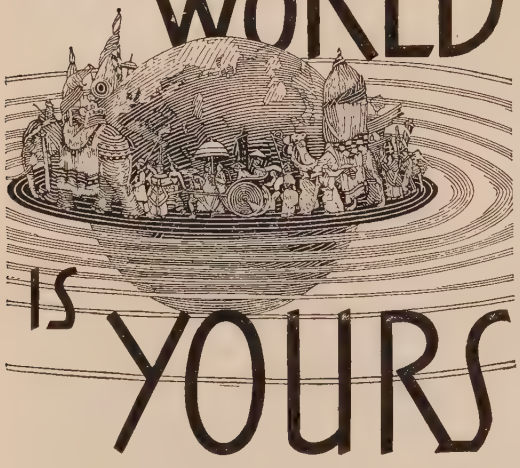
WHERE will you go? When the air is bitter it is most unpleasant lerfoot, where will you

Useppa Inn and cottages open on Wednesday, uary 1st. This delightful group of buildings its tropical island basks in the warm sun- ie waiting—waiting with relaxation and eation.

At Useppa you can play golf on one of the rtiest courses in the South. The holes are trapped and the splendidly conditioned ways roll from tee to green twixt rows of ns and beautiful stretches of water. And ng—Useppa Island is right in the heart of most famous fishing waters on the West st. All year round many varieties of fish are tiful. Late in the winter and in early spring, the giant tarpon puts in his appearance. If you play tennis, courts of championship standard await you in a tropic glade by the water's edge. If you swim, the warm Gulf is tonic and Useppa's stretch of fine beach is ideal for "worshippers of the Sun." Guide boats will take you whither your fancy dictates.

At this early date, it is possible to make a selection of reservations. Until December 20th, please address communications to J. F. Valleley, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels, 220 West 42nd Street, New York. After December 20th, write to Useppa Inn, Lee County, Florida.

THE WORLD



IS YOURS

ITS MYSTERY AND ENCHANTMENT UNFOLD BEFORE YOU *on*

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

NATIVE hawkers sell India's treasures for a song . . . chrysoprase and curios, silks and saris. Resist them if you can! See lantern-lit Hongkong . . . with sampans scooting around like mad in a heavenly harbor. Step into another world . . . through the portals of Peking's Hall of Harmony . . . where gold dragons writhe on flaming pillars. Abandon yourself to the hypnotic beauty of Waikiki . . . in Hawaii's flower scented air. 33 countries . . . more places than any other cruise. Over 38000 miles . . . a lifetime's experiences in 140 days. All the luxury and cool comfort of the

RESOLUTE QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMERS

on its uniquely planned 7th Around the World Cruise. Sail eastward . . . from New York January 6th, 1930, arriving in every country at the ideal season.

An extraordinary program of shore excursions included in the rates — $2000 and up.

Write for descriptive literature

Hamburg-American

LINE

39 Broadway New York

Branches in Boston — Chicago — Philadelphia
St. Louis — San Francisco — Los Angeles — Montreal
Winnipeg — Edmonton — Or Local Tourist Agents

The INVESTOR

Continued from page lxvi

interest on the holding company's deb tures *and all prior charges combined.* Oth wise an exaggerated notion of actual ea ings is obtained. If the net earnings of subsidiaries are $10,000,000, the annual terest requirements and dividend payme on preferred stocks $4,000,000, and annual interest on the holding compan debentures $2,000,000, the annual earni available on the latter are three times interest requirements on the debentu yet only one and two-thirds times the terest on the debentures and prior char together. Both methods are used, but o the latter will prevent misconceptions the actual status of a bond. Conserva investment houses favor the discarding the first method as a further step away fr the old principle of *caveat emptor.*

New Financial Books

CORPORATE EARNING POWER.
By William L. Crum. *The Stanford University*
$5 9 x 6¼; 342 pp. *Stanford, C*

Professor Crum, editor of the *Review of Eco Statistics* of the Howard Economic Society, under a stupendous task in the analysis and interpretatio the financial statistics of corporations submitted t United States Treasury since 1916. The results highly interesting and significant, overthrowing m common assumptions. For instance, in a year of business, 1926, Dr. Crum found that corporation the average earned somewhat less than 5% on total assets. There are studies of time variation profits, of differences among lines of industry an important balance sheet and income account it An important and able work.

HUMAN NATURE & MANAGEMENT.
By Ordway Tead. *The McGraw-Hill Book Com*
$3.50 8¼ x 5¾; 312 pp. *New*

Y. M. C. A. workers who look to Atterbur Schwab for wisdom in the handling of labor prob will be mystified by the quotations here from Dewey, Bertrand Russell, John Stuart Mill and Ge Santayana. Mr. Tead, who is remembered for "Instincts in Industry" and "The People's Pa Peace," has written a suggestive book on the a cation of psychology to management. Unfortuna executives who adopt a broad and civilized view are not common. Extensive notes, a brief bibliogr and an index are included.

HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR WILL OPEN JANUARY 1ST

THE first of the year will bring the opening of the season at Hotel arlotte Harbor, and a number of de-htful interior refinements will be ted by the vanguard of our clientele. ch year it has been the pleasure of e management to announce the ad-ion of new facilities and equipment signed to heighten the enjoyment of e guest at the Charlotte Harbor. st season the magnificent swimming ol, the yacht basin and the vita glass arium were the prominent new fea-es. This coming season the re-deled and redecorated interiors will ke their bow, preliminary to their king life at the Charlotte Harbor re gracious than ever.

Looking to the outdoors one will d the Hotel Charlotte Harbor's 18-e golf course in splendid condition. e swimming pool, set in the tropical k fronting the hotel, will claim its h place in the sun. The beach will e access to the tonic waters of the lf. Boats and tennis courts of cham-nship standard will be available to sts. The traps will be open daily the annual trapshooting tourna-nts will take place in February. des will be on hand to conduct ting and fishing parties. "Sun bathing" in the Solarium, cards and dancing will be popular indoors. For further details and reservations write, P. P. Schutt, Manager, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida. An illustrated folder will also be sent on request.

The Hotel Charlotte Harbor is in Punta Gorda on the West Coast of Florida, about one hundrea miles south of Tampa. Above shows the hotel course.

Sometimes husbands must be *mothered*

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is simply to give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him. The caffeine is taken out of it.'

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he remarked that his sleep had improved. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1948, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only*)

Name.....

Address.....

★ Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from front advertising section page liv

ANIMALS LOOKING AT YOU.
By Paul Eipper. *The Viking*
$3 9¼ x 5⅞; 163 pp. *New*

Mr. Eipper, who is the art director of a B publishing house, has taken great interest in animals since childhood, and is a frequent visit all the German and Dutch zoos. In this book, w has had a great success in his own country, he re some of his observations. What he has to say is novel and always interesting. He has observe particular, the play of animals, including their m play. The book contains thirty-two full-page trations.

GEORGE GISSING. *Selections, Autobiographical Imaginative.*
Edited by A. C. Gissing.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison
$3 8¾ x 5½; 318 pp. *New*

Mr. A. C. Gissing, the son of the celebrated En novelist, has done a good job of editing. His selec from his father's prose and verse are all judicious his explanatory notes are helpful. There is an preciative" introduction by Virginia Woolf, whi worthless.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.
By Vincent Starrett. *Covici*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; 200 pp. *New*

Mr. Starrett, who is a Chicagoan, is one of the assiduous of American book collectors, and in volume he recounts some of his adventures amon book stalls, both at home and abroad. Part story first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, addressed to readers to whom collecting boo rather a novelty. The process of tracking down ties is set forth very amusingly, and there is p of provocative talk about the vast profits to be g by unearthing them. Mr. Starrett himself has very successful in that field. He knows as much American firsts as the next man, and has don share toward making the market for many of He has chapters on presentation copies, limite tions, autographs and book-plates. There are a nu of illustrations, mainly of title-pages. The boo fortunately lacks an index.

LADY GODIVA: THE FUTURE OF NAKEDN
By John Langdon-Davies. *Harper & B*
$2 7½ x 5; 117 pp. *New*

"We find all round," declares Mr. Langdon-D in expounding his thesis, "that the superstiti clothes is at last to be attacked by the scientific re

Continued on page lxxii

IF You Are Both Intelligent and Stage-Struck!

THEN we know you will be among our subscribers before the theatrical season is much older. Because Theatre Arts Monthly gives you the key to all the fine points of the theatre and doubles your enjoyment of any play.

It does three things for the theatre lover. It tells him far in advance of all new developments, in London, Paris, Moscow, in Chicago, Dallas and Los Angeles—a prophecy; it gives him a lively discussion of everything going on today—a current comment; and it keeps before him the best in the theatre's past—a living record.

On its editorial board are such men as Stark Young, Ashley Dukes and John Mason Brown. Its contributors include the greatest authorities in the world-theatre today. Its extraordinarily fine illustrations cast over the entire magazine the glamor that is the theatre. The subscription price is $5.00 a year.

Of course the one way to know what you really think about the magazine is to see it. We'll send you a copy in exchange for the coupon strip below—which is fair all 'round, isn't it?

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY

119 West 57th St., New York City

Please send me, without charge, a copy of THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY.

ime .....

ldress .....

'y .....*State* .....

You can buy Statler Service only at

HOTELS STATLER

in

Boston

Buffalo

Cleveland

Detroit

St. Louis

New York
{Hotel Pennsylvania}

. . . and more for your money, always: radio when you throw a switch — ice-water when you press a valve — the morning paper under your door — a good library at your disposal — a reading lamp at your bed-head — your own private bath — all these things, whatever the price of your room, at no added cost . . . Fixed rates are posted in every one of the 7700 Statler rooms . . . And each hotel offers your choice of restaurants, from a lunch-counter or cafeteria to formal a la carte or banquet service of the first class.

RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

IMPORTED FROM EUROPE
WITH ORIGINAL FLAVOURS THAT CAN'T BE COPIED
Just the ingredients you need for holiday cocktails, punches, mixed drinks, etc.

HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY
Especially Distilled for the American Market. Direct from London.

GRENADINE NUYENS
Made in France Since 1808. A Delicious Flavouring Syrup for Manifold Uses.

CALORIC PUNCH
From Stockholm
A Luscious Flavour Similar to Bacardi. A Good Mixer.

If your grocer cannot supply you, write us. Send for illustrated recpie booklet AM.
B. B. DORF & CO.
350 West 31st Street, N. Y.

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

Mediterranean
57 DAYS—$495
All Expense Tourist Cruises
Sailing Jan. 9 and Feb. 27. Other Tours, Europe 37 Days, $295 to 84 Days, $790 Bermuda 13 Days, $106. Book of a Thousand Tours sent free.
ALLEN TOURS, Inc. 154 Boylston St., Boston

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of tweed for Golf and all sports wear—direct from makers. Samples free. Suit-lengths by mail. Carriage paid.
NEWALL, 141 Stornoway, Scotland

SHORT STORY WRITING
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 98 Springfield, Mass.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxx

ableness of taking them off. . . . The exposed su is notably more cheerful and exhilarated, and evic has been adduced to show that mental response brisker and mental activities more pronounc Modesty, he goes on to say, is a matter of relati it is hardly too much to expect that a purposeful munity will be able to install ideas of it which interfere scarcely at all with the claims of health intellectual invigoration. The book has many illu tions.

THE SCOTS KITCHEN.
By F. Marian McNeill. *Blackie &*
$2.25 7⅝ x 5⅛; 259 pp. *T*

This seems to be the first comprehensive Sco cook-book ever published, at all events in Am It is introduced by a longish discourse on the hi of Caledonian cooking, including an account o way in which French practises came to influen To this day many of the kitchen utensils us Scotland have French names. The recipes, in the r can have only an academic interest for Am cooks, for some of the materials they call fo unobtainable in this country, and many of the binations would affright and revolt Americans. few Scotch dishes, in fact, have ever got lodgme this side of the water, despite the large immigra from Scotland. Maybe the morning bowl of oa came that way; if so, Scotland is responsible fo whole repertoire of American breakfast foods that is about all. Miss McNeill is learned and interesting.

THE FILOSTRATO OF GIOVANNI BOCCAC
Translated by Nathaniel Edward Griffin & Arthur with Myrick. *The University of Pennsylvania*
$6 9½ x 6¼; 505 pp. *Philad*

Boccaccio, like Dante, suffered all his life fro neurose called love. In his late teens, studying l Naples, he succumbed to the charms of one d'Aquino, a natural daughter of Robert, Ki Naples and the Two Sicilies, and thereafter, fo eral years, he was most uncomfortable. One products of his discomfort was the present poem completely translated into English for the first It is based on the familiar story of Troilus and sida, also used by Chaucer and Shakespeare, full of the gaudy fustian of its time. Messrs. and Myrick have done it into English prose, and their translation on right-hand pages, with the inal Italian to the left. The composition makes dreadful reading. It is sugary, windy and dul students of the period will no doubt find som to interest them in it. There is a long critical duction by Mr. Griffin, full of instructive n The book is beautifully turned out.

THE WORKS OF
H. L. MENCKEN

"HEAD and shoulders above all our publicists and critics, the editor of *The American Mercury* looms up as the castigator of anaemia and flatulence and superficiality in American life and letters."—Simeon Strunsky, in *The New York Times.*
"What Mr. Mencken has created is a personal force in American life which has an extraordinarily cleansing and vitalizing effect. Before he dies he will find himself, like Bernard Shaw today, one of the grand old men, one of the beloved patriarchs of his time."—Walter Lippmann, in *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

A BOOK OF PREFACES
Criticism of Joseph Conrad, Theodore Dreiser and James Huneker followed by *Puritanism as a Literary Force.* First published in 1917. $2.50
Also in the Borzoi Pocket Books $1.00

IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN
Mr. Mencken's most popular book, over which furious discussions have raged since its publication in 1918 as to whether it is actually an attack or a defense of the fair sex. $2.50

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE
A scholarly study of the origins, development and present state of the American language that in its revised edition practically exhausts the subject. Reset in 1929. $5.00

A BOOK OF BURLESQUES
A volume of satires and extravagances including the famous *The Artist, Death: A Philosophical Discussion* and *Vers Libre.* $2.00
Also in the Borzoi Pocket Books $1.00

PREJUDICES: FIRST SERIES
Some of the chapter headings: *The Genealogy of Etiquette, The American Magazine, Arnold Bennett and Criticism of Criticism of Criticism.* (1919) $2.50
Also in the Borzoi Pocket Books. $1.00

PREJUDICES: SECOND SERIES
Here Mr. Mencken writes of *The National Letters, Roosevelt, An Autopsy, The Music of Tomorrow, The Nature of Love, The Dry Millennium,* and *Woman and the Artist.* (1920) $2.50

PREJUDICES: THIRD SERIES
On Being an American, Reflections on the Drama, The Novel, Havelock Ellis, Abraham Lincoln, Paul Elmer More, and *The Nature of Liberty.* (1922) $2.50

PREJUDICES: FOURTH SERIES
Meditations in the Methodist Desert, Moral Indignation, The Love Chase, The Downfall of the Navy, Portrait of the Ideal World. (1924) $2.50

PREJUDICES: FIFTH SERIES
The contents include such chapters as: *Birth Control, Capital Punishment, Beethoven, On Living in Baltimore, Joseph Hergesheimer, Music and Sin, Greenwich Village,* and *On Cynicism.* (1926) $2.50

PREJUDICES: SIXTH SERIES
In this latest book in the series there are chapters on *Journalism in America, The Pedagogy of Sex, The Executive Secretary, Professors of English, On Suicide,* and *Ambrose Bierce.* (1927) $2.50

SELECTED PREJUDICES
A selection made by Mr. Mencken from the first five volumes of the *Prejudices.* $2.50

NOTES ON DEMOCRACY
A summary and epitome of his political writings during 15 years which is a headlong attack upon the whole democratic theory. $2.50

A book about Mr. Mencken

MENCKENIANA:
A SCHIMPFLEXIKON
This dictionary of abuse contains 400 specimens of invective of varying ferocity which have been aimed at a single target —Mr. H. L. Mencken. $2.50

At your bookshop, or from the publisher.

ALFRED · A · KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS **730 Fifth Avenue, New York**

THREE IMPORTANT BOOKS

HANNA

Author of *The Mau*

THE genius of Thomas Beer has again given us a great and memorable book—*Hanna.* I think it is without question one of the biggest books of the year. The character of Marcus Alonzo Hanna, the giant, almost legendary "boss" of American politics in the '90's, dominates the book. But such men as McKinley, Roosevelt, Bryan, General Grant and others are vividly pictured in the

The Literary Guild Selection for October

QUEEN ELIZABETH

By Katharine Anthony

Author of *Catherine the Great*

THE life story of a tragic spirit full of gorgeous paradoxes, the woman who was England's greatest king, is as colorful as the age that bears her name. For the first time, Elizabeth is revealed as a human being—an incurable coquette and a sober statesman; the murderer of Queen Mary and the inspiration of Drake; the beloved of Leicester, Philip of Spain, Hercules de Medici, Lord Cecil —but withal a heart-broken lonely woman.

$4.00

Large paper copies of each of the abo books are available, all limited, nu bered and signed by the author. *Hann*

BORZOI BOOKS

ALFRED · A · KNOP

HREE IMPORTANT CHARACTERS

by Thomas Beer

Decade and *Stephen Crane*

striking roles they played in the "inside" political drama from the assassination of Lincoln to that of McKinley. Never has Hanna appeared more magnificent or mortal than on these pages. Never has Thomas Beer shown such complete mastery of the spirit of the flamboyant, hectic period of America's adolescence. I say unhesitatingly, that it is Thomas Beer's greatest book.

$4.00

The Mother of Prohibition

CARRY NATION

By Herbert Asbury

Author of *The Gangs of New York*

HERBERT ASBURY was the ideal author to have written the biography of Carry Nation, the one person most responsible for Prohibition. No one, however they might be amused, could take Carry Nation lightly—least of all Herbert Asbury. He has written a rollicking book, full of humor, chicanery and amazing incident. But with it all a memorable comment on Carry Nation and her times —and the dramatic, phenomenal events which gave birth to Prohibition.

$3.00

10.00; *Queen Elizabeth,* $10.00, and
Carry Nation, $10.00. At all bookshops
r from the publisher.

NEW YORK BORZOI BOOKS

The Ambassador

"MONARCH OF THE BOARDWALK"
ATLANTIC CITY

The Autumn Season's In Full Swing

A season that is truly glorious here by the sea . . . a balmy, healthful climate . . . with plenty of sports and attractions . . . golf, horseback riding, swimming in the Ambassador sea-water pool.

At the AMBASSADOR luxurious accommodations—matchless service.

European Plan Daily Rate

$5 to $14 Single — **$8 to $16 Double**
685 Rooms — **685 Baths**

Memorial Hall—Classroom Building

Consider These Points in Selecting a Scho

College Preparation through curriculum and f ulty that will enable your son to pass the Coll Entrance Board requirements and enter any coll you desire.

Buildings and Equipment that are comfortal modern and safe, with ample grounds and health location.

Athletics competently supervised, covering ev form of outdoor sport and complete indoor gy nastic equipment, 9-hole golf course.

Austen Colgate Hall, new fire-proof dormitory younger boys, now in use for the first time.

Character Development placed above all other c siderations.

Address R. W. SWETLAND, LL.D., *Headmas*

THE PEDDIE SCHOOL

Box 28 — **Hightstown, N.**

QUIET . . . FOR HEALTH AND CONTENTMENT

Under a half hour from Grand Central . . . in the wooded hills of Westchester . . . in beautiful Lawrence Park . . . a hotel that you will like for its pleasant surroundings . . . its wholesome cuisine and good service. Golf privileges. Nightly concerts. Open all year. American Plan.

HOTEL GRAMATAN

BRONXVILLE
NEW YORK

A FIRST LIST OF BORZOI BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THREE AND THE MOON

by Jacques Dorey

ecorated in color by Boris Artzybasheff

THE OCTOBER SELECTION OF THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD

legends of Brittany, Normandy and Provence. ook of vivid imagination, of exquisite prose, of our and wise philosophy. Regular edition, $3.50 *ited edition, 250 copies signed by the artist,* $10.00

▼

MADE IN AMERICA

by Susan Smith

Illustrated by Harrie Wood

ook on decoration which tells in an amusing ner of the handicraft period of American his- . Chapters on Paul Revere as a silversmith, can Phyfe, the cabinet maker, Thomas Jeffer- architect, and Currier & Ives prints. $2.00

▼

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER AND THE GLORY

Bible stories selected and decorated by

James Daugherty

inspiring collection of Old Testament stories, oducing principally the heroes and the prophets. se well-loved tales for boys and girls are accom- ed by James Daugherty's illustrations of un- l vigour and spiritual dignity. $2.50

THE RUNAWAY SARDINE

Told and illustrated in color

by Emma L. Brock

A most delightful Brittany picture book which tells the story of Zacharie, the adventurous sardine, who longs for freedom and a glimpse of the sea. A gay book for little children. $2.00

▼

PINOCCHIO FOR THE STAGE

Dramatized and illustrated

by Remo Bufano

This beloved old story has been divided into four parts, each a complete play in itself. These dramatic versions can be used for both children's plays and marionette productions, and they make excellent and entertaining reading. $2.00

▼

SHAMBATTLE

HOW TO PLAY WITH TOY SOLDIERS

by Lt. Harry G. Dowdall *and* Joseph H. Gleason

illustrated by Alida Conover

A fascinating game for boys of all ages based on the latest rules of tactics in shambattles. With many maps, diagrams and charts. $2.00

▼

SOPHIE

▼

THE STORY OF A BAD LITTLE GIRL

by Madame de Segur

translated by Marguerite F. Melcher

illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney

The story of a lively little girl who, in general, behaves very badly. In spite of her surprise at the inevitable results of her pranks, she enters each new mischief with unwearied curiosity. $1.75

At all Bookshops

CHILDREN'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

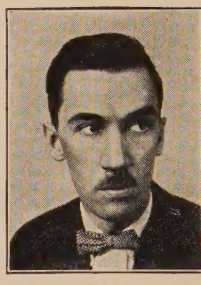
ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 Fifth Avenue · New York

BORZOI BOOKS

(1)

(2)

(3)


(4)

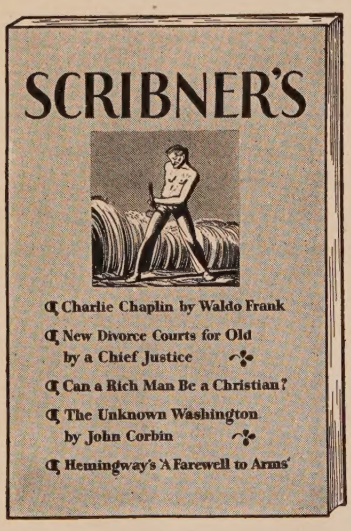
Do You Know These Men?

1. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale. Each month he discusses books, plays, and other things in "As I Like It" in SCRIBNER'S.

2. ROYAL CORTISSOZ, leading American art critic. In "The Field of Art," each month in SCRIBNER'S, some of his best work has appeared.

3. ALEXANDER DANA NOYES, financial authority and economist, financial editor of the *New York Times*, author of many books. He discusses "The Financial Situation" each month in SCRIBNER'S

4. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, famous author, critic and playwright ("The Road to Rome," "The Queen's Husband"), writes the leading review each month for "Literary Sign-Posts" in SCRIBNER'S


SCRIBNER'S
Charlie Chaplin by Waldo Frank
New Divorce Courts for Old by a Chief Justice
Can a Rich Man Be a Christian?
The Unknown Washington by John Corbin
Hemingway's 'A Farewell to Arms'

You should know these men. Their articles each month contribute to that balance of fine reading for which SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is famous. Art, literature, finance, fiction, criticism, biography, essay—each is given its proper value.

Each month SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE brings its readers the best in these many diversified fields, the fields of interest to the alert-minded, intelligent person of culture. Articles by the leaders of American business and American thought on the economic and social future of the country. Fiction by such writers as Ernest Hemingway, Don Marquis, Stark Young, Conrad Aiken, and many others equally well known.

The best-balanced magazine in America to-day—we want you to get acquainted with it. Therefore, we make this special introductory offer of six months for one dollar, just one-half of the regular price.

SIX MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE A-2
597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to Scribner's Magazine for six months, for which I enclose herewith One Dollar.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

BORZOI BOOKS

PUBLISHED IN OCTOBER

BELLES LETTRES

CASANOVA'S MEMOIRS, *translated from the French by* ARTHUR MACHEN. An abridged edition of one of the world's great books. In the Borzoi Classics.
2 vols., boxed, $7.50

THREE ESSAYS, *by* THOMAS MANN, author of *The Magic Mountain.* Essays on Frederick the Great, Goethe, Tolstoi, and a supplement to *The Magic Mountain.* $3.00

BIOGRAPHY

QUEEN ELIZABETH, *by* KATHARINE ANTHONY. The Literary Guild Selection for October. The life of Elizabeth from the cradle to the grave, by the author of *Catherine the Great.* $4.00

HANNA, *by* THOMAS BEER. A brilliant study of a famous political giant and his times, by the author of *The Mauve Decade.* $4.00

FREDERICK THE GREAT, *by* WERNER HEGEMANN. A highly original interpretation of Frederick and his 18th century contemporaries. $5.00

FICTION

BORGIA, *by* ZONA GALE. The author of *Miss Lulu Bett* has written the strange story of a beautiful, sensitive girl. $2.50

A STRANGER IN PARADISE, *by* J. ANKER LARSEN. A mystic novel written with the same philosophic charm as *The Philosopher's Stone.* $2.50

JUVENILE

THREE AND THE MOON, *by* JACQUES DOREY. The Junior Literary Guild Selection for October. A beautiful collection of French legends, superbly illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. $3.50

MUSIC

BRAHMS, *by* WALTER NIEMANN. A first rate critical *life* of a great and popular composer. $5.00

STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS: II, *by* ERNEST NEWMAN. Brilliant talks about the stories, music and composers of the eight most important operas from Mozart to Thomas. $3.50

MANUEL DE FALLA AND SPANISH MUSIC, *by* J. B. TREND. A first book, and a definitive one, on the greatest of Spanish composers. $2.50

POETRY

THE JADE MOUNTAIN, 311 Chinese poems *translated by* WITTER BYNNER *and* KIANG KANG-HU. The result of a ten years' collaboration between a Chinese scholar and a distinguished American poet. $4.00

WITCH AND OTHER POEMS, *by* GRACE HAZARD CONKLING. Her outstanding poems since 1926. $2.00

At all bookshops or from the publisher

ALFRED · A · KNOPF BORZOI BOOKS **730 FIFTH AVENUE · N · Y ·**

NEW NOVELS BY TWO DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS

BORGIA

by Zona Gale

Author of *Miss Lulu Bett*

Here is the first full-length novel in three years by one of America's foremost women writers.

Margaret Deland says of *Borgia:* "It is an extraordinary piece of work, in that while its realism is intensely interesting and its beauty and subtlety are of great literary distinction, it is its mysticism which makes it of breathless significance." $2.50

PORTAGE, WISCONSIN AND OTHER ESSAYS

by Zona Gale

"The title essay and *Katytown in the Eighties* are the best work in her novels presented in condensed form."—*The New York Evening Post.* $2.50

CORA

by Ruth Sucko

"A r mpathetic portrait of a girl—her s truggle for self-s . . . The author has deserted h ains for a more background. . . . *Cora* is an ach hich sur- passe Miss Suckow has ever accomplish has never prod ing that is not meritorious."—*The ia Public Ledg* $2.50

Other books by Miss Suckow:

The Family $2.50 Iowa Inter $2.50

Cou ple $2.00 The Odyss

Nice G $2.50

ALF YORK

THE HADDON CR
CAMDEN, N.